THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

Vol. LXXVIII. — OCTOBER, 1896. — No. CCCCLXVIII.

FIVE AMERICAN CONTRIBUTIONS TO CIVILIZATION.

Looking back over forty centuries of history, we observe that many nations have made characteristic contributions to the progress of civilization, the beneficent effects of which have been permanent, although the races that made them may have lost their national form and organization, or their relative standing among the nations of the earth. Thus, the Hebrew race, during many centuries, made supreme contributions to religious thought; and the Greek, during the brief climax of the race, to speculative philosophy, architecture, sculpture, and the drama. The Roman people developed military colonization, aqueducts, roads, and bridges, and a great body of public law, large parts of which still survive; and the Italians of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance developed ecclesiastical organization, and the fine arts as tributary to the splendor of the Church and to municipal and private luxury. England, for several centuries, has contributed to the institutional development of representative government and public justice; the Dutch, in the sixteenth century, made a superb struggle for free thought and free government; France, in the eighteenth century, taught the doctrine of individual freedom and the theory of human rights; and Germany, at two periods within the nineteenth century, fifty years apart, proved the vital force of the sentiment of nationality. I propose to consider certain characteristic and durable contributions which the American people has been making to the progress of civilization.

I.

The first and principal contribution is the advance made in the United States, not in theory only, but in practice, toward the abandonment of war as the means of settling disputes between nations, the substitution of discussion and arbitration, and the avoidance of armaments. If the intermittent Indian fighting and the brief contest with the Barbary corsairs be disregarded, the United States have had only four years and a quarter of international war in the one hundred and seven years since the adoption of the Constitution. Within the same period the United States have been a party to forty-seven arbitrations, being more than half of all that have taken place in the modern world. The questions settled by these arbitrations have been just such as have commonly caused wars, namely, questions of boundaries, fisheries, damages inflicted by war or civil disturbances, and injuries to commerce. Some of them were of great magnitude, the four made under the treaty of Washington (8 May, 1871) being the most important that have ever taken place. Confident in their strength, and relying on their ability to adjust international differences, the United States have habitually maintained, by voluntary enlistment for short terms, a standing army and a fleet which in proportion to the population are insignificant.

The beneficent effects of this American contribution to civilization are of two sorts: in the first place, the direct

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

evils of war and of preparations for war have been diminished; and secondly, the influence of the war spirit on the perennial conflict between the rights of the single personal unit and the powers of the multitude that constitute organized society — or, in other words, between individual freedom and collective authority — has been reduced to lowest terms. War has been, and still is, the school of collectivism, the warrant of tyranny. Century after century, tribes, clans, and nations have sacrificed the liberty of the individual to the fundamental necessity of being strong for combined defense or attack in war. Individual freedom is crushed in war, for the nature of war is inevitably despotic. It says to the private person: "Obey without a question, even unto death; die in this ditch, without knowing why; walk into that deadly thicket; mount this embankment, behind which are men who will try to kill you lest you should kill them; make part of an immense machine for blind destruction, cruelty, rapine, and killing." At this moment, every young man in continental Europe learns the lesson of absolute military obedience, and feels himself subject to this crushing power of militant society, against which no rights of the individual to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness avail anything. This pernicious influence, inherent in the social organization of all continental Europe during many centuries, the American people have for generations escaped, and they show other nations how to escape it. I ask attention to the favorable conditions under which this contribution of the United States to civilization has been made.

There has been a deal of fighting on the American continent during the past three centuries; but it has not been of the sort which most imperils liberty. The first European colonists who occupied portions of the coast of North America encountered in the Indians men of the Stone Age, who ultimately had to be resisted and quelled by force. The Indian tribes were at a stage of development thousands of years behind that of the Europeans. They could not be assimilated; for the most part, they could not be taught, or even reasoned with; with a few exceptions, they had to be driven away by prolonged fighting, or subdued by force so that they would live peaceably with the whites.

This warfare, however, always had in it, for the whites, a very large element of self-defense, — the homes and families of the settlers were to be defended against a stealthy and pitiless foe. Constant exposure to the attacks of savages was only one of the formidable dangers and difficulties which for a hundred years the early settlers had to meet, and which developed in them courage, hardiness, and persistence. The French and English wars on the North American continent, always more or less mixed with Indian warfare, were characterized by race hatred and religious animosity, — two of the commonest causes of war in all ages, — but they did not tend to fasten upon the English colonists any objectionable public authority, or to contract the limits of individual liberty. They furnished a school of martial qualities at small cost to liberty. In the War of Independence there was a distinct hope and purpose to enlarge individual liberty. It made possible a confederation of the colonies, and, ultimately, the adoption of the Constitution of the United States. It gave to the thirteen colonies a lesson in collectivism, but it was a needed lesson on the necessity of combining their forces to resist an oppressive external authority. The War of 1812 is properly called the Second War of Independence, for it was truly a fight for liberty and for the rights of neutrals, in resistance to the impressment of seamen and other oppressions growing out of European conflicts. These early national experiences

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

explain the great attention paid by American jurists to the doctrines of neutrality and allegiance, and to the general subject of international law. The Civil War of 1861–65 was waged on the side of the North, primarily, to prevent the dismemberment of the country, and secondarily and incidentally, to destroy the institution of slavery. It therefore called forth a generous element of popular ardor in defense of free institutions; and though it temporarily caused centralization of great powers in the government, it did as much to promote freedom for the individual as it did to strengthen public authority.

In all this series of fightings, the main motives were self-defense, resistance to oppression, the enlargement of liberty, and the conservation of national acquisitions. The war with Mexico, it is true, was of a wholly different type. That was a war of conquest, and of conquest chiefly in the interest of African slavery. It was also an unjust attack made by a powerful people on a feeble one; but it lasted less than two years, and the number of men engaged in it was at no time large. Moreover, by the treaty which ended the war, the conquering nation agreed to pay the conquered eighteen million dollars, in partial compensation for some of the territory wrested from it, instead of demanding a huge war indemnity, as the European way is. This treaty also contained a remarkable clause which undertook to impose a mutual obligation to submit future differences to arbitration. The results of the war contradicted the anticipations both of those who advocated and of those who opposed it. It was one of the wrongs which prepared the way for the great Rebellion; but its direct evils were of moderate extent, and it had no effect on the perennial conflict between individual liberty and public power.

In the mean time, partly as the result of Indian fighting and the Mexican War, but chiefly through purchases and arbitrations, the American people had acquired a territory so extensive, so defended by oceans, gulfs, and great lakes, and so intersected by those great natural highways, navigable rivers, that it would obviously be impossible for any enemy to overrun or subdue it. The civilized nations of Europe, western Asia, and northern Africa have always been liable to hostile incursions from without. Over and over again barbarous hordes have overthrown established civilizations; and at this moment there is not a nation of Europe which does not feel obliged to maintain monstrous armaments for defense against its neighbors. The American people has long been exempt from such terrors, and is now absolutely free from this necessity of keeping in readiness to meet heavy assaults. The absence of a great standing army and of a large fleet has been a main characteristic of the United States, in contrast with the other civilized nations; this has been a great inducement for immigration, and a prime cause of the country's rapid increase in wealth. The United States have no formidable neighbor except Great Britain in Canada. In April, 1817, by a convention made between Great Britain and the United States, without much public discussion or observation, these two powerful nations agreed that each should keep on the Great Lakes only a few police vessels of insignificant size and armament. This agreement was made but four years after Perry's naval victory on Lake Erie, and only three years after the burning of Washington by a British force. It was one of the early acts of Monroe's first administration, and it would be difficult to find in all history a more judicious or effectual agreement between two powerful neighbors. For eighty years this beneficent convention has helped to keep the peace. The European way would have been to build competitive fleets, dockyards, and fortresses, all of which would have helped to bring on war during the peri-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ods of mutual exasperation which have occurred since 1817. Monroe's second administration was signalized, six years later, by the declaration that the United States would consider any attempt on the part of the Holy Alliance to extend its system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to their peace and safety. This announcement was designed to prevent the introduction on the American continent of the horrible European system, with its balance of power, its alliances, offensive and defensive, in opposing groups, and its perpetual armaments on an enormous scale. That a declaration expressly intended to promote peace and prevent armaments should now be turned into an argument for arming and for a belligerent public policy is an extraordinary perversion of the true American doctrine.

The ordinary causes of war between nation and nation have been lacking in America for the last century and a quarter. How many wars in the world's history have been due to contending dynasties, how many of the most cruel and protracted wars have been due to religious strife, how many to race hatred! No one of these causes of war has been efficacious in America since the French were overcome in Canada by the English in 1759. Looking forward into the future, we find it impossible to imagine circumstances under which any of these common causes of war can take effect on the North American continent. Therefore, the ordinary motives for maintaining armaments in time of peace, and concentrating the powers of government in such a way as to interfere with individual liberty, have not been in play in the United States as among the nations of Europe, and are not likely to be.

Such have been the favorable conditions under which America has made its best contribution to the progress of our race.

There are some people of a misdirected sentimentality who occasionally lament the absence in our country of the ordinary inducements to war, on the ground that war develops certain noble qualities in some of the combatants, and gives opportunity for the practice of heroic virtues, such as courage, loyalty, and self-sacrifice. It is further said that prolonged peace makes nations effeminate, luxurious, and materialistic, and substitutes for the high ideals of the patriot soldier the low ideals of the farmer, manufacturer, tradesman, and pleasure-seeker. This view seems to me to err in two opposite ways. In the first place, it forgets that war, in spite of the fact that it develops some splendid virtues, is the most horrible occupation that human beings can possibly engage in. It is cruel, treacherous, and murderous. Defensive warfare, particularly on the part of a weak nation against powerful invaders or oppressors, excites a generous sympathy; but for every heroic defense there must be an attack by a preponderating force, and war, being the conflict of the two, must be judged by its moral effects, not on one party, but on both parties. Moreover, the weaker party may have the worse cause. The immediate ill effects of war are bad enough, but its after-effects are generally worse, because indefinitely prolonged and indefinitely wasting and damaging. At this moment, thirty-one years after the end of our Civil War, there are two great evils afflicting our country which took their rise in that war; namely: (1) the belief of a large proportion of our people in money without intrinsic value or worth less than its face, and made current solely by act of Congress, and (2) the payment of immense annual sums in pensions. It is the paper-money delusion born of the Civil War which generated and supports the silver-money delusion of to-day. As a consequence of the war, the nation has paid two thousand millions of dollars in pensions within thirty-three years, a single generation. So far as pensions go to disabled persons,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they are just and inevitable, but unproductive expenditure; so far as they go to persons who are not disabled, men or women, they are in the main not only unproductive, but demoralizing; so far as they promote the marriage of young women to old men as a pecuniary speculation, they create a grave social evil. It is impossible to compute or even imagine the losses and injuries already inflicted by the fiat-money delusion; and it is plain that some of the worst evils of the pension system will go on for a hundred years to come, unless the laws about widows' pensions are changed for the better. It is a significant fact that of the existing pensioners of the War of 1812 (June 30, 1895), only 21 were surviving soldiers or sailors, while 3826 were widows.

War gratifies, or used to gratify, the combative instinct of mankind, but it also gratifies the love of plunder, destruction, cruel discipline, and arbitrary power. It is doubtful whether fighting with modern appliances will gratify even the savage instinct of combat; for it is not likely that in the future two opposing lines of men can ever meet, or any line or column reach an enemy's intrenchments. The machine-gun can only be compared to the scythe, which cuts off every blade of grass within its sweep. It has made cavalry charges impossible, just as the modern iron-clad has made impossible the manœuvres of one of Nelson's fleets. On land, the only mode of approach of one line to another must hereafter be by concealment, crawling, or surprise. Naval actions will henceforth be conflicts between opposing machines, guided, to be sure, by men; but it will be the best machine that wins, and not necessarily the most enduring men. War will be a contest between treasuries or war-chests; for now that ten thousand men can fire away a million dollars' worth of ammunition in an hour, no poor nation can long resist a rich one, unless there be some extraordinary difference between the two in mental and moral strength.

The view that war is desirable omits also the consideration that modern social and industrial life affords ample opportunities for the courageous and loyal discharge of duty, apart from the barbarities of warfare. There are many serviceable occupations in civil life which call for all the courage and fidelity of the best soldier, and for more than his independent responsibility, because not pursued in masses or under the immediate command of superiors. Such occupations are those of the locomotive engineer, the electrical lineman, the railroad brakeman, the city fireman, and the policeman. The occupation of the locomotive engineer requires constantly a high degree of skill, alertness, fidelity, and resolution, and at any moment may call for heroic self-forgetfulness. The occupation of a lineman requires all the courage and endurance of a soldier whose lurking foe is mysterious and invisible. In the two years 1893 and 1894 there were 34,000 trainmen killed and wounded on the railroads of the United States, and 25,000 other railroad employees besides. I need not enlarge on the dangers of the fireman's occupation, or on the disciplined gallantry with which its risks are habitually incurred. The policeman in large cities needs every virtue of the best soldier, for in the discharge of many of his most important duties he is alone. The feminine occupation of the trained nurse illustrates every heroic quality that can possibly be exhibited in war; for she, simply in the way of duty, without the stimulus of excitement or companionship, runs risks from which many a soldier in hot blood would shrink. No one need be anxious about the lack of opportunities in civilized life for the display of heroic qualities. New industries demand new forms of fidelity and self-sacrificing devotion. Every generation develops some new kind of hero. Thus, the violence of strikers has made

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the "scab" a creditable type of nineteenth-century hero. In defense of his rights as an individual, he deliberately incurs the reprobation of many of his fellows, and runs the immediate risk of bodily injury or even of death. He also risks his livelihood for the future, and thereby the well-being of his family. He steadily asserts in action his right to work on such conditions as he sees fit to make, and in so doing he displays remarkable courage and renders a great service to his fellow men. He is generally a quiet, unpretending, silent person, who values his personal freedom more than the society and approbation of his mates. Often he is impelled to work by family affection, but this fact does not diminish his heroism. There are file-closers behind the line of battle of the bravest regiment. Another modern personage who needs heroic endurance, and often exhibits it, is the public servant who steadily does his duty against the outcry of a party press bent on perverting his every word and act. Through the telegram, cheap postage, and the daily newspaper, the forces of hasty public opinion can now be concentrated and expressed with a rapidity and an intensity unknown to preceding generations. In consequence, the independent thinker or actor, or the public servant, when his thoughts or acts run counter to prevailing popular or party opinions, encounters sudden and intense obloquy, which to many temperaments is very formidable. That habit of submitting to the opinion of the majority which democracy fosters renders the storm of detraction and calumny all the more difficult to endure, — makes it, indeed, so intolerable to many citizens that they will conceal or modify their opinions rather than endure it. Yet the very breath of life for a democracy is free discussion, and the taking account of all opinions honestly held and reasonably expressed. The unreality of the vilification of public men in the modern press is often revealed by the sudden change of tone when an eminent public servant retires or dies. A man for whom no words of derision and condemnation were strong enough yesterday is recognized to-morrow as an honorable and serviceable person, and a credit to his country. Nevertheless, this habit of partisan ridicule and denunciation in the daily reading matter of millions of people calls for a new kind of courage and toughness in public men, and calls for it, not in brief moments of excitement only, but steadily, year in and year out. Clearly, there is no need of bringing on war in order to breed heroes. Civilized life affords plenty of opportunities for heroes, and for a better kind than war or any other savagery has ever produced. Moreover, none but lunatics would set a city on fire in order to give opportunities for heroism to firemen, or introduce the cholera or yellow fever to give physicians and nurses opportunity for practicing disinterested devotion, or condemn thousands of people to extreme poverty in order that some well-to-do persons might practice a beautiful charity. It is equally crazy to advocate war on the ground that it is a school for heroes.

Another misleading argument for war needs brief notice. It is said that war is a school of national development; that a nation, when conducting a great war, puts forth prodigious exertions to raise money, supply munitions, enlist troops and keep them in the field, and often gets a clearer conception and a better control of its own material and moral forces while making these unusual exertions. The nation which means to live in peace necessarily foregoes, it is said, these valuable opportunities of abnormal activity. Naturally, such a nation's abnormal activities devoted to destruction would be diminished; but its normal and abnormal activities devoted to construction and improvement ought to increase. One great reason for the rapid development of the United States since

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the adoption of the Constitution is the comparative exemption of the whole people from war, dread of war, and preparations for war. The energies of the people have been directed into other channels. The progress of applied science during the present century, and the new ideals concerning the well-being of human multitudes, have opened great fields for the useful application of national energy. This immense territory of ours, stretching from ocean to ocean, and for the most part but imperfectly developed and sparsely settled, affords a broad field for the beneficent application of the richest national forces during an indefinite period. There is no department of national activity in which we could not advantageously put forth much more force than we now expend; and there are great fields which we have never cultivated at all. As examples, I may mention the post-office, national sanitation, public works, and education. Although great improvements have been made during the past fifty years in the collection and delivery of mail matter, much still remains to be done in both city and country, and particularly in the country. In the mail facilities secured to our people we are far behind several European governments, whereas we ought to be far in advance of every European government except Switzerland, since the rapid interchange of ideas, and the promotion of family, friendly, and commercial intercourse, are of more importance to a democracy than to any other form of political society. Our national government takes very little pains about the sanitation of the country, or its deliverance from injurious insects and parasites; yet these are matters of gravest interest which only the general government can deal with, because action by separate States or cities is necessarily ineffectual. To fight pestilences needs quite as much energy, skill, and courage as to carry on war; indeed, the foes are more insidious and awful, and the means of resistance less obvious. On the average and the large scale, the professions which heal and prevent disease and mitigate suffering call for much more ability, constancy, and devotion than the professions which inflict wounds and death and all sorts of human misery. Our government has never touched the important subject of national roads, — by which I mean, not railroads, but common highways; yet here is a great subject for beneficent action through government, in which we need only go for our lessons to little republican Switzerland. Inundations and droughts are great enemies of the human race, against which government ought to create defenses, because private enterprise cannot cope with such wide-spreading evils. Popular education is another great field in which public activity should be indefinitely enlarged, not so much through the action of the federal government, — though even there a much more effective supervision should be provided than now exists, — but through the action of States, cities, and towns. We have hardly begun to apprehend the fundamental necessity and infinite value of public education, or to appreciate the immense advantages to be derived from additional expenditure for it. What prodigious possibilities of improvement are suggested by the single statement that the average annual expenditure for the schooling of a child in the United States is only about eighteen dollars! Here is a cause which requires from hundreds of thousands of men and women keen intelligence, hearty devotion to duty, and a steady uplifting and advancement of all its standards and ideals. The system of public instruction should embody for coming generations all the virtues of the mediæval Church. It should stand for the brotherhood and unity of all classes and conditions; it should exalt the joys of the intellectual life above all material delights; and it should produce the best constituted and most wisely directed intellectual and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

moral host that the world has seen. In view of such unutilized opportunities as these for the beneficent application of great public forces, does it not seem monstrous that war should be advocated on the ground that it gives occasion for rallying and using the national energies?

II.

The second eminent contribution which the United States have made to civilization is their thorough acceptance in theory and practice of the widest religious toleration. As a means of suppressing individual liberty, the collective authority of the Church, when elaborately organized in a hierarchy directed by one head and absolutely devoted in every rank to its service, comes next in proved efficiency to that concentration of powers in government which enables it to carry on war effectively. The Western Christian Church, organized under the Bishop of Rome, acquired, during the Middle Ages, a centralized authority which quite overrode both the temporal ruler and the rising spirit of nationality. For a time Christian Church and Christian State acted together, just as in Egypt, during many earlier centuries, the great powers of civil and religious rule had been united. The Crusades marked the climax of the power of the Church. Thereafter Church and State were often in conflict, and during this prolonged conflict the seeds of liberty were planted, took root, and made some sturdy growth. We can see now, as we look back on the history of Europe, how fortunate it was that the colonization of North America by Europeans was deferred until after the period of the Reformation, and especially till after the Elizabethan period in England, the Luther period in Germany, and the splendid struggle of the Dutch for liberty in Holland. The founders of New England and New York were men who had imbibed the principles of resistance both to arbitrary civil power and to universal ecclesiastical authority. Hence it came about that within the territory now covered by the United States no single ecclesiastical organization ever obtained a wide and oppressive control, and that in different parts of this great region churches very unlike in doctrine and organization were almost simultaneously established. It has been an inevitable consequence of this condition of things that the Church as a whole, in the United States, has not been an effective opponent of any form of human rights. For generations it has been divided into numerous sects and denominations, no one of which has been able to claim more than a tenth of the population as its adherents; and the practices of these numerous denominations have been profoundly modified by political theories and practices, and by social customs natural to new communities formed under the prevailing conditions of free intercourse and rapid growth. The constitutional prohibition of religious tests as qualifications for office gave the United States the leadership among the nations in dissociating theological opinions and political rights. No one denomination or ecclesiastical organization in the United States has held great properties, or had the means of conducting its ritual with costly pomp or its charitable works with imposing liberality. No splendid architectural exhibitions of church power have interested or overawed the population. On the contrary, there has prevailed in general a great simplicity in public worship until very recent years. Some splendors have been lately developed by religious bodies in the great cities, but these splendors and luxuries have been almost simultaneously exhibited by religious bodies of very different, not to say opposite kinds. Thus, in New York city, the Jews, the Greek Church, the Catholics, and the Episcopalians have all erected, or undertaken to erect, magnificent edifices. But these recent demonstrations of wealth and zeal are so distributed among differing religious organizations

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that they cannot be imagined to indicate a coming centralization of ecclesiastical influence adverse to individual liberty.

In the United States, the great principle of religious toleration is better understood and more firmly established than in any other nation of the earth. It is not only embodied in legislation, but also completely recognized in the habits and customs of good society. Elsewhere it may be a long road from legal to social recognition of religious liberty, as the example of England shows. This recognition alone would mean to any competent student of history that the United States had made an unexampled contribution to the reconciliation of just governmental power with just freedom for the individual, inasmuch as the partial establishment of religious toleration has been the main work of civilization during the past four centuries. In view of this characteristic and infinitely beneficent contribution to human happiness and progress, how pitiable seem the temporary outbursts of bigotry and fanaticism which have occasionally marred the fair record of our country in regard to religious toleration! If any one shall imagine that this American contribution to civilization is no longer important, that the victory has been already won for toleration, let him recall the fact that the last years of the nineteenth century have witnessed two horrible religious persecutions: one by a Christian nation, the other by a Moslem; one of the Jews by Russia, and the other of the Armenians by Turkey.

III.

The third characteristic contribution which the United States have made to civilization has been the safe development of a manhood suffrage nearly universal. I say a safe development of manhood suffrage, because many limitations of the suffrage have been tried in practice by the American Colonies and States, such as church membership, property qualifications, the payment of a poll-tax, and ability to read and write; and the people have arrived at a wide suffrage as a result of experiments and experience, and not on the strength of ethical or sentimental theories. The experience of the United States has brought out several principles with regard to the suffrage which have not been clearly apprehended by some eminent political philosophers. In the first place, American experience has demonstrated the advantages of a gradual approach to universal suffrage over a sudden leap. Universal suffrage is not the first and only means of attaining democratic government; rather, it is the ultimate goal of successful democracy. It is not a specific for the cure of all political ills; on the contrary, it may itself easily be the source of great political evils. The people of the United States feel its dangers to-day. When constituencies are large, it aggravates the well-known difficulties of party government; so that many of the ills which threaten democratic communities at this moment, whether in Europe or in America, proceed from the break-down of party government rather than from failures of universal suffrage. The methods of party government were elaborated where suffrage was limited and constituencies were small. Manhood suffrage has not worked perfectly well in the United States or in any other nation where it has been adopted, and it is not likely very soon to work perfectly anywhere. It is like freedom of the will for the individual, — the only atmosphere in which virtue can grow, but an atmosphere in which sin also can grow. Like freedom of the will, it needs to be limited and surrounded with checks and safeguards, particularly in the childhood of the nation; but, like freedom of the will, it is the supreme good, the goal of perfected democracy. Secondly, like freedom of the will, universal suffrage has an educational effect, which has been insisted upon by many

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

writers, but certainly has never been exaggerated or even adequately described. This educational effect is produced in two ways.

In the first place, the combination of individual freedom with social mobility, which a wide suffrage tends to produce, permits the capable to rise through all grades of society, even within a single generation; and this freedom to rise is intensely stimulating to personal ambition. Thus, from youth to age every capable American is bent on bettering himself and his condition. Nothing can be more striking than the contrast between the mental condition of an average American, belonging to the laborious classes, but conscious that he can rise to the top of the social scale, and that of a European mechanic, peasant, or tradesman, who knows that he cannot rise out of his class, and is content with his hereditary classification. The state of mind of the American prompts to constant struggle for self-improvement and the acquisition of all sorts of property and power. In the second place, it is a direct effect of a broad suffrage that the voters become periodically interested in the discussion of grave public problems, which carry their minds away from the routine of their daily labor and household experience out into larger fields. The instrumentalities of this prolonged education have been multiplied and improved enormously within the last fifty years. In no field of human endeavor have the fruits of the introduction of steam and electrical power been more striking than in the methods of reaching multitudes of people with instructive narratives, expositions, and arguments. The multiplication of newspapers, magazines, and books is only one of the immense developments in the means of reaching the people. The advocates of any public cause now have it in their power to provide hundreds of newspapers with the same copy or the same plates for simultaneous issue. The mails provide the means of circulating millions of leaflets and pamphlets. The interest in the minds of the people which prompts to the reading of these multiplied communications comes from the frequently recurring elections. The more difficult the intellectual problem presented in any given election, the more educative the effect of the discussion. Many modern industrial and financial problems are extremely difficult, even for highly educated men. As subjects of earnest thought and discussion on the farm and in the workshop, factory, rolling-mill, and mine, they supply a mental training for millions of adults the like of which has never before been seen in the world.

In these discussions, it is not only the receptive masses that are benefited; the classes that supply the appeals to the masses are also benefited in a high degree. There is no better mental exercise for the most highly trained man than the effort to expound a difficult subject in so clear a way that the untrained man can understand it. In a republic in which the final appeal is to manhood suffrage, the educated minority of the people is constantly stimulated to exertion by the instinct of self-preservation as well as by love of country. They see dangers in proposals made to universal suffrage, and they must exert themselves to ward off those dangers. The position of the educated and well-to-do classes is a thoroughly wholesome one in this respect, — they cannot depend for the preservation of their advantages on land-owning, hereditary privilege, or any legislation not equally applicable to the poorest and humblest citizen. They must maintain their superiority by being superior. They cannot live in a too safe corner.

I touch here on a misconception which underlies much of the criticism of universal suffrage. It is commonly said that the rule of the majority must be the rule of the most ignorant and incapable, the multitude being necessarily un-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

instructed as to taxation, public finance, and foreign relations, and untrained to accurate thought on such difficult subjects. Now, universal suffrage is merely a convention as to where the last appeal shall lie for the decision of public questions; and it is the rule of the majority only in this sense. The educated classes are undoubtedly a minority, but it is not safe to assume that they monopolize the good sense of the community. On the contrary, it is very clear that native good judgment and good feeling are not proportional to education, and that among a multitude of men who have had only an elementary education a large proportion will possess both good judgment and good feeling. Indeed, persons who can neither read nor write may possess a large share of both, as is constantly seen in regions where the opportunities for education in childhood have been scanty or inaccessible. It is not to be supposed that the cultivated classes, under a régime of universal suffrage, are not going to try to make their cultivation felt in the discussion and disposal of public questions. Any result under universal suffrage is a complex effect of the discussion of the public question in hand by the educated classes, in the presence of the comparatively uneducated, when a majority of both classes taken together is ultimately to settle the question. In practice, both classes divide on almost every issue. But in any case, if the educated classes cannot hold their own with the uneducated by means of their superior physical, mental, and moral qualities, they are obviously unfit to lead society. With education should come better powers of argument and persuasion, a stricter sense of honor, and a greater general effectiveness. With these advantages, the educated classes must undoubtedly appeal to the less educated, and try to convert them to their way of thinking; but this is a process which is good for both sets of people; indeed, it is the best possible process for the training of freemen, educated or uneducated, rich or poor.

It is often assumed that in a democracy the educated classes become impotent because the representatives of those classes are not exclusively chosen to public office. This argument is a very fallacious one. It assumes that the public offices are the places of greatest influence; whereas, in the United States, at least, that is conspicuously not the case. In a democracy, it is important to discriminate influence from authority. Rulers and magistrates may or may not be persons of influence; but many persons of influence never become rulers, magistrates, or representatives in parliaments or legislatures. The complex industries of a modern state and its innumerable corporation services offer great fields for administrative talent which were entirely unknown to preceding generations; and these new activities attract many ambitious and capable men more strongly than the public service. These men are not on that account lost to their country or to society. The present generation has wholly escaped from the conditions of earlier centuries, when able men who were not great land-owners had but three outlets for their ambition, — the army, the church, or the national civil service. The national service, whether in an empire, in a limited monarchy, or in a republic, is now only one of many fields which offer to able and patriotic men an honorable and successful career. Inevitably, legislation and public administration have a very second-hand quality; and more and more legislators and administrators become dependent on the researches of scholars, men of science, and historians, and follow in the footsteps of inventors, economists, and political philosophers. Political leaders are very seldom leaders of thought; they are generally trying to induce masses of men to act on principles thought out long before. Their skill is in the selection of practicable approxi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mations to the ideal; their arts are arts of exposition and persuasion; their honor comes from fidelity, under trying circumstances, to familiar principles of public duty. The real leaders of American thought in this century have been preachers, teachers, jurists, seers, and poets. While it is of the highest importance, under any form of government, that the public servants should be men of intelligence, education, and honor, it is no objection to any given form that under it large numbers of educated and honorable citizens have no connection with the public service.

Well-to-do Europeans, when reasoning about the working of democracy, often assume that under any government the property-holders are synonymous with the intelligent and educated class. That is not the case in the American democracy. Any one who has been connected with a large American university can testify that democratic institutions produce plenty of rich people who are not educated, and plenty of educated people who are not rich, just as mediæval society produced illiterate nobles and cultivated monks.

Persons who object to manhood suffrage as the last resort for the settlement of public questions are bound to show where in all the world a juster or more practicable regulation or convention has been arrived at. The objectors ought at least to indicate where, in their judgment, the ultimate decision should rest, — as, for example, with the land-owners, or the property-holders, or the graduates of secondary schools, or the professional classes. It would be a bold political philosopher who, in these days, should propose that the ultimate tribunal should be constituted in any of these ways. All the experience of the civilized world fails to indicate a safe personage, a safe class, or a safe minority with which to deposit the power of ultimate decision. On the contrary, the experience of civilization indicates that no select person or class can be trusted with that power, no matter what the principle of selection. The convention that the majority of males shall decide public questions has obviously great recommendations. It is apparently fairer than the rule of any minority, and it is sure to be supported by an adequate physical force. Moreover, its decisions are likely to enforce themselves. Even in matters of doubtful prognostication, the fact that a majority of the males do the prophesying tends to the fulfillment of the prophecy. At any rate, the adoption or partial adoption of universal male suffrage by several civilized nations is coincident with unexampled ameliorations in the condition of the least fortunate and most numerous classes of the population. To this general amelioration many causes have doubtless contributed; but it is reasonable to suppose that the acquisition of the power which comes with votes has had something to do with it.

Timid or conservative people often stand aghast at the possible directions of democratic desire, or at some of the predicted results of democratic rule; but meantime the actual experience of the American democracy proves, (1) that property has never been safer under any form of government; (2) that no people have ever welcomed so ardently new machinery, and new inventions generally; (3) that religious toleration was never carried so far, and never so universally accepted; (4) that nowhere have the power and disposition to read been so general; (5) that nowhere has governmental power been more adequate, or more freely exercised, to levy and collect taxes, to raise armies and to disband them, to maintain public order, and to pay off great public debts, national, state, and town; (6) that nowhere have property and well-being been so widely diffused; and (7) that no form of government ever inspired greater affection and loyalty, or prompted to greater personal sacrifices in supreme moments. In

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

view of these solid facts, speculations as to what universal suffrage would have done in the seventeenth or eighteenth century, or may do in the twentieth, seem futile indeed. All the most civilized nations of the world have already adopted this final appeal to manhood suffrage, or they are approaching that adoption by rapid stages. The United States, having no customs or traditions of an opposite sort to overcome, have led the nations in this direction, and have had the honor of devising, as a result of practical experience, the best safeguards for universal suffrage, — safeguards which, in the main, are intended to prevent hasty public action, or action based on sudden discontents or temporary spasms of public feeling. These checks are intended to give time for discussion and deliberation, or, in other words, to secure the enlightenment of the voters before the vote. If under new conditions existing safeguards prove insufficient, the only wise course is to devise new safeguards.

IV.

The United States have made to civilization a fourth contribution, of a very hopeful sort, to which public attention needs to be directed, lest temporary evils connected therewith should prevent the continuation of this beneficent action. The United States have furnished a demonstration that people belonging to a great variety of races or nations are, under favorable circumstances, fit for political freedom. It is the fashion to attribute to the enormous immigration of the last fifty years some of the failures of the American political system, and particularly the partial failure in municipal government, and the introduction in a few States of the rule of the irresponsible party foremen known as "bosses." Impatient of these evils, and hastily accepting this improbable explanation of them, some people wish to depart from the American policy of welcoming immigrants. In two respects the absorption of large numbers of immigrants from many nations into the American commonwealth has been of great service to mankind. In the first place, it has demonstrated that people who at home have been subject to every sort of aristocratic, despotic, or military oppression become within less than a generation serviceable citizens of a republic; and in the second place, the United States have thus educated to freedom many millions of men. Furthermore, the comparatively high degree of happiness and prosperity enjoyed by the people of the United States has been brought home to multitudes in Europe by friends and relatives who have emigrated to this country, and has commended free institutions to them in the best possible way. This is a legitimate propaganda vastly more effective than any annexation or conquest of unwilling people, or of people unprepared for liberty.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the process of assimilating foreigners began in this century. The eighteenth century provided the colonies with a great mixture of peoples, although the English race predominated then as now. When the Revolution broke out, there were already English, Scotch, Dutch, Germans, French, Portuguese, and Swedes in the colonies. The French were in small proportion, to be sure, and were almost exclusively Huguenot refugees, but they were a valuable element in the population. The Germans were well diffused, having established themselves in New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Georgia. The Scotch were scattered through all the colonies. Pennsylvania, especially, was inhabited by an extraordinary mixture of nationalities and religious denominations. Since steam navigation on the Atlantic and railroad transportation on the North American continent became cheap and easy, the tide of immigration has greatly increased; but it is very doubtful if the amount of assimilation going on in the nineteenth century

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has been any larger in proportion to the population and wealth of the country than it was in the eighteenth. The main difference in the assimilation accomplished in the two centuries is this: that in the eighteenth century the new-comers were almost all Protestants, while in the nineteenth century a considerable proportion have been Catholics. One result, however, of the importation of large numbers of Catholics into the United States has been a profound modification of the Roman Catholic Church in regard to the manners and customs of both the clergy and the laity, the scope of the authority of the priest, and the attitude of the Church toward public education. This American modification of the Roman Church has reacted strongly upon the Church in Europe.

V.

Another great contribution to civilization made by the United States is the diffusion of well-being among the population. No country in the world approaches the United States in this respect. It is seen in that diffused elementary education which implants for life a habit of reading, in the success of the voluntary system for the support of religious institutions, and in the habitual optimism which characterizes the common people. It is seen in the housing of the people and of their domestic animals; in the comparative costliness of their food, clothing, and household furniture; in their implements, vehicles, and means of transportation; and in the substitution on a prodigious scale of the work of machinery for the work of men's hands. This last item in American well-being is quite as striking in agriculture, mining, and fishing as it is in manufacturing processes. The social effects of the manufacture of power, and of the discovery of means of putting that power just where it is wanted, have been more striking in the United States than anywhere else. Manufactured and distributed power needs intelligence to direct it: the bicycle is a blind horse, and must be steered at every instant; somebody must show a steam-drill where to strike and how deep to go. So far as men and women can substitute for the direct expenditure of muscular strength the more intelligent effort of designing, tending, and guiding machines, they win promotion in the scale of being, and make their lives more interesting as well as more productive. It is in the invention of machinery for producing and distributing power, and at once economizing and elevating human labor, that American ingenuity has been most conspicuously manifested. The high price of labor in a sparsely settled country has had something to do with this striking result; but the genius of the people and of their government has had much more to do with it. As proof of the general proposition, it suffices merely to mention the telegraph and telephone, the sewing-machine, the cotton-gin, the mower, reaper, and threshing-machine, the dish-washing machine, the river steamboat, the sleeping-car, the boot and shoe machinery, and the watch machinery. The ultimate effects of these and kindred inventions are quite as much intellectual as physical, and they are developing and increasing with a portentous rapidity, which sometimes suggests a doubt whether the bodily forces of men and women are adequate to resist the new mental strains brought upon them. However this may prove to be in the future, the clear result in the present is an unexampled diffusion of well-being in the United States.

These five contributions to civilization — peace-keeping, religious toleration, the development of manhood suffrage, the welcoming of new-comers, and the diffusion of well-being — I hold to have been eminently characteristic of our country, and so important that, in spite of the qualifications and deductions which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

every candid citizen would admit with regard to them, they will ever be held in the grateful remembrance of mankind. They are reasonable grounds for a steady, glowing patriotism. They have had much to do, both as causes and as effects, with the material prosperity of the United States; but they are all five essentially moral contributions, being triumphs of reason, enterprise, courage, faith, and justice, over passion, selfishness, inertness, timidity, and distrust. Beneath each one of these developments there lies a strong ethical sentiment, a strenuous moral and social purpose. It is for such work that multitudinous democracies are fit.

In regard to each one of these contributions the characteristic policy of our country has been from time to time threatened with reversal, — is even now so threatened. It is for true patriots to insist on the maintenance of these historic purposes and policies of the people of the United States. Our country's future perils, whether already visible or still unimagined, are to be met with courage and constancy founded firmly on these popular achievements in the past.[1]

Charles W. Eliot.

THE POLITICAL MENACE OF THE DISCONTENTED.

At first sight, it seems a discouraging thing that the American people should be obliged to devote the energy of a presidential campaign to assert that a debased currency cannot bring prosperity. It seems all the more discouraging when it is recalled that we have had abundant experience with this error. He who knows our own history but slightly knows that at various times, under varying conditions, we have tried this same method of relief from "hard times," always with disaster.

Yet perhaps if we had chosen we could not have done better than take this subject in hand for campaign discussion; for a clear analysis of public opinion in the United States for thirty years will show that the false notion of money, dating back to the successful issue of greenbacks during the war, has never ceased to affect the popular imagination. Not only have the discontented and the unbalanced held the doctrine of fiat money ever since, in one form or another, but by far the larger part of our public men — the very men who are now doing excellent service against the absurdity — have at one time or another dallied with it. Even the Supreme Court of the United States once fell a victim to it, and three post-bellum Presidents have had to veto unsound-money bills. This legacy from the war-time has cost us, first and last, far more in arrested commercial development than the war itself cost us in treasure. So magnificent and impressive was the demonstration of the credit of the government that the successful issue of greenbacks was almost from the first popularly regarded not as a forced loan, but as one of the proper functions of the Treasury Department. The supreme act of the government in making a direct issue of money seemed so easy and natural that belief in its power to issue money at will has hardened into the most persistent political superstition of our time. Cheap money has been proposed as a remedy for a long succession of different ills. No other superstition, indeed, ever lent itself so well to impressive statistical statement, or showed such an easy adaptability to every condition of discontent. It is well, then, that

[1] This paper was delivered as an address at Chautauqua on August 19, 1896.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it should once for all be baldly asserted, and put to trial at the polls. Efforts to wear it out by compromise have failed, and have cost us dear. To subject it to open discussion, stripped of confusion with other subjects, — this is the democratic fashion of dealing with a fallacy; and no better use could be made of the energy that spends itself in a national campaign than to direct it all to the defeat of so persistent and costly an error.

The campaign has an even wider educational value. Besides the necessity of sound money another lesson is forcibly taught, — a larger corollary of the same proposition, that financial honesty is the basis of character, — the lesson, namely, of the intricate workings and supreme value of credit. The danger now involved in the threat to debase the currency is not simply the danger of substituting a base coin for a good one in the small transactions of individual men, but the danger of deranging instantly our relations with the whole world. All the civilized parts of the earth have become one trading community. Credit delicately adjusts this closely knit world community, part to part, and in this complex sense it is a new instrument and measure of civilization, and even a new conception to most men. It is the one great fact in the practical world of to-day that more clearly than any other marks us off from the practical world of preceding times. We often speak of the changes wrought by modern transportation and instantaneous communication and enlarged publicity. All these new instruments of modern life do their nimble and far-reaching service in the appraisal of men and communities and nations, and this appraisal is registered as credit. So accurate and prompt is the registration that credit is fast making coin one of the crude tools of civilization. The business of the world is done with a constantly lessening use of so primitive an instrument.

Thus, simultaneously with the growth of credit, and as a part of the same movement, has come, not by any decree of men, of course, but by the inevitable and irreversible process of social development, the gold standard. The steps from wampum to beads, from beads to iron, from iron to copper, from copper to silver (if this was the order), each required a long period of time. The step from silver to gold, in the more rapid development of modern life, was more quickly taken, and it is small wonder that men to whom the very conception of credit is foreign should look upon the passing of silver as a standard of value with superstitious fear, especially men who have no personal contact with the great processes of interchange, — men who live apart from the channels of trade, and men, of a very different class, who speculate on human progress without knowledge of the instruments by which it is brought about.

For these larger reasons the campaign that we are now conducting is an effort at public education that has no recent parallel in its scope or aim. The credit of a democracy is no greater than the sum total of the people's credit, just as the fighting strength of a nation is no greater than the sum total of the fighting strength of its men. Before we can have a stable popular government, under modern conditions, there must be a popular understanding of the meaning and value of credit in its widest sense. This is the lesson that we must learn, and perhaps the only lesson, before we can contest with Great Britain the commercial supremacy of the world. Now, there is no way more quickly or forcibly to teach the people this fundamental truth than by facing this definite threat to take the United States from the first rank of commercial nations and to put it in the third rank; and nothing but a military attack could so arouse our patriotism as this assault on our national character ought to arouse it, and fortunately is arousing it. The assault,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

therefore, looks very like an evil out of which will come unexpected good. At any rate, it is reassuring to see the most abstruse subject that was ever brought upon the stump taken up with confidence in the effectiveness of free discussion to eradicate a superstition.

But the most significant aspect of the Chicago programme is not its political, nor even its commercial, but its social aspect; and from this point of view it is a symptom of a condition that may cause anxiety. It was in a sense an accident that the several groups of the discontented hit upon the free coinage of silver as their shibboleth. This action was due, as we have seen, to the vitality of the superstition about cheap money, helped by the overzealous activity of the owners of silver mines. But they have threatened also a reorganization of the Supreme Court of the United States for a partisan purpose, and made a protest against the use of the executive power to protect the property of the general government; each of these "demands" being the work of a different element in the convention. The alarming fact is that nearly all the groups of malcontents that have hitherto existed separately are now united. We have before had a Greenback party, Socialist-Labor parties, Farmers' Alliances, the "Wheel," Nationalists, and other detached groups of the dissatisfied or unbalanced, and their activity separately has generally been harmless. Now, practically, all these groups are united, and the consolidated organization includes also the unthinking mass of the Democratic party. This mass gives the movement its strength. This body of ignorance that the revolutionists have thus made captive, if left to itself or if properly led, would not do violence to our civilization; for it does not understand that the present programme means ruin. The unthinking masses look upon it merely as a method of removing the cause of their discontent.

The social fact that we must consider, then, is the existence of a widespread discontent. This is the meaning of the heterogeneous declarations made at Chicago as understood by those who approve them. These malcontents are not as prosperous as they think they ought to be, and they think that there is some artificial barrier to their prosperity.

Now what are the causes of a widespread dissatisfaction? And are there artificial hindrances to prosperity?

One important cause of discontent is the shrinking of agricultural profit. By reason of machinery and improved methods, the relative number of men required to produce farm products has constantly become less. It is probable, too, that the cultivated area of good land has been extended faster than the food demand has increased. Agricultural profit has shrunk not only in our own country, but in Europe as well, for the complaint is world-wide. Following the farmer's loss of profit has come also a certain loss of dignity. The tiller of the soil, who in the days of our fathers was the embodiment of economic independence and of civic virtue, has passed away. He is a stock figure no longer of the orator, but only of the humorist. His relative social standing has been lost. The "sturdy yeoman" has become the "hayseed." This agricultural discontent is a large part of the organized unrest, and it has been gathering volume for a dozen years.

But there are still other causes of unrest. The reflex influence on rural life of the great movement of the population to the cities makes rural life less and less attractive; and there is abundant evidence of a sort of social revolt by the countryman against the townsman. The town sets the fashion not in attire only, but in the whole round of living. The social disadvantage of the dweller in the country must be reckoned as an important cause of discontent, especially since cheap and rapid

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

communication and the newspapers bring to the envious knowledge of the countryman an intimate acquaintance with the follies as well as with the advantages of town life; and the vice of living beyond one's income has spread from the town to the farm.

The organization of vast enterprises into forms that lessen personal responsibility also has had its effect on the popular imagination. It is not by saving, but by "booming," that fortunes are thought to be made, and "booming" is but another name for borrowing with only a speculative opportunity to pay. Here, indeed, we are disposed to think, is the very root of the malady which expresses itself in this composite revolutionary programme; for attacks on property always come from those who not only do not have property, but who cannot conserve it or wisely use it. It is more than a coincidence that the menace to property and to credit is most determined in the two parts of the Union that have nothing in common but a lack of thrift, — in the South, where the unsound economic habit of life that was the basis of slavery yet lingers, and in the mining States, where industry itself has been speculative. In the last analysis it is these defects of character that we must confront. With these, we may be sure, we shall have to deal again and often. Some forms of unrest are passing moods, and will disappear with a revival of trade; but the discontent that has its root in a lack of thrift and of a rigid commercial morality is more serious.

Besides these more or less specific causes there is a general cause of widespread dissatisfaction. The frontier has disappeared. The public lands have practically all been taken. The adventurous and the dissatisfied can no longer leave their homes and find new homes for the asking. From the beginning of our history the unoccupied land in the West has provoked, and it has till lately absorbed, the restlessness of our people, but that restlessness must now find new outlets. We have too long bred pioneers and wanderers and adventurers to settle down easily and quickly to anything humdrum, even to a humdrum prosperity.

This general dissatisfaction has some of the symptoms of the discontent that has projected itself into the politics of all old governments. We are no longer free from the kind of social maladies that have afflicted the Old World, but have hitherto spared us, thanks to our simplicity of life, to our vast territory, and to our more elastic institutions; and we know by this token that we are now become a part of complex civilization.

A class feeling more distinct than ever before has asserted itself in politics. In Jackson's time a similar thing happened, but in those youthful days of the republic it was comparatively harmless. Now it is the most harmful spirit that could be evoked. True, the population of the United States is made up of classes, as the population of every other country is, — the rich and the poor, the cultivated and the ignorant, the well bred and the rude. But in political life it is our theory, and has been our boast, that we have no classes. This campaign has taken a more dangerous form than any preceding one, because so direct and so essentially dishonest an appeal has been made to the envy of the mass of men, and a candidate for the presidency has himself appealed directly to the class feeling of the dissatisfied. Now, if our institutions are in danger from any quarter, if the democratic plan of government is to fail at last, if we are to suffer the ancient sorrows of other societies which it was hoped we had outgrown, and if it shall turn out that we are but going through a cycle of Old-World experience, and not making progress at all, — the blessings which we have credited to our institutions being only the blessings of a vast domain and of elbow-room for a time, — the most alarming symptom of such a collapse and failure would be the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

appearance of sharp class distinctions in politics. The very threat of such a disaster makes a thoughtful man shudder.

But if the time is ever to come when there is good reason why the poor and the rich should be permanently arrayed against each other at the polls, it ought not yet to come; for we have not passed out of the period when the poor of to-day become the rich of to-morrow. Though it assumes the guise of the supremest danger, the present agitation ought to turn out, as it seems likely to turn out, to be a farce; for no other fact is so conspicuous in our recent history as the very rapid increase in the number of the well-to-do. If we roughly divide the population into the poor, the well-to-do, and the rich, and could determine the numbers in each class at any two given periods, say in 1876 and 1896, we should see that while there has been a large absolute and small comparative increase alike in the number of the rich and in the number of the poor, there has been an enormous increase, both absolute and relative, in the number of the well-to-do. Never since industrial society was organized has there been such a general rise from poverty to comfort as there has been in the United States during the last thirty years. There is no more fallacious doctrine than that the rich are becoming richer, and the poor poorer. The truth is, the lift from poverty to plenty has so engaged our thought that we have come too near to forgetting that other things than material well-being are needful to make a great people, and we are now paying one of the penalties of this forgetfulness.

But we are at least reminded that a new test of our institutions is now to be made. These new problems of democracy are of a kind that our predecessors did not anticipate. It requires a considerable effort, indeed, to picture to ourselves the comparative simplicity of life in the United States even half a century ago, and the comparative simplicity of our political problems at that time, except the one problem of maintaining the Union. Even that was a definite and concrete task. For one thing, those who tried to disrupt the Union lived in one group of States, and those who opposed disruption lived in another. But there is no sharp geographical line between the discontented and the prosperous.

Now, when, in this very definite way, the ominous social side of politics presents itself, our political machinery lacks something of its earlier elasticity to deal with it. The government, like all other complex modern instruments, is become a great machine, infinitely more powerful and more effective, but far less personal, than any form of government dreamed of by our fathers. It has necessarily been developed along the lines of all other modern activity, dealing swiftly with large units. In many ways, in government as in all other active and practical things, the individual becomes less and less. It is this feeling that in some way the government has ceased to be his, as it was his in a time nearer to the town-meeting, that has aroused the suspicion of the isolated man. It is in fact a contest between the isolated and the organized, with the isolated suddenly organized for the moment, without the training that brings wisdom or prudence, — in a word, a mob on one side, and on the other side civilization. The government has proved its strength, and the question now is whether it be flexible enough to serve alike and at once a complex society of the modern type and the primitive conditions of half a century ago that yet prevail in a large part of our territory. The present task is to save it as an instrument of civilization. Thereafter will come the duty of removing the real causes of discontent.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MARM LISA.[1]

V.

HOW THE NEW PLANT GREW.

"Now, Rhoda dear," said Mistress Mary one day, when Lisa had become somewhat wonted to her new surroundings, "you are to fold your hands respectfully in your lap, and I will teach you things, — things which you in your youth and inexperience have not thought about as yet. The other girls may listen, too, and catch the drippings of my wisdom. I really know little about the education of defective children, but, thank Heaven, I can put two and two together, as Susan Nipper said. The general plan will be to train Lisa's hands and speak to her senses in every possible way, since her organs of sense are within your reach, and those of thought are out of it. The hardest lesson for such a child to learn is the subordination of its erratic will to our normal ones. Lisa's affection is the most hopeful thing about her, and encourages me more than anything else. It is n't as if there were no mental processes existing; they are there, but in a very enfeebled state. Of course she should have been under skilled teaching the last six years, but, late as it is, we could not think of giving up a child who can talk, use her right hand, dress herself, go upon errands, recognize colors, wash dishes; who is apparently neither vicious nor cunning, but who, on the contrary, has lived four years under the same roof with Mrs. S. Cora Grubb without rebellion or violence or treachery! Why, girls, such a task, if it did not appeal to one on the moral, certainly would on the intellectual side. Marm Lisa will teach us more in a year than we shall teach her. Let us keep a record of our experiments; drop all materials that seem neither to give her sensations nor wake her discriminative power, and choose others that speak to her more clearly. Let us watch her closely, both to penetrate the secret of her condition and to protect the other children. What a joy, what a triumph, to say to her some dear day, a few years hence, 'You poor, motherless bairn, we have swept away the cobwebs of your dreams, given you back your will, put a clue to things in your hand: now go on and learn to live and be mistress of your own life under God!'"

It was at such a moment, when Mary's voice trembled and her eyes shone through a mist of tears like two victorious stars, that a hush fell upon the little group, and the spirit of the eternal child descended like a dove, its pure wings stirring the silence of each woman's heart. At such a moment, their daily work, with its round of harsh, unlovely, beautiful, discouraging, hopeful, helpful, heavenly duties, was transfigured, and so were they. The servant was transformed by the service, and the service by the servant. They were alone together, each heart knit to all the others by the close bond of a common vocation; and though a heretofore unknown experience, it seemed a natural one when Mistress Mary suddenly bent her head and said softly: —

"Father in heaven, it is by the vision of thy relation to us that we can apprehend our relation to these little ones. As we have accepted that high trust, so make us loyal to it. When our feet grow weary and our faith grows dim, help us to follow close after the ever perfect One who taught even as we are trying to teach. He it was whom the common people heard gladly. He it was who disdained not the use of objects and symbols, remembering it was the child-

[1] Copyright, 1896, by Kate Douglas Riggs.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hood of the race. He it was who spake in parables and stories, laying bare soul of man and heart of nature, and revealing each by divine analogy. He it was who took the little ones in his arms and blessed them; who set the child in the midst, saying, 'Except ye become as one of these.' May the afterglow of that inspired teaching ever shine upon the path we are treading. May we bathe our tired spirits in its warmth and glory, and kindle our torches at the splendor of its light. We remember that he told us to feed his lambs. Dear Lord, help all the faithful shepherds who care for the ninety-and-nine that lie in the safe cover of the fold; help us, too, for we are the wandering shepherds whose part it is to go out over the bleak hills, up the mountain sides and rocky places, and gather in out of the storm and stress of things all the poor, unshepherded, wee bit lambs that have either wandered forlornly away from shelter, or have been born in the wilderness and know no other home. Such an one has just strayed into the fold from the dreary hill-country. It needs a wiser shepherd than any one of us. Grant that by gentleness, patience, and insight we may atone somewhat for our lack of wisdom and skill. We read among thy mysteries that the divine Child was born of a virgin. May he be born again and born daily in our hearts, already touched by that remembrance and consecrated by its meaning. And this we ask for love's sake. Amen."

Then there was a space of silence, — one of those silences in which we seem to be caught up into the heart of things, when hidden meanings are revealed, when the soul stretches itself and grows a little.

It was a few minutes later when Rhoda said: "I am fired with zeal. I confess it. Henceforth my single aim shall be to bring Marm Lisa into her lost kingdom and inheritance. But meanwhile, how, oh how shall I master the hateful preliminaries? How shall I teach her to lace her shoes and keep them laced, unless I invent a game for it? How shall I keep her hair from dangling in her eyes, how keep her aprons neat? — though in those respects she is no worse than Pacific Simonson. I promised her a doll yesterday, and she was remarkably good. Do you object, Mistress Mary?"

"I don't know how much rewards are used in these cases," answered Mary, "but why do you begin with them when the problem presents no insuperable difficulties as yet? Whenever she conquers herself, her awkward hands, her weak will, her inattention, her restlessness, give her some task she likes, some pleasure or occupation for which she has shown decided preference, and thus make happiness follow close upon the heels of effort. We who see more clearly the meaning of life know that this will not always happen, and we can be content to do right for right's sake. I don't object to your putting hosts of slumbering incentives in Lisa's mind, but a slumbering incentive is not vulgar and debasing, like a bribe."

A plant might be a feeble and common thing, yet it might grow in beauty and strength in a garden like Mistress Mary's. Such soil in the way of surroundings, such patient cultivation of roots and stems, such strengthening of tendrils on all sorts of lovely props, such sunshine of love, such dew of sympathy, such showers of kindness, such favoring breezes of opportunity, such pleasure for a new leaf, joy for a bud, gratitude for a bloom! What an atmosphere in which to grow towards knowledge and goodness! Was it any wonder that the little people "all in a row" responded to the genius of Mistress Mary's influence? They used to sing a song called The Light Bird, in which some one, all unknown to the children, would slip into the playground with a bit of broken looking-glass, and suddenly a radiant fluttering disk of light would appear on the wall, and dance up and down, above and below, hither and yon, like a winged sunbeam. The children held out longing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

arms and sang to it coaxingly. Sometimes it quivered over Mistress Mary's head, and fired every delicate point of her steel tiara with such splendor that the little Irish babies almost felt like crossing themselves. At such times, those *deux petits cœurs secs*, Atlantic and Pacific, and all the other full-fledged and half-fledged scapegraces, forgot to be naughty, and the millennium was foreshadowed. The neophytes declared Mistress Mary a bit of a magician. Somehow or other, the little evil imps in the children shrank away, abashed by the soft surprise of a glance that seemed to hope something better, and the little good angels came out of their banishment, unfolded their wings, and sunned themselves in the warmth of her approving smile. Her spiritual antennæ were so fine, so fine, that they discerned the good in everything; they were feeling now after the soft spot in the rocky heart of Atlantic Simonson; they had n't found it yet, but they would, — oh, they would in time; for if hope is the lover's staff, it is no less that of the idealist.

Marm Lisa looked upon the miracles that happened under Mistress Mary's roof with a sort of dazed wonder, but her intelligence grew a little day by day; and though she sadly taxed everybody's patience, she infused a new spirit into all the neophytes.

Had not improvement been rapid, their untrained zeal might perhaps have flagged. Had the mental symptoms, by their obscurity, baffled them or defied them on every side, their lack of systematic, scientific training for such a task might have made them discouraged; but delicate and exacting as the work was, their love and enthusiasm, their insight and patience, their cleverness and ingenuity, triumphed over all obstacles; and luckily for their youth and comparative inexperience, they were rewarded in marvelous measure.

Not that every day was bright and hopeful. The carefully kept record was black enough on occasions, beginning with the morning when Helen, sitting in the circle, felt a rough hand on her head, and Marm Lisa, without the slightest warning of her intention, snatched Mary's steel band forcibly from her hair, and taking it across the room, put it in its accustomed place on its owner's head. Everybody was startled, but Mary rose from her chair quietly, and taking the ornament in one hand and Marm Lisa by the other, she came to Helen's side.

"I like to have my shining crown in Miss Helen's hair," she said; "it is such pretty curly hair, — stroke it softly, Lisa; she must wear it this morning to please me, and then I will take it again for my own. Dear Miss Helen, who is so sweet and good to the children, I love her," and she kissed her fondly on each cheek.

Marm Lisa did not attempt to rebel, but she was sullen, and refused her work when it was offered her later.

Such occurrences were rare, however, for her obliquity always seemed mental rather than moral.

Straws and bright papers, beads and pretty forms to thread on stout laces, were given her to wean her from her favorite but aimless string-play. There were days of restlessness, when she wandered up and down stairs, and could not be kept in her chair nor persuaded to stand in her place in the circle. There were days, too, when she tore the bright cardboards and glossy weaving-mats that ordinarily gave her such keen pleasure, but this carelessness grew more and more infrequent until it ceased altogether; so that it had probably come more from her inability to hold and move the materials and needles properly than from a wanton instinct of destruction, for they would often see the tears drop from her eyes upon her clumsy fingers as she strove to make them obey her feeble behests. At such a moment there was always some one to fling herself with passionate ardor and sympathy into this latest difficulty.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A stouter weaving-needle was invented, and a mat of pretty colored morocco substituted for the fragile paper; while the poor inert hands were held and coaxed and strengthened every day by finger gymnastics.

As Lisa grew in power Rhoda grew in ingenuity, and failure in any one particular only stimulated her genius of invention. Did Marm Lisa spill paste, mucilage, water, on her gingham aprons, and wipe anything and everything on them that came in her way, Rhoda dressed her in daintier ones of white cambric, with a ruffle at the neck and sleeves; the child's pleasure knew no bounds, and she kept the aprons clean. With Mrs. Grubb's permission her hair was cut shorter, and brushed back under a round comb. No regiment of soldiers could have kept the comb in place. It was taken away, and a blue ribbon substituted. She took off the ribbon every five minutes for two days, when Mary circumvented her by sewing a blue ribbon on each sleeve. This seemed to divert her attention from the head-band, and after a week or two she allowed it to remain without interference. Mary gave her low shoes, hoping that the lessened trouble of lacing them would make the task a possibility. There was no improvement. If she laced them, it was only under supervision, and they were always untied within the hour, the dangling laces tripping her awkward feet. Slippers or old-fashioned boots with elastic at the side would have been an easy way out of the difficulty, but to Rhoda's mind that would have been a humiliating confession of failure. As a last resort she bought brown shoes and brown laces.

"If these do not succeed," she said, "I will have red ones made, paint the tips blue, and give her yellow laces; but I will fix her mind on her shoes and arouse her pride in them, or die in the attempt."

This extreme, fortunately, proved unnecessary, since for some unknown reason the brown shoes and laces appealed to Marm Lisa, and she kept them tied. The salient peculiarity and encouraging feature of the child's development was that, save in rare cases, she did not slip back into her old habits when the novelty of the remedy wore off; with her, almost every point gained was a point kept. It was indeed a high Hill Difficulty that she was climbing, — so high that had she realized it she would never have taken the first step of her own unaided will; but now the impelling force behind her was so great, and the visions forever leading her on were so beautiful, that she ran nor grew weary, she walked yet did not faint.

The other children, even the youngest of them, were more or less interested in the novel enterprise, too, though they little knew the nature of it or how much was at stake. That a human mind was tottering to its fall, and that Mistress Mary was engaged in preventing it, was beyond their ken. They could see certain details, however, for they were all one great family of little people, and it was no unaccustomed thing for them to watch a moral conquest, though they had no conception of an intellectual one.

Accordingly, there was a shout of triumph from a corner of the room one morning, — such a shout that seventy or eighty youngsters held their breath to see what was happening.

After weeks upon weeks of torn cards, broken threads, soiled patterns, wrong stitches, weak hand held in place by strong hand, Marm Lisa had sewed without help, and in one lesson, the outline of a huge red apple; and there she stood offering her finished work to Mistress Mary! The angels in heaven never rejoiced more greatly over the one repentant sinner than the tired little shepherdesses over their one poor ewe lamb as she stood there with quivering hands and wet eyes, the first sense of conscious victory written on her inscrutable brow, and within the turbid, clouded brain the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

memory of a long struggle, and a hint, at least, of the glory she had achieved.

Rhoda took the square of neat cardboard with the precious red circle that meant so much, and ran into the playground with it, hugging it to her heart, and crying and laughing over it like a child.

When she came back, Mistress Mary put her arm round Lisa's waist and said to the whole great family: "Children, after trying hard for ever so long, Lisa has sewed this lovely apple all by herself. There is not a wrong stitch, and one side is as neat as the other. What shall we say?"

"Three cheers! The Chinese must go!" shouted Pat Higgins, a patriotic person of five years whose father was an organizer of sand-lot meetings.

All the grown-ups laughed at this unexpected suggestion, but the cheers were given with a good will, and Marm Lisa, her mind stirred to its depths by the unwonted emotion, puzzled out the meaning of them and hid it in her heart.

VI.

FROM GRUBB TO BUTTERFLY.

The children were all nearly a year older when Mrs. Grubb one day climbed the flight of wooden steps leading to Marm Lisa's Paradise, and met, as she did so, a procession of Mistress Mary's neophytes who were wending their way homeward.

The spectacle of a number of persons of either sex, or of both sexes, proceeding in line or grouped as an audience, acted on Mrs. Grubb precisely as the taste of fresh blood is supposed to act on a tiger in captivity. At such a moment she had but one impulse, and that was to address the meeting. The particular subject was not vital, since it was never the subject, but her own desire to talk, that furnished the necessary inspiration. While she was beginning, "Ladies and gentlemen," in her clear, pleasant voice, her convictions, opinions, views, prejudices, feelings, experiences, all flew from the different corners of what she was pleased to call her brain, and focused themselves on the point in question.

If the discussion was in a field in which she had made no excursions whatever, that trifling detail did not impose silence upon her. She simply rose and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, though a stranger in your midst, I feel I must say a word of sympathy to you, and a word of encouragement for your cause. It is a good and worthy movement, and I honor you for upholding it. Often and often have I said to my classes, it matters not what face of truth is revealed to you so long as you get a vision that will help you to bless your fellow men. To bless your fellow men is the great task before each and every one of us, and I feel to urge this specially upon occasions like this, when I see a large and influential audience before me. Says Rudyard Kipling, 'I saw a hundred men on the road to Delhi, and they were all my brothers.' Yes, all our brothers! The brotherhood of man and the sisterhood of woman, those are the subjects that include all others. I am glad to have met with you and to have heard the eloquent words of your speakers. If any of you would like to know more of my work, I will gladly meet you in room A at the close of this meeting."

She then sat down amid applause. Never did Mrs. S. Cora Grubb cease speaking without at least a ripple of approval that sometimes grew into a positive ovation. What wonder, then, that she mistook herself for an inspired person? It was easy to understand her popularity with her fellow men. Her eyes were as soft and clear as those of a child, her hair waved prettily off her low serene brow, her figure was plump and womanly, and when her voice trembled with emotion (which in her was a shallow well

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

very near the surface) the charmingest pink color came and went in her cheeks. On such occasions more than one member of the various brotherhoods thought what a cosy wife she would make, if removed from the public arena to the "sweet safe corner of the household fire." To be sure she had not much logic, but plenty of sentiment; rather too great a fondness for humanity, perhaps, but that was because she had no husband and family of her own to absorb her superfluous sympathy and energy. Mrs. Grubb was not so easily classified as these "brothers" imagined, however, and fortunately for them she had no leanings towards any man's fireside. Mr. Grubb had died in the endeavor to understand her, and it is doubtful whether, had he been offered a second life and another opportunity, he would have thought the end justified the means.

This criticism, however, applies only to the family circle, for Mrs. Grubb in a hall was ever winning, delightful, and persuasive. If she was illogical, none of her sister women realized it, for they were pretty much of the same chaotic order of mind, though with this difference: that a certain proportion of them were everywhere seeking reasons for their weariness, their unhappiness, their poverty, their lack of faith and courage, their unsatisfactory husbands and their disappointing children. These ladies were apt to be a little bitter, and much more interested in Equal Suffrage, Temperance, Cremation, and Edenic Diet than in subjects like Palmistry, Telepathy, and Hypnotism, which generally attracted the vague, speculative, feather-headed ones.

These discontented persons were always the most frenzied workers and the most eloquent speakers, and those who were determined to get more rights were mild compared with those who were determined to avenge their wrongs. There was, of course, no unanimity of belief running through all these Clubs, Classes, Circles, Societies, Orders, Leagues, Chapters, and Unions; but there was one bond of aversion, and that was housework. That no woman could develop or soar properly, and cook, scrub, sweep, dust, wash dishes, mend, or take care of babies at the same time, — to defend this proposition they would cheerfully have gone to the stake. They were willing to concede all these sordid tasks as an honorable department of woman's work, but each wanted them to be done by some other woman.

Mrs. Grubb really belonged to neither of these classes. She was not very keen about more rights, nor very bloodthirsty about her wrongs. She inhabited a kind of serene twilight, the sort that follows an especially pink sunset. She was not wholly clear in her mind about anything, but she was entirely hopeful about the world and its disposition to grow and move in ever ascending spirals. She hated housework as much as any of her followers, although she was seldom allowed to do anything for herself. "I 'll step in and make your beds, Mrs. Grubb; I know you 're tired." "I 'll sweep the front room, Mrs. Grubb; you give yourself out so, I know you need rest." "Let me cook your supper while you get up strength for your lecture; there are plenty of people to cook, but there 's only one Mrs. Grubb!" These were the tender solicitations she was ever receiving.

As for theories, she had little choice. She had looked into almost every device for increasing the sum of human knowledge and hastening the millennium, and she thought them all more or less valuable. Her memory, mercifully, was not a retentive one, therefore she remembered little of the beliefs she had outgrown; they never left even a deposit in the stretch of wet sand in which they had written themselves.

She had investigated, and of course taught, Delsarte, Physical Culture, Dress-Reform, the Blue Glass Cure, Scientific Physiognomy, Phrenology, Cheiro-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mancy, Astrology, Vegetarianism, Edenic Diet, Single Tax, Evolution, Mental Healing, Christian Science, Spiritualism, Theosophy, and Hypnotism. All these metamorphoses of thought had Mrs. S. Cora Grubb passed through, and was not yet a finished butterfly. Some of the ideas she had left far behind, but she still believed in them as fragments of truth suitable for feeble growing souls that could not bear the full light of revelation in one burst. She held honorary memberships in most of the outgrown societies, attended annual meetings of others, and kept in touch with all the rest by being present at their social reunions.

One of her present enthusiasms was her "Kipling Brothers," the boys' band enlisted under the motto, "I saw a hundred men on the road to Delhi, and they were all my brothers." She believed that there was no salvation for a boy outside of a band. Banded somehow he must be, then badged, beribboned, bannered, and by-lawed. From the moment a boy's mother had left off her bye-lows, Mrs. Grubb wanted him put under by-laws. She often visited Mistress Mary with the idea that some time she could interest her in one of her thousand schemes; but this special call was to see if the older children, whose neat handiwork she had seen and admired, could embroider mottoes on cardboard to adorn the Kipling room at an approaching festival. She particularly wanted "Look not upon the Wine" done in blood-red upon black, and "Shun the Filthy Weed" in smoke-color on bright green. She had in her hand a card with the points for her annual address noted upon it, for this sort of work she ordinarily did in the horse-cars. These ran: —

1st. Value of individuality. "*I* saw."

2d. Value of observation. "I *saw*."

3d. Value of numbers. "I saw a *hundred* men."

4th. Importance of belonging to the male sex. It was *men* who were seen on the road.

5th. What and where is Delhi?

6th. Description of the road thither.

7th. Every boy has his Delhi.

8th. Are you "on the road"?

9th. The brotherhood of man.

10th. The Kipling Brothers' Call to Arms.

She intended to run through the heads of this impassioned oration to Mistress Mary, whom she rather liked; and, in truth, Mary had difficulty in disliking her, though she thoroughly disapproved of her. She was so amiable, and apparently so susceptible to teaching, that Mary always fancied her on the verge of something better. Her vagaries, her neglects, and what to Mary's mind were positive inhumanities seemed in a way unconscious. "If I can only get into sufficiently friendly relations," thought Mary, "so that I can convince her that her first and highest duty lies in the direction of the three children, I believe she will have the heroism to do it!" But in this Mistress Mary's instinct was at fault. Mrs. Grubb took indeed no real cognizance of her immediate surroundings, but she would not have wished to see near duties any more clearly. Neither had she any sane and healthy interest in good works of any kind; she simply had a sort of philanthropic hysteria, and her most successful speeches were so many spasms.

VII.

THE COMET AND THE FIXED STAR.

"I don't feel that I can part with Lisa now, just as she 's beginning to be a help to me," argued Mrs. Grubb, shortly after she had been welcomed and ensconced in a rocking-chair. "As Madame Goldmarker says, nobody else in the world would have given her a home these four years, and a good many would n't have had her round the house."

"That is true," replied Mary, "and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

your husband must have been a very good man, from all you tell me, Mrs. Grubb."

"Good enough, but totally uninteresting," said that lady laconically.

"Well, putting aside the question as to whether goodness ought to be totally uninteresting, you say that Lisa's mother left Mr. Grubb three hundred dollars for her food and clothing, and that she has been ever since a willing servant, absolutely devoted to your interests."

"We never put a cent of the three hundred dollars into our own pockets," explained Mrs. Grubb. "Mr. Grubb was dreadfully opposed to my doing it, but every penny of it went to freeing our religious society from debt. It was a case of the greatest good of the greatest number, and I did n't flinch. I thought it was a good deal more important that the Army of Present Perfection should have a roof over its head than that Lisa Bennett should be fed and clothed; that is, if both could not be done."

"I don't know the creed of the Army, but it seems to me your Presently Perfect soldiers would have been rather uncomfortable under their roof, if Lisa Bennett had been naked and starving outside."

"Oh, it would never have come to that," responded Mrs. Grubb easily. "There is plenty of money in the world, and it belongs equally to the whole human race. I don't recognize anybody's right to have a dollar more than I have; but Mr. Grubb could never accept any belief that had been held less than a thousand years, and before he died he gave some money to a friend of his, and told him to pay me ten dollars every month towards Lisa's board. Untold gold could never pay for what my pride has suffered in having her, and if she had n't been so useful I could n't have done it, — I don't pretend that I could. She 's an offense to the eye."

"Not any longer," said Mary proudly.

"Well, she was, up to a few months ago; but she would always do anything for the twins, and though they are continually getting into mischief, she never lets any harm come to them, not so much as a scratch. If I 'd taken a brighter child, she would have been forever playing on her own account and thinking of her own pleasure; but if you once get an idea into Lisa's head of what you expect her to do, she will go on doing it to the end of the world, and wild horses could n't keep her from it."

"It 's a pity more of us had n't that virtue of obedience to a higher law."

"Well, perhaps it is, and perhaps it is n't; it 's a sign of a very weak mind."

"Or a very strong one," retorted Mary.

"There are natural leaders and natural followers," remarked Mrs. Grubb smilingly, as she swayed to and fro in Mary's rocking-chair. Her smile, like a ballet dancer's, had no connection with, nor relation to, the matter of her speech or her state of feeling; it was what a watchmaker would call a detached movement. "I can't see," said she, "that it is my duty to send Lisa away to be taught, just when I need her most. My development is a good deal more important than hers."

"Why?"

"Why? Because I have a vocation and a mission; because, if I should falter or faint by the wayside, hundreds of women who depend on me for inspiration would fall back into error and suffer permanent loss and injury."

"Do you suppose they really would?" asked Mary rather maliciously, anxious if possible to ruffle the surface of Mrs. Grubb's exasperating placidity. "Or would they, of course after a long period of grief-stricken apathy, attach themselves to somebody else's classes?"

"They might," allowed Mrs. Grubb, in a tone of hurt self-respect, "though you must know, little as you 've seen of the world, that no one woman has just the same revelation as any other, and that there are some who are born to interpret truth to the multitude. I can say in all humility that it has been so with me

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from a child. I've always had a burning desire to explore the secret chambers of Thought, always yearned to understand and explain the universe."

"I have never tried to explain it," sighed Mary a little wearily; "one is so busy trying to keep one's little corner clean and sweet and pleasant, a helpful place where sad and tired souls can sit down and rest."

"Who wants to sit down and rest? Not I!" exclaimed Mrs. Grubb. "But then, I 'm no criterion, I have such an active mind."

"There are just a few passive virtues," said Mary teasingly. "We must remember that activity does n't always make for good; sometimes it is unrest, disintegration; not growth, Mrs. Grubb, but fermentation."

Mrs. Grubb took out a small blank-book and made a note, for she had an ear for any sentence that might be used in a speech.

"That is true. '*Distrust the activity which is not growth, but fermentation:*' that will just hit some ladies in my classes, and it comes right in with something I am going to say this evening. We have a Diet Congress here this week, and there 's a good deal of feeling and dispute between the various branches. I have two delegates stopping with me, and they have n't spoken to each other since yesterday morning, nor sat down to eat at the same table. I shall do all I can, as the presiding officer, to keep things pleasant at the meetings, but it will be difficult. You 've never been in public life and can't understand it, but you see there are women among the delegates who 've suffered the tyranny of man so long that they will cook anything their husbands demand; women who believe in eating any kind of food, and hold that the principal trouble lies in bad cooking; women who will give up meat, but still indulge in all sorts of cakes, pastries, and kickshaws; and women who are strong on temperance in drink, but who see no need of temperance in food. The whole question of diet reform is in an awful state, and a Congress is the only way to settle it."

"How do men stand on the diet question?" asked Mary, with a twinkle in her eye.

"They don't stand at all," answered Mrs. Grubb promptly. "They sit right still, and some of them lie down flat, you might say, whenever it 's mentioned. They 'll do even more for temperance than they will for reformed diet, though goodness knows they 're fond enough of drinking. The Edenites number about sixty-seven in this city, and nine is the largest number of gentlemen that we 've been able to interest. Those nine are the husbands and sons of the lady members, and at the next meeting two of them are going to be expelled for backsliding. I declare, if I was a man, I 'd be ashamed to confess that I was all stomach; but that 's what most of them are. Not that it 's easy work to be an Edenite; it 's impossible to any but a highly spiritual nature. I have been on the diet for three months, and nothing but my position as vice-president of the society, and my desire to crush the body and release the spirit, could have kept me faithful. I don't pretend to like it, but that does n't make me disloyal. There 's nothing I enjoy better than a good cut of underdone beef, with plenty of dish gravy; I love nice tender porterhouse steaks with mushrooms; I love thick mutton-chops broiled over a hot fire: but I can't believe in them, and my conscience won't allow me to eat them. Do you believe in meat?"

"Certainly."

"I don't see why you say 'certainly.' You would be a good deal better off without it. You are filling yourself full of carnal, brutal, murderous passions every time you eat it. The people who eat meat are not half so elevated nor half so teachable as the Edenites."

"The Edenites are possibly too weak

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and hungry to resist instruction," said Mary.

"They are neither weak nor hungry," replied their vice-president, with dignity. "They eat milk, and stewed fruit, and all the edible grains nicely boiled. It stands to reason that if you can subdue your earthly, devilish, sensual instincts on anything, you can do it on a diet like that. You can't fancy an angel or a Mahatma devouring underdone beef."

"No," agreed Mistress Mary; "but for that matter, the spectacle of an angel eating dried-apple sauce does n't appeal to my imagination."

"It 's no joking matter," said Mrs. Grubb, with real tears in her eyes. "It was my interest in Theosophy that brought me to the Edenic diet. I have good and sufficient motives for denying my appetite, for I 've got a certain goal to reach, and I 'm in earnest."

"Then here 's my hand, and I respect you for it. Oh, how I should like a hot mutton-chop at this moment! — Do forgive me."

"I forgive you, because I can see you act up to all the light that has been revealed to you. I don't know as I ought to be proud because I see so much truth. My classes tell me I get these marvelous revelations because I 'm so open-minded. Now Mr. Grubb would n't and could n't bear discussion of any sort. His soul never grew, for he would n't open a chink where a new idea might creep in. He 'd always accompany me to all my meetings (such advantages as that man had and missed!), and sometimes he 'd take the admission tickets; but when the speaking began, he 'd shut the door and stay out in the entry by himself till it was time to wait upon me home. — Do you believe in vaccination?"

"Certainly."

"Well, it passes my comprehension how you can be so sure of your beliefs. You 'd better come and hear some of the arguments on the opposite side. I am the secretary of the Anti-Vaccination League." (Mrs. Grubb was especially happy in her anti-societies; negatives seemed to give her more scope for argument.) "I say to my classes, 'You must not blame those to whom higher truths do not appeal, for refusing to believe in that which they cannot understand; but you may reprove them for decrying or ridiculing those laws or facts of nature which they have never investigated with an unprejudiced mind.' Well, I must be going. I 've sat longer than I meant to, this room is so peaceful and comfortable."

"But what about Lisa's future? We have n't settled that, although we 've had a most interesting and illuminating conversation."

"Why, I 've told you how I feel about her, and you must respect my feeling. The world can only grow when each person allows his fellow man complete liberty of thought and action. I 've kept the child four years, and now when my good care and feeding, together with the regular work and early hours I 've always prescribed, have begun to show their fruits in her improved condition, you want she should be put in some institution. Why is n't she doing well enough as she is? I 'm sure you 've had a wonderful influence over her."

"Nothing could induce me to lose sight of her entirely," said Mistress Mary, "but we feel now that she is ready to take the next step. She needs a skilled physician who is master both of body and mind, as well as a teacher who is capable of following out his principles. I will see to all that, if you will only give me the privilege."

Mrs. Grubb sank down in the rocking-chair in despair. "Don't I need some consideration as well as that little imbecile? Am I, with my ambitions and aspirations, to be forever hampered by these three nightmares of children? Oh, if I could once get an astral body, I would stay in it, you may be sure!"

"You do not absolutely need Lisa

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

yourself," argued Mary. "It is the twins to whom she has been indispensable. Provide for them in some way, and she is freed from a responsibility for which she is not and never was fit. It is a miracle that some tragedy has not come out of this daily companionship of three such passionate, irresponsible creatures."

"Some tragedy will come out of it yet," said Mrs. Grubb gloomily, "if I am not freed from the shackles that keep me in daily slavery. The twins are as likely to go to the gallows as anywhere; and as for Lisa, she would be a good deal better off dead than alive, as Mrs. Sylvester says."

"That is n't for us to decide," said Mistress Mary soberly. "I might have been careless and impertinent enough to say it a year ago, but not now. Lisa has all along been the victim of cruel circumstances. Wherever she has been sinned against through ignorance, it is possible, barely possible, that the fault may be atoned for; but any neglect of duty now would be a criminal offense. It does not behoove us to be too scornful when we remember that the taint (fortunately a slight one) transmitted to poor little Lisa existed in greater or less degree in Handel and Molière, Julius Cæsar, Napoleon, Petrarch, and Mohammed. The world is a good deal richer for them, certainly."

Mrs. Grubb elevated her head, the light of interest dawned in her eye, and she whipped her notebook out of her pocket.

"Is that a fact?" she asked excitedly.

"It is a fact."

"Is it generally known?"

"It must be known by all who have any interest in the education of defective persons, since it touches one of the bugbears which they have to fight."

"Is there any society in this city devoted to the study of such problems?"

"There is a society which is just on the point of opening an institution for the training of defective children."

Mrs. Grubb's face fell, and her hand relaxed its grasp upon the pencil. (If there was anything she enjoyed, it was the sensation of being a pioneer in any movement.) Presently she brightened again.

"If it is just starting," she said, "then it must need more members, and speakers to stir up the community. Now I am calculated, by constant association with a child of this character, to be of signal service to this cause. Not many persons have had my chance to observe phenomena. Just give me a letter to the president, — have they elected officers yet? — where do they meet? — and tell him I 'll call on him and throw all the weight of my influence on his side. It 's wonderful! Handel, Molière, Buddha, — was it Buddha? — Cæsar, Petrarch, and Wellington, — no, not Wellington. Never mind, I 'll get a list from you to-morrow and look it all up, — it 's perfectly marvelous! And I have one of this great, unhappy, suffering class in my own family, one who may yet be transformed into an Elizabeth Browning or a Joan of Arc!"

Mistress Mary sighed in her heart. She learned more of Mrs. Grubb with every interview, and she knew that her enthusiasms were as discouraging as her apathies.

"How unlucky that I mentioned Napoleon, Cæsar, and Mohammed!" she thought. "I shall be haunted now by the fear that she will go on a lecturing-tour through the country, and exhibit poor Lisa as an interesting example. Mrs. Grubb's mind is like nothing so much as a crazy-quilt."

VIII.

THE YOUNG MINISTER'S PSYCHOLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

Mrs. Grubb's interest in the education of the defective classes was as short-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lived as it was ardent. One interview with the president of the society convinced her that he was not a person to be "helped" according to her understanding of the term. She thought him a self-sufficient gentleman, inflexible in demeanor, and inhospitable to anybody's ideas or anybody's hobbies but his own. She resented his praise of Mistress Mary and Rhoda, and regarded it fulsome flattery when he alluded to their experiment with Marm Lisa as one of the most interesting and valuable in his whole experience; saying that he hardly knew which to admire and venerate the more, the genius of the teachers, or the devotion, courage, and docility of the pupil.

In the summer months Lisa had gone to the country with Mistress Mary and Edith, who were determined never to lose sight of her until the end they sought was actually attained. There, in the verdant freshness of that new world, Lisa experienced a strange exaltation of the senses. Every wooded path unfolded treasures of leaf, bud, blossom, and brier, and of beautiful winged things that crept and rustled among the grasses. There was the ever new surprise of the first wild flowers, the abounding mystery of the bird's song and the brook's song, the daily greeting of bees and butterflies, frogs and fishes, field mice and squirrels; so that the universe, which in the dead past had been dreary and without meaning, suddenly became warm and friendly, and she, the alien, felt a sense of kinship with all created things.

Helen had crossed the continent to imbibe the wisdom of the East, and had brought back stores of knowledge to spend in Lisa's service; but Rhoda's sacrifice was perhaps the most complete, for Mrs. Grubb having at first absolutely refused to part with Lisa, Rhoda had flung herself into the breach and taken the twins to her mother's cottage in the mountains.

She came up the broad steps, on a certain appointed day in August, leading her charges into Mistress Mary's presence. They were clean, well dressed, and somewhat calm in demeanor.

"You may go into the playground," she said, after the greetings were over; "and remember that there are sharp spikes on the high fence by the pepper-tree."

"Mary," she went on impressively, closing the doors and glancing about the room to see if there were any listeners, "Mary, those children have been with me eight weeks, and I do — not — like — them. What are you going to do with me? Wait, I have n't told you the whole truth, — I *dis*like them actively. As for my mother, she is not committed to any theory about the essential integrity of infancy, and she positively abhors them."

"Then they are no more likable in the bosom of the family than they have been here?" asked Mary, in a tone of disappointment.

"More likable? They are less so! Do you see any change in me, — a sort of spiritual effulgence, a saintly radiance, such as comes after a long spell of persistent virtue? Because there ought to be, if my summer has served its purpose."

"Poor dear rosy little martyr! Sit down and tell me all about it."

"Well, we have kept a log, but" —

"'*We*'? What, Rhoda, did you drag your poor mother into the experiment?"

"Mother? No, she generally locked herself in her room when the twins were indoors, but — well, of course I had help of one sort and another with them. I have held to your plan of discipline pretty well; at any rate, I have n't administered corporal punishment, though if I had whipped them whenever they actually needed it, I should have worn out all the young minister's slippers."

Mary groaned. "Then there was another young minister? It does n't make any difference, Rhoda, whether you spend your summers in the woods or by the sea,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the valleys or on the mountains, there is always a young minister. Have all the old ones perished off the face of the earth, pray? And what do the young ones see in you, you dear unregenerate, that they persist in following you about, threatening my peace of mind and your future career? Well, go on!"

"Debarred from the use of the persuasive but obsolete slipper," Rhoda continued evasively, "I tried milder means of discipline, — solitary confinement for one; not very much, you know, — only seventeen times in eight weeks. I hope you don't object to that? Of course it was in a pleasant room with southern exposure, good view and good ventilation, a thermometer, picture-books, and all that. It would have worked better if the twins had n't always taken the furniture to pieces, and mother is so fussy about anything of that sort. She finally suggested the winter bedroom for Atlantic's incarceration, as it has nothing in it but a huge coal-stove enveloped in a somewhat awe-inspiring cotton sheet. I put in a comfortable low chair, a checker-board, and some books, fixing the time limit at half an hour. By the way, Mary, that 's such a pretty idea of yours to leave the door unlocked, and tell the children to come out of their own accord whenever they feel at peace with the community. I tried it, — oh, I always try your pretty ideas first; but I had scarcely closed the door before Pacific was out of it again, a regenerated human being according to her own account. But to return to Atlantic. I went to him when the clock struck, only to discover that he had broken in the circles of isinglass round the body of the coal-stove, removed the ashes with a book, got the dampers out of order, and taken the doors off the hinges! I am sure Mrs. Grubb is right to keep them on bread and milk and apple sauce; a steady diet of beef and mutton would give them a simply unconquerable energy. Oh, laugh as you may, I could never have lived through the ordeal if it had n't been for the young minister!"

"Do you mean that he became interested in the twins?"

"Oh yes! — very deeply interested. Why, you have heard me speak of him: it was Mr. Fielding."

"Why, Rhoda, he was the last summer's minister, the one who preached at the seashore."

"Certainly; but he was only supplying a pulpit there; now he has his own parish. He is taking up a course of child-study, and asked me if he was at liberty to use the twins for psychological observations. I assented most gratefully, thinking, you know, that he could n't study them unless he kept them with him a good deal; but he counted without his host, as you can imagine. He lives at the hotel until his cottage is finished, and the first thing I knew he had hired a stout nursemaid as his contribution to the service of humanity. I think he was really sorry for me, for I was so confined I could scarcely ever ride, or drive, or play tennis; and besides, he simply had to have somebody to hold the children while he observed them. We succeeded better after the nurse came, and we all had delightful walks and conversations together, just a nice little family party! The hotel people called Atlantic the Cyclone and Pacific the Warrior. Sometimes strangers took us for the children's parents, and that was embarrassing; not that I mind being mistaken for a parent, but I decline being credited, or discredited, with the maternity of those imps!"

"They are altogether new in my experience," confessed Mary.

"That is just what the young minister said."

"Will he keep up his psychological investigation during the autumn?" Mary inquired.

"He really has no material there."

"What will he do then, — carry it on by correspondence?"

"No, that is always unsatisfactory.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I fancy he will come here occasionally: it's the most natural place, and he is especially eager to meet you."

"Of course!" said Mistress Mary, reciting provokingly: —

"'My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,
But with my numbers mix my sighs,
And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise
I fix my soul on Chloe's eyes.'

How delightful," she added, "how inspiring it is to see a young man so devoted to science, particularly to this neglected science! I shall be charmed to know more of his psychology and observe his observations."

"He is extremely clever."

"I have no doubt of it from what you tell me, both clever and ingenious."

"And his cottage is lovely; it will be finished and furnished by next summer, — Queen Anne, you know."

Now this was so purely irrelevant that there was a wicked hint of intention about it, and though Mistress Mary was smiling (and quaking) in the very depths of her heart, she cruelly led back the conversation into safe educational channels. "Is n't it curious," she said, "that we should have thought Lisa the impossible problem? Yet, as I have written you, her solution is something to which we can look forward with reasonable confidence? It is scarcely eighteen months, but the work accomplished is almost incredible, even to me, and I have watched and counted every step."

"The only explanation must be this," said Rhoda, "that her condition was largely the fruit of neglect and utter lack of comprehension. The state of mind and body in which she came to us was out of all proportion to the moving cause, when we discovered it. Her mother thought she would be an imbecile, the Grubbs treated her as one, and nobody cared to find out what she really was or could be."

"Her brain had been writ upon by the 'moving finger,'" quoted Mary, "though the writing was not graved so deep but that love and science could erase it. You remember the four lines in Omar Khayyám?

'The moving finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all your piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it.'"

"Edith says I will hardly know her," said Rhoda.

"It is true. The new physician is a genius, and physically and outwardly she has changed more in the last three months than in the preceding year. She dresses herself neatly now, braids her own hair and ties her ribbons prettily. Edith has kept up her gymnastics, and even taught her to row and play ninepins. For the first time in my life, Rhoda, I can fully understand a mother's passion for a crippled, or a blind, or a defective child. I suppose it was only Lisa's desperate need that drew us to her at first. We all loved and pitied her, even at the very height of her affliction; but now she fascinates me. I know no greater pleasure than the daily miracle of her growth. She is to me the sister I never had, the child I never shall have. When we think of our success with this experiment, we must try to keep our faith in human nature, even under the trying ordeal of the twins."

"My faith in human nature is absolutely intact," answered Rhoda; "the trouble is that the Warrior and the Cyclone are not altogether human. Atlantic is the coldest creature I ever knew, — so cold that he could stand the Shadrach-Meshach-and-Abednego test with impunity; Pacific is hot, — so hot-tempered that one can hardly touch her without being scorched. If I had money enough to conduct an expensive experiment, I would separate them, and educate Pacific at the North Pole and Atlantic in the tropics."

"If they are not distinctly human, we must allow them a few human virtues at least," said Mary; "for example, their loyalty to each other. Pacific, always at

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

war with the community, seldom hurts her brother; Atlantic, selfish and grasping with all the world, shares generously with his sister. We must remember, too, that Lisa's care has been worse than nothing for them, notwithstanding its absolute fidelity, and their dependence has been a positive injury to her. There! she has just come into the playground with Edith. Will wonders never cease? Pacific is embracing her knees, and Atlantic allows himself to be hugged!"

Marm Lisa was indeed beside herself with joy at the meeting. She clung to the little rebels, stroked their hair, admired their aprons, their clean hands, their new boots; and, on being smartly slapped by Atlantic for putting the elastic of his hat behind his ears, kissed his hand as if it had offered a caress. "He 's so little," she said apologetically, looking up with wet eyes to Edith, who stood near.

IX.

MARM LISA'S QUEST.

It was not long after this conversation that the twins awoke one morning with a very frenzy of adventure upon them. It was accompanied by a violent reaction against all the laws of God and man, and a desire to devour the tree of knowledge, fruit, limbs, and trunk, no matter at what cost.

We have no means of knowing whether there was an excess of electricity in the atmosphere, whether their infant livers were disordered, or whether the Evil One was personally conducting the day's exercises; judged by the light of subsequent events, all of these suppositions might easily have been true. During the morning they so demeaned themselves that all Mistress Mary's younger neophytes became apostates to the true faith, and went over in a body to the theory of the total depravity of unbaptized infants.

In the afternoon they did not appear, nor did Marm Lisa. This was something that had never occurred before, save when Pacific had a certain memorable attack of mumps that would have carried off any child who was fitted for a better world, or one who was especially beloved.

"Do you suppose anything is wrong?" asked Mary nervously.

"Of course not," said Edith. "I remember seeing Lisa in the playground at one o'clock, but my impression is that she was alone, and stayed only a moment. At any rate, I was very busy and did not speak to her. Mrs. Grubb has probably taken the twins to have their hair cut, or something of that sort."

"What a ridiculous suggestion!" exclaimed Rhoda. "You know perfectly well that Mrs. Grubb would never think of cutting their hair, if it swept the earth! She may possibly have taken them to join a band; they must be getting to a proper age for membership. At any rate, I will call there and inquire, on my way home, although I can never talk to Mrs. Grubb two minutes without wanting to shake her."

Rhoda made her promised visit, but the house was closed, and the neighbors knew nothing of the whereabouts of the children beyond the fact that Mrs. Grubb was seen talking to them as she went into the yard, a little after twelve o'clock. Rhoda naturally concluded, therefore, that Edith's supposition must be correct, and that Mrs. Grubb had for once indulged in a family excursion.

Such was not the case, however. After luncheon, Marm Lisa had washed the twins' hands and faces in the back yard as usual, and left them for an instant to get a towel from the kitchen. When she returned, she looked blankly about, for there was no sign of the two dripping faces and the uplifted streaming hands. They had a playful habit of hiding from her, knowing that in no other way could they make her so unhappy; so she stood

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

still for some moments, calling them, at first sharply, then piteously, but with no result. She ran to the front gate: it was closed; the rope-fastening was out of reach, and plainly too complicated even for their preternatural powers. She hurried back to the house, and searched every room in a bewildered sort of fashion, finding nothing. As she came out again, her eye caught sight of a kitchen chair in the corner of the yard. They had climbed the picket fence, then. Yes; Atlantic, while availing himself of its unassuming aid, had left a clue in a fragment of his trousers. She opened the gate, and ran breathlessly along the streets to that Garden of Eden where joy had always hitherto awaited her. Some instinct of fear or secrecy led her to go quietly through all the rooms and search the playground, without telling any one of her trouble. That accomplished fruitlessly, she fled home again, in the vain hope of finding the children in some accustomed haunt overlooked in her first search. She began to be thoroughly alarmed now, and thoroughly confused. With twitching hands and nervous shaking of the head, she hurried through the vacant rooms, growing more and more aimless in her quest. She climbed on a tall bureau and looked in a tiny medicine cupboard; then under the benches and behind the charts in the parlor; even under the kitchen sink, among the pots and pans, and in the stove, where she poked tremulously in the ashes. Her new-found wit seemed temporarily to have deserted her, and she was a pitiable thing as she wandered about, her breath coming in long-drawn sighs, with now and then a half-stifled sob.

Suddenly she darted into the street again. Perhaps they had followed their aunt Cora. Distance had no place in her terror-stricken heart. She traversed block after block, street after street, until she reached Pocahontas Hall, a building and locality she knew well. She crept softly up the main stairs, and from the landing into the little gallery above. Mrs. Grubb sat in the centre of the stage, with a glass of water, a bouquet of roses, and a bundle of papers and tracts on the table by her side. In the audience were twenty or thirty women and a dozen men, their laps filled, and their pockets bulging, with propaganda. They stood at intervals to ask superfluous or unanswerable questions, upon which Mrs. Grubb would rise and reply, with cheeks growing pink and pinker, with pleasant smile and gracious manner, and a voice fairly surcharged with conviction. Most of the ladies took notes, and a girl with a receding chin was seated at a small table in front of the platform, making a stenographic report.

All this Marm Lisa saw, but her eyes rested on nothing she longed to see. Mrs. Grubb's lecture-voice rose and fell melodiously, floating up to her balcony heights in a kind of echo that held the tone, but not the words. The voice made her drowsy, for she was already worn out with emotion, but she roused herself with an effort, and stole down the stairs to wander into the street again. Ah, there was an idea! The coat-shop! Why had she not thought of it before? The coat-shop was a sort of clothing manufactory on a small scale, a tall, narrow building four stories high, where she had often gone with Atlantic and Pacific. There were sewing-machines on the ground floor, the cutters and pressers worked in the middle stories, and at the top were the finishers. It was neither an extensive nor an exciting establishment, and its only fascination lay in the fact that the workwomen screamed with laughter at the twins' conversation, and after leading them to their utmost length, teasing and goading them into a towering passion, would stuff them with nuts or dates or cheap sweetmeats. The coat-shop was two or three miles from the hall, and it was closing-time and quite dark when Lisa arrived. She came out of the door after having looked vainly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in every room, and sat down dejectedly in the entrance, with her weary head leaning against the wall. There was but a moment's respite for her, for the manager came out of his office, and stumbling over her in the dusk, took her by the shoulders and pushed her into the street with an oath.

"Go and sit on your own doorstep, can't you," he muttered, "and not make me break my legs over you!"

She was too spent to run any farther. She dragged her heavy feet along slowly, almost unconsciously, neither knowing nor caring whither they led her. Home she could not, dared not go, bearing that heavy burden of remorse! Mrs. Grubb would ask for Atlantic and Pacific, and then what would become of her? Mr. Grubb would want to give Pacific her milk. No, Mr. Grubb was dead. There! she had n't looked in the perambulator. No, there was n't any perambulator. That was dead, too, and gone away with Mr. Grubb. There used to be babies, two babies, in the perambulator. What had become of them? Were they lost, too? And the umbrella that she used to hold until her arm ached, and the poor pale weeping mother always lying on a bed, — were they all gone together? Her head buzzed with worrying, unrelated thoughts, so that she put up her hands and held it in place on her shoulders as she shuffled wearily along. A heavy dripping mist began to gather and fall, and she shivered in the dampness, huddling herself together and leaning against the houses for a shelter. She sat down on the curbstone and tried to think, staring haggardly at the sign on the corner fruit-shop. In that moment she suddenly forgot the reason of her search. She had lost — what? She could not go home to Eden Place, but why not? Oh yes! it came to her now: there was something about a perambulator, but it all seemed vague to her. Suddenly a lamplighter put his ladder against a post in front of her, and climbing up nimbly lighted the gas-jet inside of the glass frame. It shone full on a flight of broad steps, a picture so much a part of her life-dream that she would go up to the very gate of heaven with its lines burned into her heart and brain.

She crept up and turned the knob of the outer door. It was unlocked, and she stole into the inner room, the Paradise, place of joy and sweet content, heart's rest, soul's heaven, love's own abode. The very atmosphere soothed her. She heard the janitress clatter through the halls, lock the door, and descend the stairs to her own rooms in the basement. The light from the street lamps shone in at the two end windows, so that the room was not in utter darkness. She would lie down here and die with Mr. Grubb and the babies and the umbrella. Atlantic and Pacific would be sure to come back; nobody could live without this place that had ever known it. Miss Mary would find them. She would make everything right. The mere thought of Mistress Mary brought a strange peace into poor Lisa's overwrought, distraught mind.

She opened the closet door. It was as dainty and neat as Mistress Mary herself, and the mere sight of it bred order in Lisa's thoughts. On the top of a pile of envelopes lay the sewing-picture that Atlantic had spoiled that day. It had been a black morning, and the bit of cardboard was torn and soiled and bent. Lisa looked at it with a maternal and a prophetic eye. She could see the firm line of Rhoda's lip as she bore down upon the destructive little urchin. She could almost hear the bright challenging tone as Rhoda would say: "Now, Atlantic, let us see what we can do! Cut off the chewed edges with these scissors, paste these thin pieces of paper over the tears, and rub the card with this crust of bread. A new one? Certainly *not!*"

Lisa took the poor little object in her hand, and seeing Mistress Mary's white apron, pressed her cheek against it in a transport of tenderness and hung it over

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her arm. Just then she caught sight of the clay bird's-nest that Pacific had modeled, — such a lovely bird's-nest that it had been kept for the cabinet. She carried her treasures over to the old-fashioned lounge where the babies took their occasional nap, put them carefully in a little red chair close beside it, and then, stretching her weary length on the cushions, she kissed the smooth folds of the apron and clasped it in her arms.

Mistress Mary would come soon. She would come in her cloud of white, and her steel fillet would gleam and shine when the sunshine fell upon it, and make star-rays and moonbeams and lightning-flashes; and the little points would twinkle and wink and laugh and blink whenever she turned her head. She would smile, and everything would suddenly be clear; she would speak, and the weary buzzing of windmills in the brain would be hushed. Under her touch the darkness and heaviness would vanish, and there would be no more night there, — no more night.

As these healing visions stole upon Marm Lisa, the torture and the anguish, the long hours of bewilderment, faded little by little, little by little, till at length a blessed sleep crept over her eyelids, blotting into a merciful nothingness the terror and the misery of the day.

X.

THE TWINS JOIN THE CELESTIALS.

Meanwhile, Atlantic and Pacific had been enjoying themselves even unto the verge of delirium. In the course of their wanderings they had come upon a Chinaman bearing aloft a huge red silken banner crowned by a badger's tail. Everything young that had two legs was following him, and they joined the noble army of followers. As they went on, other Chinamen with other banners came from the side-alleys, and all at once the small procession thus formed turned a corner and came upon the parent body, a sight that fairly stunned them by its Oriental magnificence. It was the four thousandth anniversary of the birth of Yeong Wo, had the children realized it (and that may have been the reason that they awoke in a fever of excitement), — Yeong Wo, statesman, philanthropist, philosopher, and poet; and the great day had been chosen to dedicate the new temple and install in it a new joss, and to exhibit a monster dragon just arrived from China. The joss had been sitting in solemn state in his sanctum sanctorum for a week, while the priests appeased him hourly with plenteous libations of rice brandy, sacrifices of snow-white pigeons, and offerings of varnished pork. Clouds of incense had regaled his expensive mahogany nostrils, while his ears of ivory inlaid with gold and bronze had been stimulated with the ceaseless clashing of gongs and wailings of Chinese fiddles. Such homage and such worship would have touched a heart of stone, and that of the joss was penetrable sandalwood; so as the days of preparation wore away, the smile on the teakwood lips of the idol certainly became more propitious. This was greatly to the satisfaction of the augurs and the high priest; for a mighty joss is not always in a sunny humor on feast-days, and to parade a sulky god through the streets is a very depressing ceremony, foretelling to the initiated a season of dire misfortune. So his godship smiled and shook his plume of peacock feathers benignantly on Yeong Wo's birthday, and therefore the pageant in which Atlantic and Pacific bore a part was more gorgeous than anything that ever took place out of the Flowery Kingdom itself.

Fortune smiled upon the naughty creatures at the very outset, for Pacific picked up a stick of candy in the street, and gave half of it to a pretty little Chinese maiden whose name in English would have been Spring Blossom, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who looked, in any language, like a tropical flower, in her gown of blue-and-gold-embroidered satin and the sheaf of tiny fans in her glossy black hair. Spring Blossom accepted the gift with enthusiasm, since a sweet tooth is not a matter of nationality, and ran immediately to tell her mother, a childish instinct also of universal distribution. She climbed, as nimbly as her queer little shoes would permit, a flight of narrow steps leading to a balcony; while the twins followed close at her heels, and wedged their way through a forest of Mongolian legs till they reached the front, where they peeped through the spaces of the railings with Spring Blossom, Fairy Foot, Dewy Rose, and other Celestial babies, quite overlooked in the crowd and excitement and jollity. Such a very riot of confusion there was, it seemed as if Confucius might have originally spelled his name with an *s* in the middle; for every window was black with pigtailed highbinders, cobblers, pork butchers, and pawnbrokers. The narrow streets and alleys became one seething mass of Asiatic humanity, while the painted belles came out on their balconies like butterflies, sitting among a wealth of gaudy paper flowers that looked pale in comparison with the daubs of vermilion on their cheeks and the rainbow colors of their silken tunics.

At last the pageant had gathered itself together, and came into full view in all its magnificence. There were pagodas in teakwood inlaid with gold and resting on ebony poles, and behind them, on a very tame Rosinante decked with leopard skins and gold bullion fringes, a Chinese maiden dressed to represent a queen of Celestial mythology. Then came more pagodas, and companies of standard-bearers in lavender tunics, red sashes, green and orange leggings and slippers; more and more splendid banners, painted with dragons sprawling in distressed attitudes; litters containing minor gods and the paraphernalia they were accustomed to need on a journey like this; more litters bearing Chinese orchestras, gongs going at full blast, fiddles squeaking, drums rumbling, trumpets shrieking, cymbals clashing, — just the sort of Babel that the twins adored.

And now came the chariot and throne of the great joss himself, and just behind him a riderless bay horse, intended for his imperial convenience should he tire of being swayed about on the shoulders of his twelve bearers, and elect to change his method of conveyance. Behind this honored steed came a mammoth rock-cod in a pagoda of his own, and then, heralded by a fusillade of firecrackers, the new dragon itself, stretching and wriggling its monster length through one entire block. A swarm of men cleared the way for it, gesticulating like madmen in their zeal to get swimming-room for the sacred monster. Never before in her brief existence had Pacific Simonson been afraid of anything, but if she had been in the street, and had so much as caught the wink of the dragon's eye or a wave of its consecrated fin, she would have dropped senseless to the earth; as it was, she turned her back to the procession, and, embracing with terror-stricken fervor the legs of the Chinaman standing behind her, made up her mind to be a better girl in the future. The monster was borne by seventy-four coolies, who furnished legs for each of the seventy-four joints of its body, while another concealed in its head tossed it wildly about. Little pigtailed boys shrieked as they looked at its gaping mouth that would have shamed a man-eating shark, at the huge locomotive headlights that served for its various sets of eyes, at the horns made of barber poles, and the mustache of twisted hogshead hoops. Behind this baleful creature came other smaller ones, and more flags, and litters with sacrificial offerings, and more musicians, till all disappeared in the distance, and the crowd surged in the direction of the new temple.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There was no such good fortune for the twins as an entrance into this holy of holies, for it held comparatively few beside the dignitaries, aristocrats, and wealthy merchants of the colony; but there was still ample material for entertainment, and they paid no heed to the going down of the sun. Why should they, indeed, when there were fascinating opium dens standing hospitably open, where they could have the excitement of entrance even if it were followed by immediate ejectment? As it grew darker, the scene grew more weird and fairy-like, for the scarlet, orange, and blue lanterns began to gleam one by one in the narrow doorways, and from the shadowy corners of the rooms behind them. In every shop were tables laden with Chinese delicacies, — fish, flesh, fowl, tea, rice, whiskey, lichee nuts, preserved limes, ginger, and other sweetmeats; all of which, when not proffered, could be easily purloined, for there was no spirit of parsimony or hostility afloat in the air. In cubby-holes back of the counters, behind the stoves, wherever they could find room for a table, groups of moon-eyed men began to congregate for their nightly game of fan-tan, some of the players and onlookers smoking, while others chewed lengths of peeled sugar-cane.

In the midst of festivities like these the twins would have gone on from bliss to bliss without consciousness of time or place, had not hunger suddenly descended upon them and sleep begun to tug at their eyelids, changing in a trice their joy into sorrow, and their mirth into mourning. Not that they were troubled with any doubts, fears, or perplexities. True, they had wandered away from Eden Place, and had not the slightest idea of their whereabouts. If they had been a couple of babes in a wood, or any two respectable lost children of romance, memories of lullabies and prayers at mother's knee would have precipitated them at this juncture into floods of tears; but home to them was simply supper and bed. The situation did not seem complex to their minds; the only plan was of course to howl, and to do it thoroughly, — stand in a corner of the market-place, and howl in such a manner that there could be no mistake as to the significance of the proceeding; when the crowd collected, — for naturally a crowd would collect, — simply demand supper and bed, no matter what supper nor which bed; eat the first, lie down in the second, and there you are! If the twins had been older and more experienced, they would have known that people occasionally do demand the necessities of life without receiving them; but in that case they would also have known that such a misfortune would never fall upon a couple of lost children who confide their woes to the public. There was no preconcerted plan between them, no system. They acted without invention, premonition, or reflection. It was their habit to scream, while holding the breath as long as possible, whenever the universe was unfriendly, and particularly when Nature asserted herself in any way; it was a curious fact that they resented the intervention of Nature and Providence with just as much energy as they did the discipline of their care-takers. They screamed now, the moment that the entertainment palled and they could not keep their eyes open without effort, and never had they been more successful in holding their breath and growing black in the face.

A crowd did gather, inevitably, for the twins' lungs were capable of a body of tone more piercing than that of a Chinese orchestra, and the wonder is that poor Lisa did not hear them as she sat shivering on the curbstone, miles away; for it was her name with which they conjured.

The populace amused itself a little, watching the fine but misdirected zeal of the performance, and supposing that the parents of the chanting cherubs were within easy reach. It became unpleasant after a while, however, and a policeman, inquiring into the matter, marched the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

two dirty, weary little protestants off to a station near by, — a march nearly as difficult and bloody as Sherman's memorable "march to the sea;" for the children associated nothing so pleasant as supper and bed with a blue-coated, brass-buttoned person, and resisted his well-meant advances with might and main, and tooth and nail.

The policeman was at last obliged to confine himself to Atlantic, and called a brother-in-arms to take charge of Pacific. He was a man who had achieved distinction in putting down railroad riots, so he was well calculated for the task, although he was somewhat embarrassed by the laughter of the bystanders when his comrade called out to him, "Take your club, Mike, but don't use firearms unless your life 's in danger!"

The station reached, the usual examination took place. Atlantic never could tell the name of the street in which he lived, nor the number of the house. Pacific could, perhaps, but she would n't; and it must be said, in apology for her abnormal defiance, that her mental operations were somewhat confused, owing to copious indulgence in strong tea, ginger, sugar-cane, and dried fish. She had not been wisely approached in the first place, and she was in her sulkiest and most combative humor; in fact, when too urgently pressed for information as to her age, ancestry, and abiding-place, she told the worthy police officer to go to a locality for which he felt utterly unsuited, after a life spent in the exaltation of virtue and the suppression of vice. (The vocabulary of the twins was somewhat poverty-stricken in respect to the polite phrases of society, but in profanity it would have been rich for a parrot or a pirate.) The waifs were presently given into the care of the police matron, and her advice, sought a little later, was to the effect that the children had better be fed and put to bed, and as little trouble expended upon them as was consistent with a Christian city government.

"It is possible their parents may call for them in the morning," she said acidly, "but I think it is more than likely that they have been deserted. I know if they belonged to me they 'd be lost forever before I tried to find them!" and she rubbed a black-and-blue spot on her person, which, if exposed, would have betrayed the shape, size, and general ground-plan of Pacific's boot.

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

CAKES AND ALE.

"The Muses smell of wine."

It is with reasonable hesitation that I venture upon a theme which no pleading words of Horace can ever make acceptable to a nineteenth-century conscience. The world at present is full of people to whom drinking-songs are inseparably associated with drinking habits, and drinking habits with downright drunkenness; and it would be hard to persuade them that the sweet Muses have never smiled upon the joyless bestiality which wrecks the lives of men. Even in days long past, when consciences had still to be developed, and poets sang that wine was made to scatter the cares of earth, the crowning grace of self-control was always the prize of youth. When little Aristion, her curls crowned with roses, drained the contents of three golden goblets before beginning her dance, she was probably as careful to avoid unseemly intoxication as is the college athlete of to-day training for the gentle game of football; yet none the less her image is abhorrent to our peculiar morality, which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

can ill endure such irresponsible gayety of heart. The perpetual intrusion of ethics into art has begotten a haunting anxiety lest perchance for one glad half-hour we should forget that it is our duty to be serious. I had this lesson forcibly impressed upon me a few years ago when I wrote a harmless essay upon war-songs, and a virtuous critic reminded me, with tearful earnestness, that while there was nothing really hurtful in such poetry, it would be better far if I turned my attention to the nobler contest which Lady Henry Somerset was then waging so valiantly against intemperance.

Now, to the careless mind, it does not at first sight appear that war-songs, considered solely in their literary aspect, have any especial connection with intemperance. I am not even prepared to admit that drinking-songs can be held responsible for drink. When Englishmen began to cultivate habits of consistent insobriety, they ceased to sing of wine. The eighteenth century witnessed not only the steady increase of drunkenness in every walk of life, but also its willful and ostentatious defense. From the parson to the ploughman, from the peer to the poacher, all classes drank deeply, and with the comfortable consciousness that they were playing manly parts. It was one of the first lessons taught to youth, and fathers encouraged their sons — vainly sometimes, as in the case of Horace Walpole — to empty as many bottles as their steady hands could hold. "A young fellow had better be thrice drunk in one day," says honest Sir Hildebrand to Frank Osbaldistone, "than sneak sober to bed like a Presbyterian." And there is true paternal pride in the contrast the squire draws between this strange, abstemious relative from town and his own stalwart, country-bred boys, "who would have been all as great milksops as yourself, Nevey," he heartily declares, "if I had not nursed them, as one may say, on the toast and tankard."

Nevertheless, it was not in the eighteenth century, with its deep potations, and its nightly collapses of squire and squireen under their mahogany tables, that the gay English drinking-songs were written. The eighteenth-century drinker had no time and no breath to waste in singing. Burns, indeed, a rare exception, gave to Scotland those reckless verses which Mr. Arnold found "insincere" and "unsatisfactory," and from which more austere critics have shrunk in manifest disquiet. Perhaps the reproach of insincerity is not altogether undeserved. There are times when Burns seems to exult over the moral discomfort of his reader, and this is not the spirit in which good love-songs or good war-songs or good drinking-songs are written. Yet who shall approach the humor of that transfigured proverb which Solomon would not have recognized for his own; or the honest exultation of these two lines,

> "O Whisky! soul o' plays an' pranks!
> Accept a bardie's gratefu' thanks!"

or, best of all, the genial gayety of Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut, — sovereign, says Mr. Saintsbury, of the poet's Bacchanalian verse? —

> "O, Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
> And Rob and Allan came to pree;
> Three blither hearts, that lee-lang night,
> Ye wad na find in Christendie."

Here at last is the true ring, without bravado, without conceit, without bestiality, — only the splendid high spirits, the foolish, unhesitating happiness of youth: —

> "It is the moon, I ken her horn,
> That 's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;
> She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
> But, by my sooth, she 'll wait a wee!"

When Burns sings in this strain, even those who wear the blue ribbon may pause and listen kindly, remembering, if they like, before leaving the world of "Scotch wit, Scotch religion, and Scotch drink" so repellent to Mr. Arnold's pitiless good taste, how another jovial northcountryman has defined for them the inestimable virtue of temperance. "Nae

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man shall ever stop a nicht in my house," says the Ettrick Shepherd, "without partakin' o' the best that 's in it, be 't meat or drink; and if the coof canna drink three or four tummlers or jugs o' toddy, he has nae business in the Forest. Now, sir, I ca' that no an abstemious life, — for why should any man be abstemious? — but I ca' 't a temperate life, and o' a' the virtues, there 's nane mair friendly to man than Temperance."

Friendly indeed! Why, viewed in this genial light, she is good-fellowship itself, and hardly to be distinguished from the smiling nymph whom Horace saw in the greenwood, learning attentively the strains dictated to her by the vine-crowned god of wine.

The best of the English drinking-songs were written by the dramatists of the seventeenth century, men who trolled out their vigorous sentiments, linked sweetly together in flowing verse, without the smallest thought or fear of shocking anybody. Frankly indecorous, they invite the whole wide world to drink with them, to empty the brimming tankard passed from hand to hand, and to reel home through the frosty streets, where the watchman grins at their unsteady steps, and quiet sleepers, awakened from dull dreams, echo with drowsy sympathy the last swelling cadence of their uproarious song. Where there is no public sentiment to defy, even Bacchanalian rioters and Bacchanalian verses cease to be defiant. What admirable good temper and sincerity in Fletcher's generous importunity!

"Drink to-day, and drown all sorrow,
You shall perhaps not do it to-morrow:
Best, while you have it, use your breath;
There is no drinking after death.

"Then let us swill, boys, for our health,
Who drinks well, loves the commonwealth.
And he that will to bed go sober
Falls with the leaf still in October."

Upon this song successive changes have been rung, until now its variations are bewildering, and to it we owe the ever popular and utterly indefensible glee roared out for generations by many a lusty tavern chorus: —

"He who goes to bed, and goes to bed sober,
Falls as the leaves do, and dies in October;
But he who goes to bed, and goes to bed mellow,
Lives as he ought to do, and dies an honest fellow."

The most affectionate solicitude is continually manifested by seventeenth-century poets lest perchance unthinking mortals should neglect or overlook their opportunities of drinking, and so forfeit their full share of pleasure in a pleasant world.

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may"

is as much the motto of the drinker as of the lover, and the mutability of life forever warns him against wasting its flying moments in unprofitable soberness.

"Not long youth lasteth,
And old age hasteth.

"All things invite us
Now to delight us,"

is the Elizabethan rendering of Father William's counsel; and the hospitable ghost in Fletcher's Lovers' Progress, who, being dead, must know whereof he speaks, conjures his guests to

"Drink apace, while breath you have,
You 'll find but cold drink in the grave."

Apart from life's brevity and inconstancy, there is always the incentive of patriotism and national pride summoning the reveler to deep and ever deeper potations. It is thus he proves himself a true son of the soil, a loyal and law-abiding Englishman.

"We 'll drink off our liquor while we can stand,
And hey for the honor of old England!"

sang the Devonshire harvesters two hundred years ago, connecting in some beery fashion the glory of their native isle with the gallons of home-brewed ale they consumed so cheerfully in her name; and the same sentiment is more intelligibly embodied in that graceless

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

song of Shadwell's which establishes conclusively the duty of an honest citizen and taxpayer: —

"The king's most faithful subjects, we
In service are not dull,
We drink to show our loyalty,
And make his coffers full.
Wou'd all his subjects drink like us,
We 'd make him richer far,
More powerful and more prosperous
Than Eastern monarchs are."

It may be noted, by way of illustration, that Dryden, in his Vindication of the Duke of Guise, remarks somewhat vindictively that the only service Shadwell could render the king was to increase his revenue by drinking.

Finally, in England, as in Greece and Rome, black care sat heavily by the hearths of men; and English singers, following the examples of Horace and Anacreon, called upon wine to drown the unwelcome guest. "Fortune 's a jade!" they cried with Beaumont's Yeoman; but courage and strong drink will bid the hussy stand. Davenant echoed the sentiment defiantly in his mad round,

"Come, boys! a health, a health, a double health,
To those who 'scape from care by shunning wealth;"

and Ford gave the fullest expression to the gay laws of Sans Souci in the drinking-song in The Sun's Darling: —

"Cast away care; he that loves sorrow
Lengthens not a day, nor can buy to-morrow;
Money is trash; and he that will spend it,
Let him drink merrily, Fortune will send it.

"Pots fly about, give us more liquor,
Brothers of a rout, our brains will flow quicker;
Empty the cask; score up, we care not;
Fill all the pots again; drink on, and spare not."

To pause in the generous swing of verses like these, and call to mind Mrs. Jameson's refined and chilling verdict, "It is difficult to sympathize with English drinking-songs," is like stepping from the sunshine of life into the shaded drawing-room of genteel society. Difficult to sympathize! Why, we may drink nothing stronger than tea and Apollinaris water all our lives; yet none the less the mad music of Elizabethan song will dance merrily in our hearts, and give even to us our brief hour of illogical, unreasonable happiness. What had the author of The Diary of an Ennuyée to do with that robust age when ennui had still to be invented? What was she, to think of the indecorous Bacchanalian catches of Lyly and Middleton, or of the uncompromising vulgarity of that famous song from Gammer Gurton's Needle, or of the unseemly jollity of Cleveland's tavern-bred, tavern-sung verse?

"Come hither, Apollo's bouncing girl,
And in a whole Hippocrene of Sherry,
Let 's drink a round till our brains do whirl,
Tuning our pipes to make ourselves merry;
A Cambridge lass, Venus-like, born of the froth
Of an old half-filled jug of barley-broth,
She, she is my mistress, her suitors are many,
But she 'll have a square-cap if e'er she have any."

Yet after discarding these ribald songs, with which refined femininity is not presumed to sympathize, there still remain such charming verses as Ben Jonson's

"Swell me a bowl with lusty wine,
Till I may see the plump Lyæus swim
Above the brim.
I drink as I would write,
In flowing measure, filled with flame and sprite."

Or, if this be too scholarly and artificial, there are the far more beautiful lines of Beaumont and Fletcher: —

"God Lyæus, ever young,
Ever honoured, ever sung,
Stained with blood of lusty grapes;
In a thousand antic shapes
Dance upon the maze's brim,
In the crimson liquor swim;
From thy plenteous hand divine
Let a river run with wine;
God of youth, let this day here
Enter neither care nor fear."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Or we may follow where Shakespeare leads, and sing unhesitatingly with him:

"Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne!
In thy vats our cares be drowned,
With thy grapes our hairs be crowned,
Cup us, till the world go round —
Cup us, till the world go round."

There is only one drinking-song — a seventeenth-century drinking-song, too — with which I find it difficult to sympathize, and that is the well-known and often-quoted verse of Cowley's, beginning,

"The thirsty earth drinks up the rain,
And thirsts and gapes for drink again."

Its strained and elaborate conceits are not in accordance with anything so natural and simple as conviviality. Men may give a thousand foolish reasons for loving, and feel their folly still unjustified; but drinking needs no such steel-forged chain of arguments. Moreover Cowley's last lines,

"Fill all the glasses up, for why
Should every creature drink but I?
Why, man of morals, tell me why?"

give to the poem an air of protest which destroys it. The true drinking-song does not concern itself in the least with the "man of morals," nor with his verdict. And precisely because it is innocent of any conscious offense against morality, because it has not considered the moral aspect of the case at all, it makes its gay and graceless appeal to hearts wearied with the perpetual consideration of social reforms and personal responsibility. "Be merry, friends!" it says in John Heywood's homely phrase;

"Mirth salveth sorrows most soundly:"

and this "short, sweet text" is worth a solid sermon in days when downright merriment is somewhat out of favor.

The poet who of all others seems least aware that life has burdens, not only to be carried when sent, but to be rigorously sought for when withheld, is Robert Herrick. He is the true singer of Cakes and Ale, or rather of Curds and Cream; for in that pleasant Devonshire vicarage, where no faint echo of London streets or London taverns rouses him from rural felicity, his heart turns easily to country feasts and pastimes. It is true he rejoices mightily in

"wassails fine
Not made of ale, but spicèd wine,"

yet even these innocent carousals are of Arcadian simplicity. He loves, too, the fare of Devon farmers, — the clotted cream, the yellow butter, honey, and baked pears, and fresh-laid eggs. He loves the Twelfth-Night cake, with "joy-sops," — alluring word, — the "wassail-bowl" of Christmas, the "Whitsun ale," the almond paste sacred to wedding-rites, the "bucksome meat and capring wine" that crown the New Year's board, and, above all, the plenteous bounty of the Harvest Home. In his easy, unvexed fashion, he is solicitous that we, his readers, should learn, not "to labor and to wait," but to be idle and to enjoy, while idleness and enjoyment still gild the passing day.

"Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let 's goe a Maying,"

is the gay doctrine preached by this unclerical clergyman. Even when he remembers perforce that he *is* a clergyman, and turns his heart to prayer, this is the thanksgiving that rises sweetly to his lips: —

"'T is Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth,
And giv'st me wassail-bowls to drink,
Spiced to the brink."

Had the patronage of the Church never been extended to Herrick, and had he lived on in London, the friend of Jonson and Selden and Fletcher and kind, witty Bishop Corbet, we should have lost the most charming pastoral vignettes ever flung like scattered May-blossoms into literature; but we should have gained drinking-songs such as the world

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has never known, — songs whose reckless music would lure us even now from our watchful propriety as easily as great Bacchus lured that wise beast Cerberus, who gave his doggish heart and wagged his doggish tail, gentle and innocent as a milk-fed puppy, when he saw the god of wine.

The close of the seventeenth century witnessed a revolution in English poetry, and the great "coming event" of Queen Anne's Augustan age threw its shadow far before it, — a shadow of reticence and impersonality. People drank more and more, but they said less and less about it. Even in the reign of Charles II., though convivial songs were written by the score, they had lost the ring of earlier days; and we need only read a few of the much-admired verses of Tom D'Urfey to be convinced that periods of dissolute living do not necessarily give birth to sincere and reckless song. In the following century, sincerity and recklessness were equally out of date. Now and then, a cheerful outburst, like the drinking-song from Congreve's Way of the World, illumines our sober path, and shows the source whence Thackeray drew his inspiration for those delightful verses in Rebecca and Rowena concerning the relative pleasures of Pope and Sultan. Later on, Sheridan gave us his glee in The Duenna, and his ever popular toast in The School for Scandal, which is not properly a drinking-song at all. Then there came a time when the spurious conviviality of Barry Cornwall passed for something fine and genuine, and when Thomas Haynes Bayly "gave to minstrelsy the attributes of intellect, and reclaimed even festive song from vulgarity." And at precisely this period, when a vapid elegance pervaded the ditties warbled forth in refined drawing-rooms, and when Moore alone, of all the popular song-writers, held the secret of true music in his heart, Thomas Love Peacock wrote for respectable and sentimental England five of the very best drinking-songs ever given to an ungrateful world. No thought of possible disapprobation vexed his soul's serenity. He lived in the nineteenth century, as completely uncontaminated by nineteenth-century ideals as though Robinson Crusoe's desert island had been his resting-place. The shafts of his good-tempered ridicule were leveled at all that his countrymen were striving to prove sacred and beneficial. His easy laugh rang out just when everybody was most strenuous in the cause of progress. His wit was admirably calculated to make people uncomfortable and dissatisfied. And in addition to these disastrous qualities, he apparently thought it natural and reasonable and right that English gentlemen — sensible, educated, *married* English gentlemen — should sit around their dinner-tables until the midnight hour, drinking wine and singing songs with boyish and scandalous joviality.

The songs he offered for these barbarian entertainments are perfect in character and form. Harmless mirth, a spirit of generous good-fellowship, a clean and manly heart, disarm, or should disarm, all moral judgment, while the grace and vigor of every line leave the critic powerless to complain. Hail to the Headlong, and A Heel-tap! a Heel-tap! are the poet's earliest tributes at the shrine of Bacchus. He gained a fuller insight and an ampler charity before he laid down his pen. His three best poems, which cannot possibly be omitted from such a paper as this, show how time mellowed him, as it mellows wine. We mark the ripening power, the surer touch, the kinder outlook on a troubled world. Peacock was but twenty-nine when he wrote Headlong Hall. He was thirty-two when Melincourt was given to the world, and in it his inimitable Ghosts: —

"In life three ghostly friars were we,
And now three friendly ghosts we be.
Around our shadowy table placed,
The spectral bowl before us floats:
With wine that none but ghosts can taste

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We wash our unsubstantial throats.
Three merry ghosts — three merry ghosts — three merry ghosts are we:
Let the ocean be port, and we 'll think it good sport
To be laid in that Red Sea.

"With songs that jovial spectres chant,
Our old refectory still we haunt.
The traveler hears our midnight mirth:
'O list,' he cries, 'the haunted choir!
The merriest ghost that walks the earth
Is now the ghost of a ghostly friar.'
Three merry ghosts — three merry ghosts — three merry ghosts are we:
Let the ocean be port, and we 'll think it good sport
To be laid in that Red Sea."

The next year, in Nightmare Abbey appeared the best known and the most admirable of all his glees, a song which holds its own even in an alien world, which is an admitted favorite with singing societies, and which we have all of us heard from time to time chanted decorously by a row of sedate and serious gentlemen in correct evening dress: —

"Seamen three! what men be ye?
Gotham's three wise men we be
Whither in your bowl so free?
To rake the moon from out the sea.
The bowl goes trim, the moon doth shine,
And our ballast is old wine;
And your ballast is old wine.

"Who art thou so fast adrift?
I am he they call Old Care.
Here on board we will thee lift.
No: I may not enter there.
Wherefore so? 'T is Jove's decree
In a bowl Care may not be;
In a bowl Care may not be.

"Fear ye not the waves that roll?
No: in charmèd bowl we swim.
What the charm that floats the bowl?
Water may not pass the brim.
The bowl goes trim, the moon doth shine,
And our ballast is old wine;
And your ballast is old wine."

Last, but by no means least, in Crotchet Castle we have a drinking-song at once the kindest and the most scandalous that the poet ever wrote, — a song which is the final, definite, unrepentant expression of heterodoxy: —

"If I drink water while this doth last,
May I never again drink wine;
For how can a man, in his life of a span,
Do anything better than dine?
We 'll dine and drink, and say if we think
That anything better can be;
And when we have dined, wish all mankind
May dine as well as we.

"And though a good wish will fill no dish,
And brim no cup with sack,
Yet thoughts will spring as the glasses ring
To illumine our studious track.
O'er the brilliant dreams of our hopeful schemes
The light of the flask shall shine;
And we 'll sit till day, but we 'll find the way
To drench the world with wine."

With Peacock the history of English drinking-songs is practically closed, and it does not seem likely to be reopened in the immediate future. Any approach to the forbidden theme is met by an opposition too strenuous and universal to be lightly set aside. We may not love nor value books more than did our great-grandfathers, but we have grown to curiously overrate their moral influence, to fancy that the passions of men and women are freed or restrained by snatches of song or the bits of conversation they read in novels. Accordingly, a rigorous censorship is maintained over the ethics of literature, with the rather melancholy result that we hear of little else. Trivialities have ceased to be trivial in a day of microscopic research, and there is no longer anything not worth consideration. We all remember what happened when Lord Tennyson wrote his Hands all Round: —

"First pledge our Queen, this solemn night,
Then drink to England, every guest."

It is by no means a ribald or rollicking song. On the contrary, there is something dutiful, as well as justifiable, in the serious injunction of its chorus: —

"Hands all round!
God the traitor's hope confound!
To this great cause of Freedom drink, my friends,
And the great name of England, round and round."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yet such was the scandal given to the advocates of temperance by this patriotic poem, and so lamentable were the reproaches which ensued, that the Saturday Review, playing the unwonted part of peacemaker, "soothed and sustained the agitated frame" of British sensitiveness by reminding her that the laureate had given no hint as to what liquor should be drunk in the cause of freedom, and that he probably had it in his mind to toast

"the great name of England, round and round"

in milk or mineral waters. The more recent experience of Mr. Rudyard Kipling suggests forcibly the lesson taught our Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table when he sent his little poem to a "festive and convivial" celebration, and had it returned with "some slight changes" to suit the sentiments of the committee:

"In cellar, in pantry, in attic, in hall,
Down, down with the tyrant that masters us all!"

Hood, a good-tempered mocker always, took note of the popular prejudice in his hospitable lines by a Member of a Temperance Society: —

"Come, pass around the pail, boys, and give it no quarter,
Drink deep, and drink oft, and replenish your jugs."

And Longfellow, with his usual directness, went straight to the hearts of his readers when, in simple seriousness, he filled his antique pitcher, and sang his Drinking Song in praise of water.

"Come, old friend, sit down and listen!
As it passes thus between us,
How its wavelets laugh and glisten
In the head of old Silenus!"

This was the verse which New England, and Mother England too, stood ready to applaud. Every era has its cherished virtues, and when the order changes, the wise do well to change with it as speedily as they can. Once there was a jolly old playwright named Cratinus, who died of a broken heart on seeing some Lacedæmonian soldiers fracture a cask of wine and let it run to waste. He is mentioned kindly by ancient writers, but Peacock is the last man to fling him a word of sympathy. Once there was a time when Chaucer received from England's king the grant of a pitcher of wine daily in the port of London. What poet or public servant now has, or hopes to have, such mark of royal favor? Once Charles I. gave to Ben Jonson, as poet laureate, one hundred pounds a year, and a terse of Spanish Canary. No such generous drink comes now from Queen Victoria to lend sparkle and vivacity to Mr. Austin's verse. Once Dr. Johnson, "the real primate, the soul's teacher of all England," says Carlyle, declared roundly and without shocking anybody, "Brandy, sir, is the drink for heroes." It is not thus that primates and teachers of any land now hearten their wavering disciples. Once the generous publishers of Marmion sent Scott a hogshead of fine claret to mark their appreciation of his verse. It is not in this graceful fashion that authors now receive their tokens of good will. The jovial past is dead, quite dead, we keep repeating sternly; yet its merry ghost smiles at us broadly, in no way abashed by our frowns and disapprobation. A friendly ghost it is, haunting the secret chambers of our hearts with laughter instead of groans, and echoes of old songs in place of clanking chains, — a companionable ghost, with brave tales to tell and jests to ease our pain, a word of wisdom when we have wit to listen, a word of comfort when we have time to heed.

"Troll the bowl, the nut-brown bowl,
And here, kind mate, to thee!
Let 's sing a dirge for Saint Hugh's soul,
And drown it merrily."

Agnes Repplier.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SPIRIT OF AN ILLINOIS TOWN.

IN THREE PARTS. PART THREE.

ON THE SOUTH SIDE.

We stood without speaking. The most vital consciousness I had was of the change that had come over me, rendering me so indifferent to her presence. Her dark beauty was intensified rather than marred by what she had done. Vivid health and the very insolence of prosperity sat visible upon her. Her eye, encountering mine with resistant hardihood, swept critically down my length. She could not help that; she was a physical epicure. It was I, care-and-sorrow-worn, lean in my clothes, who winced before her.

"You sent for me?"

"Yes. I saw you at the station this morning. I was on the south-bound train. I got off at the next junction and came back."

"What do you want?"

She sank into the chair on which her hand rested, and said, "Sit down."

I stood. On the opposite side of the small parlor was a full-length glass, reflecting a cadaverously pale man in evening dress, hat in hand, holding an overcoat on his left arm. His features were large, but the mouth was like a woman's. He had a thin layer of blond hair on his head. His eyes, which I had always thought blue, were points of steel. I had no interest in him as a presentation of myself, except to despise his lankness and his pitiable attitude before the world and the woman who had wronged him.

She, who had been for me the romance of youth, my first voyage, my first taste of life, the woman who had done with me as she pleased without having her caprices questioned, began the arraignment: —

"I want to know what you are doing here on this miserable raw prairie."

"May I ask what concern it is of yours?"

"I choose to know what brought you here."

"Poverty."

"What are you doing?"

"Editing a country paper. There was a time when I could have selected my occupation, but that time is past."

The swimming nights of our young dissipation floated between us. Any human presence is compelling, but the power held by one who has been wedded to you is a spiritual tyranny which I do not believe death destroys. I was calm, and without any desire to throw my ruin in her face. She, on her part, I could see, was yielding to the strain of the old tie.

"There is some other reason for your being here. Your talents would command something better."

"My talents are perhaps undeveloped. And the place need not trouble you to the extent of sending for me to remonstrate about it. There was really no occasion for this meeting."

Her crimson mouth flattened across her teeth. "You are here on account of a — person," she accused, and for the first time I felt jarred.

"As you are evidently neither in ill health nor in need, I will say good-night. Our relation ended when you left me in Paris with our sick boy."

"You shall not blame me with the child's death. It was the nurse's fault. I have shed enough tears without being unjustly blamed. You know I was not fit for the care of children."

I wondered that I had ever thought her fit for anything except bending the world to her amusement. I could look at her without any cursing, and see the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tangle of erratic motives which governed her life. It was not manly to be even bitter toward a creature so slight. Her pretty selfishness I had myself fostered. We met on shipboard, during my first voyage, and I followed her and her parents, and courted her from Edinburgh to Egypt, so that the guidebook routes were full of her. Her indulgent father and mother finally witnessed our marriage and went home, and then like two prodigals we wasted my living. And all the time that rich American friend who had been her suitor hovered around us, pitying her for the shortness of my purse, until we quarreled, and she suddenly chose her lot with him. It actually seemed now the affair of another man, and I an idiot for having taken it to heart. Her trespasses were far away in a dream, as all trespasses may appear when we look back at them from another life.

"I have not accused you of being fit for anything; and as I said before, there is no need of this interview, so good-night again, and good-by."

She threw herself against the door and faced me.

"No, Seth Adams, you are not going to leave this room yet. I have disgraced you. I have disgraced myself. But my father and mother have forgiven me, and they have hushed things up. It is n't known, among us, exactly what happened; and that other — you know he lives abroad. I shall never see him again. I don't want to." She was crimson. "I never should have behaved as I did if you had not blamed me about money. At home they never blamed me for anything. I was n't used to it. You made me wretched, and I was determined to make you wretched, and I did. But I never thought how terrible it was until I had actually gone with him. I made him send me home when I heard the baby was dead."

I put out my hand to stop her. I was ashamed. But she caught my hand and hung to it, and I loathed her touch, shaking it off.

"Clara, I don't know what you have done to me, but you have killed something in me that can't be brought to life again. Doubtless I was to blame, but I cannot be what I was before. I don't feel now as I did for months after the baby died. That 's past. I believe I can honestly say I forgive you, but as for anything else — you are dead to me."

She stood away from the door, turning so pallid that I remembered keenly the pinched nostrils of my dead child.

"You have never cared for me, — you let me go easily, — and I — I have been searching for you."

I broke away and ran downstairs, and paused, moved to go back and comfort her, and rushed on, anywhere, to get her out of my sight. The personal charm that I had once thought so irresistible filled me with loathing. I said, "She would try it on any man." I did not believe she had been seeking me. It was her caprice to get off the train, and to-morrow it would be her caprice to do something else.

Sam found me about one o'clock in my room, burning a student's lamp, and smoking densely from a case containing my blackest cigars. Having caused a front-door key to be made for himself, and coaxed Mrs. Jutberg not to bolt the locks, he entered at will; but no other footsteps than his came into the house. Kate stayed all night with the Yorks, when she had been given to what her aunt called play-acting.

Sam tiptoed, the floor creaking under him, and sat noisily down, giving me so determined a look of misery that I thought my secret was out. It would have to come out to Sam, anyhow, without further evasion. The next day might bring me trouble. I was in a frame of mind to expect anything. Discovery could no longer pain me. I had a steady front fixed for Sam, but the poor fellow stretched himself out in great weariness,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

declaring, "You have the only level head in the firm, after all, old man. Here you sit smoking in comfort, and I've been bawling and dancing and eating and proposing ever since eight o'clock, until I'm a complete wreck."

"Lucia York or Teresa Babcock?"

"Both, man, both. I've been asking 'em right and left. If Alice had n't been engaged, and the young man in attendance, I'd have given her a whirl, too. In fact, there's hardly a girl in Trail City that I have n't proposed to to-night."

"You must have been drinking."

"Not in this town. I'd like to get drunk."

"And which of these young ladies may I congratulate?"

"All of them, man, all of them. I'm not quite unanimously accepted, but I'm taken on probation and the approval of our elders by one or two. And the only one I'm head over ears in love with I did n't dare tackle at all." Sam heaved a sigh which might have alarmed the house. "That's Kate Keene."

I transfixed Sam with an eye which arrested him in the midst of his emotions, and pushing the cigars toward him, I began and told him my own story.

We smoked until three o'clock, and he gave me copious advice. He had been sure I was hiding something from him. I had to defend my child's mother, so scathing and contemptuous was his wrath.

"If we had both of us come to these prairies from college, instead of trying experiments or loping off to Europe, we might be rich men now. As it is, your prospects are ruined, and mine have been damaged at least ten years."

"I like your material views of things," I said. "I had n't quite reduced the matter to dollars and cents before, but your calculation is a great help to a man."

Sam spouted forth a strong oath and struck the table with his fist. "Everything in this world has to stand on a basis of dollars and cents. You are like a dog chained to a post, if you have n't dollars and cents. Money is liberty, freedom of choice, power, generosity, virtue, religion."

This estimate of his struck me a convincing blow in the face next morning when a telegram was handed to me, signed with my wife's initials: —

"I am going back to him. Shall sail Saturday from New York."

"Sam," I exclaimed, starting up from my office chair, "I must have a hundred dollars before the train goes north."

As I crushed the telegram into my pocket my partner answered, "Bank won't be open; and we have n't a hundred dollars on the right side of the balance, anyhow, collections have been so slow."

"You must get it."

The keen north wind made me bow to encounter it as I rushed to my boarding-house. By the time I had put some things in a valise I paused. The old habit of guarding the woman I had married, from her impulses, had sent me like a bolt from a bow. But why should I attempt to restrain her now? What would it mean if I did restrain her, except an assertion of rights which could never be resumed? I smoothed the telegram on my knee and gave it a second reading. It had been written on an east-bound train, and sent from a station in Indiana. It dared me to let her plunge again into that life from which she had recoiled. It was desperation, defiance, challenge. Her father and mother, ignorant of her change of destination, would not be able to check her. I clenched the telegram and threw it across the room. Very well. Let her go. What affair was it of mine? It had now become her father's affair. Let him see to her. I would telegraph and warn him. But how could I open communication with him? The whole business turned me sick. How bitter it is to feel responsibility and loathing! To what good did it tend, this appalling tangle of human lives?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I had never been in the house at that time of day before. It seemed very still, like a sanctuary, from which Mrs. Jutberg must be eliminated on some errand. Presently a singing voice sought through the lower rooms, for what I know not; but it found me and turned me as soft as a child, so that I wept face downward on the table. A man in my position could never meddle with that crystal simple spirit called Kate Keene. She who had stood in a large transfiguration like the spread of wings, with a community at her feet, was now moving about the house again in her short black dress, forgetting her power in domestic service for us. Meaner women would have been posing for homage, but she served, served always.

Oh, I had made a mess in my boyish folly, cutting myself off from the real things, and mixing with lives I had no warrant to touch. My wife's case against me was as bad as my case against her. If that telegram had come from Kate Keene, I would have followed her on my hands and knees.

Sitting down calmly at my office desk again, I told Sam I should not want that hundred dollars.

"But I 've got it!" he exclaimed, elated.

"Take it back, then. And thanks, old fellow, for your promptness. But I 'm not going."

"What was the row, anyway?"

I opened the telegram, which I had picked up to destroy, and, smoothing creases, passed it over to him.

He whistled, and tore it into the waste-basket. "I should think not. Were you such a fool as to want to run after her? Where do you expect to land?"

"She was my wife — and is yet."

"She 'll get unhooked from you easy enough. That kind always do. They 'll have their way if it bursts up the universe. Let her go and be hanged. Blast such business!"

I looked up at Sam, and he dropped the subject, fingering some bank-notes which he took out of his vest-pocket. His quizzical smile dwelt on me.

"Like to know who I held up? Old Billy, the coroner. He was flush, and going to deposit when the bank opened. I touched him about the boost we gave him in election. Say, Seth, my mouth has been watering for one of these new sewing-machine-looking things they call typewriters. Think what an attraction and boom it would be in this office. The fellows over at Caxton would lie down and die if they heard we had one."

"But we have n't the money for it."

"Yes, we have; here it is. I fixed old Billy up with a note for sixty days, at legal rates; and money loans outside at ten now. We 're solid with old Billy. It was an accommodation, but he said he would n't want it until the note comes due."

"We have another payment to make on our press in sixty days."

"But our circulation 's growing. If we get hard up, I 'll renew old Billy."

It therefore resulted that we soon had a typewriting machine in the office, a thing of wonder, which Sam manipulated and streams of farmers came to see. He showed its paces, rattling the types and jingling the little bell in endless lines of senseless printing, while I worked double, making up the paper. Our friend Billy came, also; but when the novelty of the typewriter had worn off, his attitude used to disturb us. He would sit leaning forward, with his arms on his knees, gazing pensively at Sam.

"Confound it, what does ail you?" Sam once burst out.

Billy shook his head. "I have n't said anything."

"No, but you wear a man out looking at him. What did you lend your money for, if you wanted it yourself?"

"I have n't asked you to take up the note."

"No, but you come and sit on it right

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

here in the office. Now will you go before I mash you with this letterpress?"

Billy sat still, leaning on his arms and looking at Sam, waiting for his note to mature.

"Blast an accommodating man that repents! Go out and wreck a train, Seth, and give the old fool something to do."

Then Sam would put on a stoic front, and fix Billy with fishlike glassiness between intervals of work.

So it came to pass that at the end of sixty days we renewed other notes, but paid old Billy's, though with the unflinching fraternity of Western men he and Sam remained in that state of mutual affection which they called "solid" with each other.

It was not so easy to keep solid with the social element of Trail City, for we had started our daily, and were obliged to watch with incessant vigilance all municipal ebb and flow. While no hostess wanted to blazon her social functions, and affected much reticence toward the press, each was indignant and sometimes revengeful if not blazoned according to her full merit. I learned also that there is no stickler for etiquette like your small-town woman who has read and not traveled. It came to me like another revelation that rich men are really the scapegoats of the poor. I saw the financial sins of a whole community piled again and again on the few who were able to bear them.

"Confound the unsuspecting beef!" growled our banker, Mr. Babcock, who took me for a confidant in his municipal troubles. "They 'll vote for a measure that will take the very hide off of them. Then as soon as it begins to hurt they bellow and lie down; and we other fellows, we have to step up and do the pulling."

The beef, on their part, were wise in the use of money not their own, and full of suggestions to those who had it. "Babcock and York," remarked one of these small taxpayers, "is belly-achin' and chawin' the rag about somethin' the whole time. If I had as much as they have, I 'd make a handsome gift to the town, f'rinstance a lib'ary."

Sam showed his athletics in our local column, and polished off items in the prevailing manner. We chronicled the visits of Miss Callie Van Voris, one of Trail City's fairest daughters, to Veedersburg, or the arrival of a lovely bricktop blonde from Caxton. And we announced that Mr. Blue Thompson had accepted a position in Davis's drugstore, when everybody knew he had been hanging around all winter for a job. In the same spirit, a few weeks later, Mr. Blue Thompson being kicked out of the drug-store for incompetency, and obliged to fall back on his relations, we said he had severed his connection, and would visit a few weeks at his grandfather's, to recuperate his health. Nobody but a political aspirant of the wrong party had the truth printed about him. We chronicled Christmas trees in the various churches, and Reverend Spindle's apt remarks to a giggling school on the difficulty of Santa Claus's making a way through drifts that year.

As spring opened, every stick or stone of improvement which took shape in Trail City we duly recorded, with glorification of the public-spirited improver. At the same time, having our yearly railroad passes in the bottoms of our pockets, we performed that gymnastic feat which Sam called jumping on the companies with both hoofs, demanding suitable station buildings for our growing town. The penurious policy of sticking old sheds together with new paint was held up to Trail City's delighted ridicule.

This applause, however, was the last unanimous voice heard in Trail City that spring; for we of the North Side were growing bitterly jealous of the South Side. It blossomed, and throve, and flaunted. We sneered, and called it the Capitol and Nob Park; while it retorted

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

jauntily by giving us the name of Chew-the-Rag or Grumblersville. But none of these little localisms crept into the paper. On the contrary, Trail City's daily organ trumpeted the vigorous solidarity which was making us the envy of all less prosperous towns.

Then the first warm day of spring, like a stroke of summer, prostrated us. One hour it was March, bleak and howling, mud from bottomless slews smearing revolving spokes to a semblance of chariot wheels; and almost at once the earth was fleeced with grass, it was April, the air ringing with bird-songs.

The blood started anew with longing which was harder to starve down than it had been during hibernating winter. I was in a passion of aching, and used to sit with hands clasped behind my head in the spring twilights, secretly demanding my own and the life I had a right to live with her. Perhaps because the riot of youth had turned to loathing, I put my idol on a pedestal and adored her, with nunlike hiding and cherishing of celestial passion. How many times I watched Kate in the April and May evenings of that spring, standing, the centre of assemblies, raying her power in almost visible streams in every direction to the remotest soul. It seemed impossible for her to imagine malice even in her aunt. Through Sam I learned that Teresa Babcock and Lucia York were always quarreling. When Teresa's betrothed from a distant State appeared to claim his rights, and Sam's engagement to Lucia duly followed, these girls agreed worse than ever. Kate used to stand between them, a golden medium through which their spiteful speeches passed gilded and refined. While they fought for social leadership, she easily led both them and their partisans, because she did not care to rule and had every one's love.

Her lonesomeness was known only to me, who drew near her in the same need. "When people see you lucky and glad," said Kate, in one of our brief talks, "they think the world must be a glad and lucky place, and are ashamed they have n't found it out for themselves. I never tell the girls my troubles. What good would it do? They could not help me. I 'm not going to make any fuss. My father said that 's what strengthens us, — bearing strains by ourselves. I love to kneel and keep still. There must be such a racket of prayers in God Almighty's ears, especially in the winter when some churches have revivals, that heaven resounds like a factory."

During this resurrecting spring she kindled ambition in me once more, and I began to work in that line which has since become my absorbing occupation. Kate was my critic. We were not often together, but I passed her my manuscript, and she set down her opinion on a separate slip of paper. It had salt sense, and was gently merciless with my faults. And no praise that ever comes again to me in this world will bring such rapture as her large-lettered "Right" penciled beside a paragraph. We sometimes disagreed and argued from our points of view, her eyes looking straight into mine with human love and experience and patience, old as the Pyramids, wise as the Sphinx. She was like primeval air blowing across the prairies, her very flesh seeming to exhale fragrance.

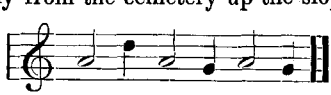
Clara had sent me notice of divorce proceedings from Paris. She would some time be able to rehabilitate herself and take the place she was fitted for. Clara was one of those people who get anything they want by simply taking it at any cost. I may set down here that she finally married her friend, whose wealth was boundless, and now queens it in a certain American circle in Paris, and no doubt looks back with contempt on her advances toward me. These established facts have become a moral stay to me.

The animal instinct to better herself without retrospective pangs, which Clara

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had, was not understood by Kate. I left the French paper containing notice of matrimonial dissolution on my table, marked and conspicuous, secure in the knowledge that Mrs. Jutberg read nothing but her mother tongue. My child was very tender with me afterwards, not failing to call me father when we spoke together alone. She thought I cared because divorce was to be added to my other griefs. Though this sweet impersonal kindness might have been shown as well to Sam, I lived on it.

Oh, what sunsets there were, flashing across emerald plains; and twilights, beginning before the sun went down, and lingering with the smell of grass quite into the night! The thunder-pumper began his suction-note again in the distance, and as days warmed and the birds thickened, like a dream-note far out on the prairie you heard the prairie-chicken's "bum-bum-boo." How cunning was that lowly home-maker! I have seen the mother hen fall, dragging her wing and limping, to draw the sportsman away from her nest; and, this accomplished, rise in the air like a dart. Listening, I can hear again, across years, the six dove cadences which came incessantly from the cemetery up the slope:



"Wo-o, Wo-o, Wo-o!"

Not the least wistfulness stirred in Kate as she saw other girls pairing off, and heard their talk about wedding-clothes. She had to keep clear of such entanglements. Sam, elated by alliance with a leading house, really congratulated himself on putting Kate like a temptation out of his mind. He told me broadly her father had furnished her all the shade she could stand. What Kate Keene now required was a rich, indulgent, and powerful husband, a man politically established, who would give full play to her talents in a diplomatic way.

"I would like to see her in Washington," declared Sam. "Confine her powers to a drawing-room, and let her work for a purpose; she could move the government."

I told Sam broadly that an engaged man would be better employed turning his face toward the charms he meant to admire in the future instead of back to the charms he had admired in the past; upon which he began a resentful and baffled eulogy of Lucia.

"You know Lucia is exactly the girl for me. I've got my way to make. I don't expect the old colonel to take me in out of the wet, though a quarter section as a starter won't go bad. Lucia York is n't one of your fair-weather girls, either; she 'll come out best under hardship."

"And you're just the man for her. You 'll keep her in hardship enough to develop all her virtues."

"There are times," my partner said contemptuously, "when I would like to turn in and be a hog myself. But there's never any chance; the other member of the firm has a permanent job of it."

I pointed out to Sam how often we violate conscience and self-respect by smiling at our friends' horse-play, and suffering in accepting it as humor. But a man like Mr. Jutberg never distorted one by this passion of sympathy. He put himself sincerely into what he said, and the restricted alphabet of his native tongue drove the few words he used home in the memory.

He was smoking his pipe when an altercation took place between his wife and Mrs. York at the gate. Mrs. York, gentle to tremulousness, always fluttering about her children, apprehensive of some change in their health, must have thought of the domiciliary interest this formidable neighbor ought to have in Lucia's affianced husband. With nagging love she would coo, "How do you feel, Alice? Does your head ache?"

"No, mamma," the impatient girl would answer.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"But, Lucia dear, your poor stomach, — how is your poor stomach to-day?"

"Oh, mamma," the girls would groan, "do let our heads and backs and stomachs alone."

So, feeling her family ties extended, Mrs. York braved the tricks which fierce sky-light plays with the human countenance, and dared the encounter: —

"How are you to-day, Mrs. Jutberg? How is your — face?"

"I 'm well," answered Mrs. Jutberg, unmasking that face like a battery, "and likelier to stay well than folks that spend their nights dancing."

"Yes, I know you don't approve of it. But boys and girls," pleaded Mrs. York weakly, "always love the harmless amusement."

"Do you call yourself a boy or a girl?"

"Well, not exactly," hedged the gentle sympathizer. "But they like to have their fathers and mothers occasionally take a turn with them. Indeed, I feel it is only due to the girls."

"I 've been wanting to ask you a question this long time," said the burden-bearer, coming nearer the fence and looking her apprehensive listener down.

"Have you?" faltered Mrs. York. "What is it? I shall be glad to answer anything I can answer."

"The question is this: What is a man thinking about," demanded Mrs. Jutberg, chopping her words fiercely, "when he is dancing with you?"

The expression of the matron outside changed at once from puzzled pondering of a conundrum to alarm and swift aversion, as she saw the other begin to gasp and chew air with inarticulate sounds.

"*The man that danced with you* would have enough to think about," she returned, with tardy but effectual asperity, escaping as Mr. Jutberg sauntered to the fence and performed his usual surgery.

In a culmination of soft Swedish wrath he swore: "By Vashin'tons! I never put this yaw up again no more if it vag at every neighbor that go past. By Yacksons! I could get me plenty voman that not come unyointed at all."

Then the woman pulled her sunbonnet over her face, slammed the gate, and set forth on one of her hag-ridden walks, and her husband looked after her, relenting. "She vas the finest cook in Trail City."

I cannot recall a word of love that was spoken by me to Kate. Yet if she came unexpectedly near, the blood jumped in my heart. Sometimes our eyes met in silence, and she was puzzling with a beneficence that for the first time held pain.

Heats like burning blasts of the desert swept those prairies in the very greenness of May. Before we could well bear the renewed tingle of life which the spring brought, that unspeakable longing for things unfulfilled, the passion of lava fires was in the air.

On a hot May night, as I came downstairs, I saw Kate in the unlighted hall. Her hand was on the newel where I had rested the lamp the first night I looked upon her face. She stood thinking, and turned mutely to give me through the dusk the smile of general good will, her potent benediction on all men. I dared to slide my hand down the rail, so near that my finger-tips kissed her dear wrist, lingering, taking joy of the touch. The strong current of her life shocked through me. The cool firm surface of flesh drove my blood like mad waters. Her hand turned and clung around mine, understanding; and then remembering, wrung itself away. Her breath was caught with a gasp. She left me, and I went out to the limits of the town, and walked and walked, feeling as if I could take the stars out of the sky and handle them one by one. How high life rose in that touch!

The afternoon of the next day, about three o'clock, night swept suddenly through the office. Our windows looked north. I was hard at work, oblivious

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to time, and rose for matches to light the chandelier. Then I heard a stampede of feet on the pavements below. Little pillars of dust walked like phantoms. The air which had been sultry turned deadly cold, and yet you could not breathe it in that strange vacuum. It was as if air had been withdrawn, and a stifling odorless gas substituted. It rasped all objects with a whistling scream. I saw the sky dragging on the opposite roofs, rising and rebounding; and running down into the eclipsed streets, I joined men standing on a crossing holding their hats on. My head was bare, and I had a sensation of having my hair pressed into my skull. Northward, vapor bounded along the surface of the earth at right angles to a moving wall of blackness coming out of the southwest. Ragged lights of bird's-egg green zigzagged in this wall, and the faces of all around me were dim and ghastly. We smothered in an icy river of exhausted air, and the wall came on with a million locomotive roars, crashes and screams rising in its course. I remember Sam shouting at my ear, but his voice was blown away, and so seemed the people, running to cellars in that earthquake darkness. The most distinct object in the world to me was Kate, two or three blocks to the south, driven like a leaf.

Sometimes I dream now of swimming against eternity, clutching for the dear lithe shape I could not, could not find. The wind which drowned my voice brought hers to me. She called me. My child, my mate, mine by the kinship nothing can break — if I ever strained body and soul until blood broke through the pores, that was my instant of sinew-cracking agony. If I had found her, heaven would have made a white spot in that whirling hell.

The next thing I knew there was rain pouring down windows. I heard it hiss. Then the smell of drugs surrounded me; and I looked up into a physician's face, and at Sam supporting me, and at the ceiling of Mrs. Jutberg's back parlor. So tyrannical are the trivial things of life, I thought first of her anxious care about the carpets, and wondered what had happened to sink them below humanity.

Then I noticed that I was dressed for bed, and had perhaps lain some time in the folding couch which held me. Mrs. Jutberg was behind my head, for she moved into sight as she came into my mind, looking chastened. But I had no further interest in her. It flashed across me that the cyclone was over, and I did not see Kate.

"Where is she?" I demanded.

"You 're all right now," said Sam.

"Did any one bring Kate in?"

"Oh yes," soothed the doctor, "Kate was brought in."

"Was she hurt?"

"She 's well."

"I want to see her," I explained to the bland stupidity of the man. "I want to see Kate Keene. She was out in the storm. Did you bring her in yourself, Sam?"

"I helped," answered Sam. "Shut up, sonny, and take your medicine. You were a pretty spectacle when we brought you in; must have been blown through a tree-box. What little sense you ever had has been knocked out of you for a week."

After swallowing what they gave me, I did not fully awake until it was night, and I saw the water still rushing down black panes. Sam was with me, reading beside a shaded lamp.

"Is it ever going to quit raining?" I inquired.

He put his book down, and sat on the edge of my bed. "We have had a pretty wet spell since the cyclone. How do you feel?"

I tried to move a body stiff and weighted.

"A few broken ribs," exaggerated Sam, "and a few pieces of skull jammed in."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I looked at him closely: he showed ravages himself. "Was Kate hurt?"

He twisted uneasily, and I saw he was preparing a tale for me, and gripped him by the lapels of his coat. My arms had not been broken. "Sam, you are a great fraud in some ways, but you are not a good liar. Tell me the truth."

"You idiot!" he blustered. "When half the South Side was wrecked, would anybody outside a cellar escape a whirl? The storm cut a track of a hundred yards as clean as if a mowing-machine had done it."

"Who suffered on the South Side?" I asked craftily.

"Babcocks; everybody. But you ought to have seen how the North Side turned out to clear the wreck and house the homeless, and the food and clothes and household stuff and money they poured over the Capitol to get the nobs on their feet again. Trail City is the best neighbor in this State. There 's no north, no south, no west, now; nothing but one united town."

"Was any one killed, Sam?"

"Yes: Esther's little chap, that she carried around with the crane, was blown across the prairie and picked up dead. But the crane survived."

"Poor old Esther! What did Kate say to her?"

Sam looked at me, startled.

"Kate would say something to comfort Esther."

"Well, these things have been so sudden, none of us know how to take hold of them yet."

"She would come in here and see me, too. I want you to call her."

"I can't call her in the night, Seth. Have a little consideration."

With mad abandonment of all self-control I caught him around the neck, and pleaded by every kind memory there was between us, by every prospect he had of joy for himself, that he would have mercy on me and tell me where Kate was.

"I know she would at least come and look at me," I said. "She had love and a kind word for every human creature. If you tell me she is dead, I must bear it. But if she has forgotten me — my God! then I am forsaken."

With a blubbering cry Sam broke down and hugged me like a mother. I knew that she was dead. The pungent odor of camphor offended my nostrils, and my eyes stared at him.

"But what have they done with her?"

"Bear it, my boy, bear it. She was taken out of this house four days ago."

I tried to climb from the couch. Had I lain there a dead log and never looked my last on her sweet face? My partner had no need to force me back. I fell.

"You know how it is with me, Sam."

"Yes, I know. I 've seen it all along."

"God Almighty! Sam, can you pray?"

"No, Seth, I can't."

"But you must."

"Wait till I call Jutberg; he 'll fetch a preacher."

"No — pray quick. I learned one that will do. Thank God Almighty."

"What for?"

"For everything."

"Well, that 's a fine prayer!"

"It 's a prayer to love. Say it."

"Thank God Almighty for everything." As he spoke it, I said, "For everything," like one who lies in the trough of the sea and watches unattainable cloud mountains rush overhead. "For everything." Kate's body was underground. "For everything." Yes, for that touch of her hand. Yes, for that cry in the storm. Yes, for the stainless love of my stainless girl. A peace came on me that passed understanding. Sam was wiping the cold sweat from my face.

"Seth! are you dying?" he whispered. "Seth! are you in a trance? Why, man, what ails you? Your face is like a spirit's."

He could do nothing but bathe my face and fan me. And as he fanned

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and his apprehension settled, he poured out, unasked, that chivalrous worship which men cannot withhold from their ideals. I heard his voice away in the distance, or it buzzed close in my ears. The facts struck, and I put them one by one in a vivid row.

"She was the grandest sight under white flowers that you ever saw lying with the frozen smile. The women say there was n't a bruise on her, and I don't believe she knew she was hurt. She was just caught up in the fiery chariot like old Elijah — or was it Abraham, or Moses?

"I said to myself again and again, as I looked at her, 'The Spirit of this Illinois town!' Sprung out of hardship, buoyant and full of resources, big-hearted, patient, great, — how mightily she did express the soul of the West!

"Oh, this house has seen mourning. That room was crowded with girls on their knees, as if they surrounded a shrine. And then came the young men, fathers and mothers and children. She lay in state like a queen. Near you, not ten feet from those closed doors the pageant went on. The room was sweet with wild flowers.

"Poor old Billy and his coroner's jury, when she was first brought in, made a ring of crying men around her. I never saw such a sight before. Every fellow put his face in his handkerchief, — or, if he did n't have a handkerchief, in his hat, — and shook. To see her lying there with the dust in her hair, — who had been our pride, — her face, that had always lighted up at meeting us, white and holy-looking —

"Billy blew his nose, and said to them, 'This is the hardest way to earn a living that I ever tried, boys. I 'm doing some kicking now myself.'

"The Spirit of this town, — that 's what she was; just as a beautiful ideal woman expresses the Goddess of Liberty. Pluck and genius and humility, boundless energy and vision, and a personal power that carried everything before it, — all these covered with the soft flesh of a child just turning woman, — that was Kate.

"Esther 's been in to see you, Seth. She stood here, her big coarse Madonna breast heaving. She 's cried her face shapeless. To top all, her brother's widow has taken the remaining children and moved back home to Indiana. 'She took everything,' says Esther. 'She did n't even leave me the crane.'

"'We 've had hard luck, too, Esther,' says I. 'But I hope we 'll save our crane.'"

Before the rising sun leaped above the prairie edge far northeastward, I was wakened. Sam slept. He was not near me and could not have touched me. I was wakened by the invisible dear hand of her I love. It touched and turned and clung around mine, and the thrill of our marriage went through me, — a rising tide of life.

Two or three years ago I encountered in New York a man whom I had known as a hard drinker abroad. We renewed our acquaintance, he appearing the chastened angel of his former self. There was some attraction between us during the brief time we spent together, and I made bold to bridge years and inquire what had changed him. His name has nothing to do with this story, which, if he reads it, will forestall his pardon for setting down his secret here. I have never repeated it with my lips.

He turned himself squarely and looked me in the eye. "Do you believe in what is called Spiritualism?"

"No."

"Neither do I. But do you believe it is impossible for departed souls to come back?"

"I did n't say that. I only meant to assert that I have no interest in spiritists, in people who live by a presumed traffic with the other world."

"Neither have I. But this queer

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thing happened to me. When I was at my worst, I went one night with some fellows to what they called a séance, and the woman fakir told me there was a young girl at my shoulder, and that girl made signs that she had come to be my guardian angel. The woman described her, and, my friend, I remembered the girl. She was a lovely child who died when she was about sixteen, in my native town. I don't know what interest she had in me; I was older than she was. I could n't get rid of it. I know she is with me, watching everything I do. Well — I would n't give up that conviction for money." He turned his cigar in his fingers and laughed.

"She takes good care of me. She does n't let me make a dog of myself any more. I would n't go where she ought n't to, I would n't let her eyes rest on what was n't fit for them to see, for anything that could be offered me. Now that is what has changed me: I 'm trying to live up to her. But I never have talked about it. She 's more to me than any living woman. Did you ever hear of such a case? Do you understand?"

I told him I understood.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

THE IMPERILED DIGNITY OF SCIENCE AND THE LAW.

VARIOUS attempts have been made of late to effect certain changes in our patent laws. These changes relate to the limits of patents at home and abroad, and to some methods of legal procedure. The evils of expert testimony have not been dwelt upon publicly, although they are almost universally conceded in private conversation.

For the benefit of the young professor who is asked to testify in regard to scientific questions as an expert, and who has never "been through the mill," — the slang expression represents the experience in such good Anglo-Saxon that I am tempted to retain it, — I will endeavor so to describe the process that he may consider if he can preserve his high ideals, and at the same time become an expert in the legal sense. We will suppose that the professor makes his first appearance before a committee of a legislative body. After he has stated his opinion on the scientific questions at issue, the opposing counsel, who has not apparently paid the slightest attention to the professor, being occupied either in arranging his papers or in conversation with an outsider, rises with the air of Sergeant Buzfuz, and, fixing his eye on his victim, thus begins: —

"Let me see, Professor." (There are several ways of pronouncing this word.) "Did you not give your opinion that the Wilkins compressed air motor had merits?"

"I did."

"You are possibly aware that the Wilkins air motor exploded, practically and financially.

"Did you not express your opinion that sewerage could be treated economically by electricity?"

"I did, if" —

"Excuse me, no 'ifs,' if you please."

Sergeant Buzfuz thereupon spreads his hands to the court, with a shrug of the shoulders which says, "You see the value of this expert's testimony." The professor (*perfessor*) may enter into an indignant explanation, and give very good reasons why rascality and want of knowledge prevent the success of many inventions. The poison, however, has been administered, and the lawyer smiles to himself and thinks that his week's labor

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the professor's ash-barrel and refuse-heap has not been thrown away. These are the tactics of the counsel who asks a reverend gentleman, president of an abstinence society, "Were you not intoxicated on the evening in question?" The audience pricks up its ears, and thinks there must be some foundation for such a question.

But let us continue our report of the professor's first experience. The opposing counsel arises and rebukes his learned brother for his rough handling of the professor. With his hand in the breast of his coat, he says to the court, or the chairman of the committee before which the hearing takes place: "The professor represents a body of men devoted to science. They are like the Egyptian priesthood" ("Prophets of Egyptian darkness," mumbles the opposing counsel), "removed far from the sordid turmoil of the world, and engaged in labors for the good of humanity." And so he continues to impress upon the court the necessity of courteous consideration for the opinion of the professor. The latter, however, may soon hear this considerate counsel deliver himself thus on another patent case: "The opinion, your honor, of the expert is that of a man engaged in purely theoretical investigations, — the opinion of a monk in the seclusion of his cloister. Did not a certain professor say that it would be impossible to cross the ocean by means of steam? Did not another prove that the Atlantic cable could not be operated practically? We are practical men, and we want practical ideas on this subject. Why, sir, I can bring you any number of professors to match the number on the other side."

The opposing counsel thereupon indulge in crimination and recrimination; but their wordy warfare does not prevent their lunching together during the pauses of the hearing with apparent *entente cordiale.* The professor probably returns to his seclusion a sadder and a wiser man, doubtful of his ability to make a good figure in this new world to which he has been so charmingly introduced.

"But," remarks a legal friend, "all this is horse-play, of course. Wait until you give an affidavit in a reputable way to an eminent counsel, and submit yourself to a respectful cross-examination by the equally eminent opposing counsel." It is not long, it may be, before such an opportunity presents itself.

We will suppose that the professor is asked to testify to a question of fact; for instance, in regard to the strength of an electric current which would be dangerous to life. He takes a seat beside his counsel, and the latter proceeds to dictate to a typewriter his view of what his expert ought to say.

"A man can be killed by five hundred volts" — begins the lawyer.

The expert interrupts: "When accompanied by a strong current."

"Well," muses the counsel, "we want to keep the case clear and simple before the court. It is true, is n't it, that a five-hundred-volt current will kill a man?"

"It is n't the whole truth clearly expressed," the expert may say, and he proceeds to put in a number of "ifs," and to make some learned remarks upon the resistance of the skin, and conditions of heart failure depending upon sex and age.

The counsel, with a dry smile, remarks that "ifs" and "ands" and hypothetical cases will prove like rats to a Boston terrier, and will be well shaken. "It is important to stick to broad assertions, and not to refine too much. We are not writing a scientific essay."

As the dictation goes on, the professor perceives that he is becoming a partisan. He begins to reflect. "Perhaps too close attention to my specialty and a life in a college cloister have made me of too delicate fibre for robust practical life. I am a too gentlemanly football player to help my team;" and it may be he ends by signing the dictated affidavit, which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has not any scientific "ifs," and is true as far as it goes.

The scene now shifts to the room of the opposing counsel, who proceeds to cross-examine the expert.

"Now, professor, our object, you well understand, in this cross-examination, is merely to arrive at the truth." (Heaven save the mark!) "Are there many cases of men being killed by a five-hundred-volt current?"

"Very few."

"Did you ever know of a case?"

"No, not personally; but a man might be killed if the five hundred volts were accompanied by a strong current."

"Objected to as irresponsive; please do not use the word 'if.' You say that you never heard of a man's being killed by a five-hundred-volt current, and you say it is necessary that there should be a strong current together with this voltage to kill a man. How strong a current?"

"Perhaps three fourths of an ampere, the ampere being the unit of current."

"You say 'perhaps;' don't you know?"

"The current," replies the professor, "depends both upon the voltage and upon the resistance it encounters. If the resistance of the skin is small, a current of three fourths of an ampere might enter the human body."

"Objected to as irresponsive. Have you ever measured the resistance of the human skin?"

"No, but I have a very good idea of its amount. I mean, an idea which enables me to form an estimate."

"You have an idea from not having measured the resistance of the skin."

And so the cross-examination proceeds, the professor feeling more and more that he would cut a more impressive figure in lecturing to his students; and even the smile of the typewriter at the "cuteness" of the lawyer is an added drop of bitterness. The only solace he has is in the large check which he has received for allowing himself to be browbeaten. He then estimates, perchance, that ten such checks would amount to more than his college salary; and if the poison has begun to work, we can imagine him soliloquizing thus: —

"After all, am I not foolish to refuse to make money in this way? I can arrange my college duties so that I can be absent one or two days in the week. My scientific investigations can wait. Perhaps, after all, investigation is not such very important work. There is a good deal of nonsense about original research. Contact with the world, and knowledge of the applications of science such as expert work gives, may enable me to impart valuable information to my students."

The high ideals begin to disappear one by one, and in time what the professor loses in the estimation of the highest scientific authorities, he gains in the commendations of the patent lawyers.

"Professor So-and-So," said a distinguished counsel to the writer, "is an excellent expert; he never admits too much."

If the professor could divest his mind of his expert work when the job is done, he might possibly carry on his intellectual work with a degree of equanimity; but he is in the condition of Lady Macbeth. The spot will not out. He lies awake nights thinking over the remarks of the opposing counsel and of the opposing experts; and the spectre of an adversary slain by repressed or distorted facts rises like Banquo's ghost. It is far easier to slide down Mount Ideal than to ascend it. To yield once makes it easier to yield again. This is trite philosophy. If George Eliot, in the concluding chapter of Middlemarch, had made Lydgate a patent expert, her remarkable portrait of lowered ideals would have stood out in still stronger colors.

In an important patent case, a professional expert spends no inconsiderable portion of his college year in elementary experimental work, endeavoring to make

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as lucid as possible the scientific points which the counsel wishes to bring forcibly to the attention of the judge. This apparent lucidity is often gained by suppressing or slurring the real difficulties. The more one knows, the more one is apt, when one's opinion is asked, to ponder over a question in science; for a perfect comprehension of the smallest phenomena in nature demands *au fond* a long process of mental weighing. Huxley, in an essay on Agnosticism, remarks: "In the course of other inquiries I have had to do with fossil remains which looked quite plain at a distance, and became more and more indistinct as I tried to define their outline by close inspection."

The scientific expert, however, finds that, under the existing method of procedure, he cannot give the court the benefit of the broadest and most exact analysis. He must be ready with cock-sure opinions. He must model his scientific method of weighing arguments and presenting facts upon the method of the counsel who sits at his elbow.

"*Mephistopheles.* Ich bin dein Geselle,
Und mach' ich dir's recht,
Bin ich dein Diener, bin dein Knecht.
"*Faust.* Und was soll ich dagegen dir erfüllen?"

We will now turn our attention to the perplexed position of the judge before whom the two lawyers, armed with an equal number of affidavits, make their salaams. The judge does not see the professional witnesses to the scientific facts; he has not the advantage of judging a man's words by his utterance of them. He is asked to read carefully prepared partisan *ex parte* statements, and he listens to comments upon these statements by the learned counsel. This method of procedure might be made the basis of a humorous treatment in a comic opera. One can see the perplexity of a benign judge who has not had the training which might enable him to sift statements on scientific points. His perplexity is as great as that of a professor of science, who without legal training might presume to decide points in a case in real property. The condition of many judges is like that of the college president who, after hearing the statement of a proctor that he saw Mr. Smith build a bonfire, and the counter-statement of Mr. Smith that he was not present on the occasion, remarked: "Mr. Smith, the proctor says you were present, and you say that you were not present. You see our difficulty."

The judge, after hearing the arguments of the learned counsel, is left alone with the voluminous affidavits, in which the scientific statements have been pared thin by the lawyers to enable one with no scientific training to see through them. One expert is balanced against another, and the court is plunged into a state of great perplexity. What wonder that, in a recent case, a judge remarked that one side having brought forward four experts and the other side five, and the learned professors on one side having testified in direct opposition to those on the opposing side, he would give a verdict to the side which brought the greater number of experts; and he therefore ordered an injunction to be issued in favor of the latter. One is reminded of the judgments of Sancho Panza in the case brought by the tailor.

The attitude of the judge, therefore, toward the scientific expert is not an entirely respectful one; for he feels that he is dealing with a partisan. He perceives that in the war of wits the *amour propre* of the experts has often been offended, and he recognizes a desire to down the adversary. Close contact with antagonistic men in patent cases acts very much like the shoulder-to-shoulder encounters in football; bad blood is apt to be engendered. The judge feels that his common sense is his chief reliance; and it may be he begins to despise purely scientific points. At the present time, certain judges have the reputation of being patent-breakers, and others that of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stern upholders of patents in their broadest claims. One judge will reverse the opinions of another; and there is no ultimate scientific tribunal before which the statements of the experts can be brought to be examined and affirmed or denied.

The dignity of scientific men is imperiled by engaging in the business of expert testimony; and the dignity of the law is no less in danger, for the business man does not at present rely on the decisions of one judge. He feels that such decisions may be reversed by another judge on a new interpretation of obscure scientific points by pliant experts, and he therefore makes up his mind to fight; to weary out the opposing side, and to bring impecunious inventors to terms by manipulating the perplexities of the judges. The amount of money that is spent in patent litigation by the present method of procedure may be counted every year by millions.

It is incumbent upon a critic of existing evils to suggest a remedy. What other method of procedure is possible? Do not searching examinations bring out the fallacies of expert testimony? Possibly they do in criminal law. On the other hand, does the professor desire to be treated as a lying witness in a criminal case? Cross-examination of experts might be of more service if the experts could avoid becoming partisans; if the money element could be eliminated; if shallow self-possession could be persuaded to take the back seat, and modest knowledge, with its doubts born of long study, could be properly respected; if — and so one could continue with "ifs." The most practical remedy, it seems to me, for the existing evils of expert testimony, would consist in making it customary for a judge to call to his assistance any professor of science of high attainment who is not engaged by either of the parties in dispute. If the judge appealed to the State to provide him with scientific advice, and if men eminent in science were selected by the State to aid the judge in his endeavor to arrive at the truth on scientific points, both the bench and the professional chairs would gain in dignity, and the pursuit of truth would again be considered one of the chief characteristics of a scientific life.

John Trowbridge.

MYSTERY.

ELUDE me still, keep ever just before,
A cloudy thing, a shape with wingèd feet.
I shall pursue, but be you strict and fleet,
Unreachable as gusts that pass the door.
Better than doubting eye that eye of yore
Which set tall robbers stalking through the night;
Or of the wind, lane's hollow, briers white,
Made for the Apriltide one ghost the more.
For safe am I that have you still in sight;
See you down each new road, upon you come
In crocus days; under the stripped tree find;
In creed and song, in harvest as in blight;
My chiefest joy till I grow cold and dumb;
Till my years fail, and you are left behind!

Lizette Woodworth Reese.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"'TIS SIXTY YEARS SINCE" AT HARVARD.

It is three years since I promised The Atlantic Monthly that, by way of closing a series of reminiscences, I would attempt a comparison of Harvard College sixty years ago with the college of to-day.

The subject is an interesting one, and is very apt to come up at class dinners, as old gentlemen, in a figure, pick over their walnuts. If Mr. Hill will pardon a parenthesis, let me say that a hundred years ago and more George Washington would frequently "sit over his walnuts" two hours, really picking out the meats and nibbling at them, with the accompaniment of one only glass of Madeira. The subject is an interesting one, but it has proved so interesting that I have never put pen to paper until now. For *le mieux est l'ennemi du bon*, alas, and one does not very willingly handle a theme which so many other men can work out much better than he.

I am set on it, at last, by the accident that I have been reading this week Mark Pattison's extraordinary and therefore amusing memorials of his own life in Oxford, to which place he went four years before I went to our Cambridge. The book, quite worthless in itself, is amusing, and indeed edifying, when matched in with Stanley's, Ward's, Newman's, and a dozen other memorials of Oxford life at the same time. To an American graduate it is simply amazing as well as amusing, because it exhibits a habit of life — one hardly says of thought — among undergraduates as different from our undergraduate life as the life of Mr. Kipling's four-footed friends is different from the life of Thyrsis and Amyntas in Arcadia. Let me try my hand and memory in giving to the undergraduate of to-day some notion of what undergraduates at our Cambridge did, and what they thought about, fifty or sixty years ago. Possibly this may show how it happened that a few of them turned out to be of some use in the world.

As matter of familiar speech or language, let me begin with saying that, in the thirties, it was not the habit of Harvard College men or boys to say that they were of Harvard or from Harvard. We knew what such words meant, and Amherst or Williams men used them to us, not we to them. We spoke of ourselves as Cambridge men, — as a Balliol man now might say he was from Oxford. This means, I think, that we all wanted to hold to the phrase in the Constitution of Massachusetts which speaks of the "University at Cambridge." Mr. Everett afterward introduced this on the college programmes and catalogues. It showed that a man was somewhat fresh if he said he was from Harvard. The present fashion came in a little after.

Professor Beers has just now written a pleasant book which he calls Initial Studies in American Letters. He says good-naturedly that "the professors of literature in our colleges are usually persons who have made no additions to literature; and the professors of rhetoric seem ordinarily to have been selected to teach students how to write, for the reason that they themselves have never written anything that any one has read." And after this friendly joke on his own craft, he adds that "the Harvard College of some fifty years ago offers some striking exceptions to these remarks." I will own that, as a Cambridge man, I read with some pride and much pleasure his list of the seventeen years after 1821, in which there graduated Emerson, Holmes, Sumner, Phillips, Motley, Thoreau, and Lowell. He had only to go a little farther to have added Higginson and Parkman. Let me say, in passing, that the inaugural address delivered by Edward Channing in 1819, when he as-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sumed the Boylston Chair of Rhetoric at Cambridge, is still worth reading; and let me also say that we Cambridge men are a little surprised that in Dr. Beers's list we do not find the name of Frederic Henry Hedge. The years of which I am now to speak, of my own undergraduate life, are years included in the period of which Dr. Beers speaks with such approval.

The Oxford of Stanley, Ward, and Pattison, and the Harvard of the same time, touch at only one point. In each, the freshman, on entering, if he thought at all, was amazed at the indifference with which some of his teachers handled the business of education. Here was poor Pattison, an unlicked cub from Yorkshire, who when he was eighteen years old turned up at Oxford. Poor boy, he says he went there with an idea that Oxford was a place for teaching and learning. He went to his first lecture, what we should call his first recitation, without any of the niceties of scholarship, not well grounded in the Greek grammar, and he had not been shown how to read Greek. To his amazement, he found that Dennison, his teacher, did not, in the whole course, make a single remark on Alkestis or Hippolytus which did not come from the notes at the foot of the page. "In less than a week," he says, "I was entirely disillusionized as to what I was to learn in an Oxford lecture-room."

Stanley, four years after, made just the same remark. Stanley had been well trained at Rugby. He went up to Oxford supposing that he was to be taught something. Here is his account, written after a month at Balliol: "Alas, most truly was it said that the last year at school surpassed a hundredfold the first year of college. . . . We construed in the old way, word for word in turn, with one or two unimportant remarks from the tutor." Two out of three classical lectures he finds absolutely useless.

I copy these words from the Oxford men of that time, because such was exactly our experience in the classics at Cambridge. Our two tutors who had charge of Greek and Latin were young men who had graduated within two years, and, I suppose, wanted to earn their living while they were preparing for professions. We measured them in our first fortnight, and formed the opinion, which I have never changed since, that they knew little more of Latin and Greek than we knew ourselves. I am quite clear that Washburn, our head scholar at the Boston Latin School, could have given either of them points on the Latin and Greek languages. Those of us who had had the advantage of being decently fitted for college went in to the recitations of that freshman year, not with defiance, but with indifference. If we had read the text through before we went in, we knew perfectly well that we should be taught nothing in the hour in which we sat there. I ought not to say this without adding that when, a year after, Jones Very was made tutor in Greek, all this was changed. His boys are grateful to him, not simply, as I am, because he is one of the prophets of our time, but because he compelled them to appreciate Thucydides and Herodotus.

The experience of the afternoon with Benjamin Peirce was that of real education. He was still young, — only twenty-eight years old. If we wanted to have anything explained to us, we might go to his table and sit down with him and have a perfectly friendly talk; of which the consequence was that we learned something from a teacher. In the course of my life I have not had more than five such experiences with persons who took the name of teacher. Mr. Edward Everett's epigram is perfectly true, that in general a person who is called a teacher is a person who hears you recite a lesson which somebody else has taught you.

I think this detail worth repeating, because it shows the difference between the mere perfunctory foolery of a tutor,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who is in his place for a year or two, and the work of a professor, who has the honor of the college at stake, and who, if you please, has his own reputation before him and behind him. As things must go in the world, a boy is apt to leave a first-class preparatory school, probably under the charge of a leader in education, to enter college. He enters college, and he finds that the leaders of the college are engaged with seniors and juniors, and the freshmen are turned into the hands of boys who graduated perhaps only three months before, who have had no experience in teaching, and who are just trying to find out whether they have any gifts in that line. The boy is a fool if he does not feel such a contrast. I owe this remark to Dr. James Walker, so many years president of the college.

There were not then twenty instructors, tutors, and professors in what President Quincy used to call the "academy," the college proper. Of the professors among these, the names of John W. Webster, Henry Ware, Jared Sparks, Henry Longfellow, Cornelius Felton, Benjamin Peirce, and Joseph Lovering are remembered. Several of these men, certainly Longfellow, Lovering, Peirce, Felton, and Sparks, were men of genius, who interested the pupils even if they did not teach them. Emerson's rule applied: "It is of no great consequence what you study; the question is, with whom you study." And yet Felton, who knew Greek, as we all realized, who was an enthusiast about Greek literature, and in private life would fire one with his enthusiasm, never in the recitation-room went a hair's breadth beyond the work of the most humble construer. The upshot of the whole classical training of the college, as far as I was concerned, was that at the end of the junior year I detested the whole business. We were permitted then to elect some of our studies for the senior year, and I gave up Latin and Greek gladly. As I am very fond of language, and as accident afterwards brought me back into the enjoyment of the classics, my experience has a certain interest. It shows the power of four or five men to blunt a natural appetite by sheer negligence. I am not aware that at the university I received from the appointed teachers the slightest assistance in Greek or Latin, or that any enthusiasm for classical literature came to me from any of them.

But, as I have implied, with mathematics all this was different. Here was Peirce, a leader of leaders, perfectly willing to take by the hand the most ignorant freshman. You felt confidence in him from the beginning, and knew he was your friend.

The common thing to say about Peirce was that the steps of his ladder were so far apart that, though he ascended it easily, other people fell through. Very likely this was true, but he kindled you with the enthusiasm which you needed. I have never forgotten the awful rebuke he gave to the class one day, when some fellow had undertaken to cheat at the blackboard. Peirce cut short the formal mathematics to give a lesson about truth. The mathematics were the voice of God; we were in that room because we wanted to find out what truth was; and here was a son of perdition who had brought a lie into that room. We went out from the recitation-room sure that we had been very near God when we listened to that oracle. That sort of relation between teacher and pupil shows what is really meant by "education."

I tried, in an earlier paper, to give some sense of the freshness and vitality of Longfellow's intimacy with his classes, and of Edward Channing's with his. I should be glad to speak at more length of Pietro Bachi, about whose life there was an element of mystery. All I knew of him was that he was an accomplished Italian gentleman, who made friends of us, and who interested us vitally in the literature of Italy. Mr. Sparks read a few lectures while I was in college, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was perfectly willing to make us companions and to talk with us about American history as a master has a right to talk. With Dr. Webster, also, and with Mr. Harris, the instructor in natural history, we were on intimate terms, and once in a while we got some bit of information from one of them or the other. For the rest, four years of college were, so far as the staff went, four years of mere mechanical drudgery. The bell rang, and you went in to the exercise. You sat through an hour, and heard other men blunder through it. Nobody told anybody anything, and nobody gave anybody any light.

My father published the Boston Daily Advertiser, and so I was one of the few boys in college who had a daily newspaper. After breakfast I used to walk round and get the paper, and was therefore ready to take it in to the eight-o'clock recitation. I used to fold it lengthwise, so that I could turn it over without annoying my neighbors, and read it as the recitation in what they called philosophy went on. When I had done this a week or so, the teacher asked me to stop after the recitation, and remonstrated with me. I said: "You see I make no concealment of it. It seems a pity to waste the hour, and I bring in the paper to read it at that time." I then asked what good there was in my listening to a lot of men stumbling over something which only half of them knew anything about. He assented very frankly to my view of that part of the business. He did not pretend that he assisted by a word the process of learning. He only said he thought the newspaper was bad for the discipline of the place; and I said, if it was his wish that I should not read it, I would not. I closed the conversation by asking him a question on the subject we had in hand, which he could not answer. This anecdote, I think, is worth telling as an illustration of the view which both parties took of the transaction which was called a recitation.

So was it that, for most of us who had any enthusiasm or ambition, the work of the college, so called, was, generally speaking, a sad bore. In my junior year I was so annoyed by a bit of petty tyranny on the part of one of the teachers that I went to Boston and told my father that I must give it all up. I said that I would not bear it any longer; that I wanted to go to work, and I would go to work wherever he would place me. He was a very wise man, and, among other things, he knew how to deal with boys. He told me that he knew very well that this particular person was my inferior. It was one of the misfortunes, he said, of such institutions that they had to enlist a great many inferior men in their management, but that I would find, as I went through life, that I had a great deal to do with men inferior to myself, and that he wanted me to take this experience as a part of the training of the university. His confidence in me would never be abated, he was pleased to say, and I might go back to Cambridge with that feeling. So I went back. I have never changed my opinion about the person who was involved, from that day to this day, but I have been grateful to my father for handling a pettish boy with such wisdom.

On the other hand, if we did not profit much from the functions of the staff, we had a good deal of time left to us in which to work out our own salvation. And as I look on the Cambridge of today, I am disposed to ask whether now young fellows who want to work are not kept up to the rack a little too closely. I sometimes think, if I may follow out the parallel with horses, that we got as much from that part of the time when we were kicking our heels in the pasture as we got from the time when we were tied up in the stalls. Anyway, this is what happened: We had, on the average, three recitations a day, sometimes four. For each recitation it took an hour to prepare; at least, that was the rule I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

laid down. The thing was a thing to be done. I gave to it an hour; never more, and seldom less. If it could be done in that time, well; if it could not, why, so much the worse for the thing. I was not going to fool away any more time over that. Here were six hours, then, provided for, out of the fifteen. For the rest what? There was not nearly so much of athletics as there is now. There was no gymnasium, but there was, in summer, a circle of six miles radius where anybody who had legs could go in search of wild flowers or of butterflies, or to practice at a mark with pistols, or, if it were at the right season, even to look for partridge or quail or plover. A man could walk over to Revere Beach and collect shells, if the three recitations and the two chapel exercises did not come in at too close periods. Boats on the river were prohibited, under the statute, which we had all agreed to obey, forbidding us to keep "horses, dogs, or other animals."

Then there was the library, — a very poor library, as libraries now go, but it had fifty thousand books in it, and a good many of them were books worth reading. We were permitted to go in and out and find pasture. We took down just what we chose; nobody helped us, and nobody hindered us. There were not many recent books there, but there were a few.

I forget what it was, but something set me on the explorations of the Pacific coast. I read from the invaluable Ebeling collection ever so many things that are of use to me every day of my life now. Very likely this matchless collection gave a direction to my reading ever since, so I am very grateful for it, and to Mr. Eliot who gave it to the college. I used to hunt over the bound volumes of The Gentleman's Magazine. Heaven knows what I found there, but I found something. In short, I taught myself how to work up a subject in this precious freedom of the library.

They gave out as a subject for a Bowdoin dissertation The Difference between the Imaginary Beings of the Poets and Those of Folk-Lore. I wanted the money for a Bowdoin prize badly, and I wrote on this subject, of which I knew nothing. But I went to the library, I dipped through Pope's Homer, Dryden's Virgil, and all the recent translations of the prominent Greek and Latin classics, — I had no time to take them in the original, though I was ashamed that I did not, — and I wrote my essay accordingly. It was a good, deserving piece of hack-work, I guess. I have never read it from that day to this, but I know it got a second prize. Morison, my classmate, got another second prize, and we were both told that neither of the essays was good enough for a first prize. I learned the other day that Mr. Emerson came out in exactly the same way with both of his Bowdoin essays, and any mortification of mine certainly would have been soothed by that discovery. But I have no recollection of any sense of mortification, and I tell the story now simply to show how good a thing a good library is. If Mr. Hill will pardon another parenthesis, I will say that there was nothing which Emerson liked to discourse about more than this very matter of the good of an open library, where a person may rove about at his will. And Dr. Wayland said to me the very same thing. He opened the whole library of Brown University to every pupil he had there. He told me that they never lost a book but one miniature edition of Shakespeare, and he said, "And that is doing good to somebody somewhere, now."

In the next place, we had the college societies. Observe there was no professor of botany; there was nobody who taught anything of natural history, excepting that Mr. Harris delivered a few lectures on botany, and Dr. Webster a few on mineralogy. But a lot of the fellows got together who were interested in such things, and we spent a great deal of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

time on our collections and on our studies in connection with them. A man took the habit of research from such work in such fashion that he never lost it. Alpha Delta Phi was founded in my day, and did for us exactly the same thing in matters of literature, in history, and in classical study. James Russell Lowell, I rather think, wrote his Beaumont and Fletcher lectures for Alpha Delta, of which he was a member. I know that I did some of the most solid work of my college life in Alpha Delta. And there again the stimulus of coöperation, of friendship, of mutual sympathy, did for us what it was not worth the while of the staff to try to do. The debating societies were much more of an element in college than they are now, and most of us then and there had a chance to learn how to stand erect and speak without a trembling of the knees. I dare say the debates were wretched, but we did learn not to be afraid of an audience.

Our connection with the outside world was very close. Certainly we knew more of its affairs than the average undergraduate does now. This seems rather strange to say, in the presence of the newspaper life of to-day, but I have within ten years met a well-trained graduate, who had taken high rank in modern Cambridge, but did not know that there was any question of copyright between England and America. He had never heard of it. When I was a chaplain at Cambridge, between the years 1886 and 1888, I was constantly seeing young gentlemen who came to me for advice about their career after they should leave college, who had not the slightest idea of the duties of a civil engineer, of a mining engineer, of a clergyman, or of the superintendent of a factory or a railroad. These same men could have told me all about nines and elevens, and such things which I did not know. What I mean to say is that the university is now so large a world that the fellows are much more satisfied with its home concerns than they were then. On the other hand, we were crazily interested in politics. We were just on the beginning of the anti-slavery conflict, and we knew we were. We had our opinions, such as they were, on every important subject which the men of the time were discussing. Nobody pretended to talk about indifference; the word had not yet been applied to college life.

And to bring to an end such hasty generalizations, we were interested in literature, as the average undergraduate of to-day is not. Let me repeat what I said three years ago. Emerson had come from England. He had the first published volume of Tennyson, and we copied Tennyson's poems and passed them from hand to hand. Somebody in Philadelphia had printed Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats in one volume, and we had that volume on our tables as a textbook. I had read every one of the principal poems of the prominent English poets from Chaucer down to Cowper, before I was a junior. I do not believe that there was a man in the Harvard Union who had not read Paradise Lost, and who was not reasonably well up in his Chaucer or his Spenser. In brief, literary ambition was the ambition before every man in the class. Although there were a great many stupid men and a great many lazy men, every one of them felt that it would be a disgrace if he were not in touch with literature. I need not say that the presence of Henry Longfellow was a great satisfaction to us in such a habit. I think it more likely, however, that Lowell, who was an undergraduate, showed Tennyson's poems to Longfellow than that Longfellow showed them to Lowell.

Considering the hard things I have said about the indifference of the staff in the recitation-room, I am bound to say that I am afraid we rejected in a very cubbish way their advances in private. I ought to say, what I observe poor old Pattison says, that I feel mor-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tification now for the hardness or coldness with which we almost always received the overtures of officers who were entirely our superiors, who wanted to come into closer touch with us. I was afterwards on the most intimate terms with George Frederick Simmons, a charming and accomplished man, — a little too fine, perhaps, for this world. I am, therefore, personally led to reflect with shame on the sternness with which I had refused every effort which he made, when I was in college, to render my life agreeable to me. He was a proctor, who lived in the next room to me when I was a freshman.

I lived for two years in the same entry with Jones Very, whose sonnets, written at that time, have been of value to me since which I will not try to express. He was our proctor. But I have no recollection of ever entering his room, though he offered me his hospitality in the most cordial and courteous way. I make these two mortifying confessions because I think they may be of use to men who are as young now as I was then. A few years afterward I lost my only opportunity of talking with Allston because I had some ridiculous evening engagement, which of course I have long since forgotten. *Hæc narratio docet* what young people who hear me preach know very well, — that it is always well to talk with people who are wiser than you.

All these personal reminiscences may readily be compared with observations made now in any of the great colleges. There is hardly a detail to which I have referred where matters are not quite different now. Of such details I will speak before I have done. There is certainly an interesting question how far, with us, they have been affected by the very important changes which have come into the government of the university between that time and this. A college which was little more than a high school has been changed into a university. How far did this change come from pre-ordained changes of method of administration, and how far is it the result of the growth of the country in wealth and of the growth of the world in intelligence?

Old Dr. Dwight, who was a very wise as well as a very amusing person, now wholly forgotten, says in his journal, when he visits Bowdoin College, that the plan of the government of that college is the same as that of Harvard College, namely, that it has two boards of government, whose only business is to quarrel with each other. The method of government of Yale College, of which he was president, was quite different: it was governed wholly by Dr. Dwight, and any boards that there were stood out of his way. There are who say that this system has been continued at Yale in later times. Anybody who cares for the history of such things might make an amusing study of the parallels and contrasts to be run between Yale and Harvard for a hundred years, resulting from this radical diversity. The theory of Harvard College was that "The Corporation," as it is still called in very old-fashioned circles, was the executive of the college, and the Board of Overseers a sort of advisory or visitatorial body.

From time to time, from very early times, the professors and tutors would protest; sometimes they would come almost into revolt. Edward Everett published a pamphlet to show that the professors were the proper Fellows of the college, and ought to have some voice in the management of it. But here was the Corporation, the "We are seven" of Dr. Weld's amusing poem, who had the keys and the money and the power. The Board of Overseers, by the original charter, consisted of the "Governor and Deputy Governor of the State, all the magistrates of this jurisdiction, and the teaching elders [that is, the ministers] of Cambridge, Watertown, Charlestown, Boston, Roxbury, and Dorchester, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the President of the college of the time being." This cumbrous board, after various changes, in 1814 became a board made up mostly from the Senate of the State; that is to say, of forty laymen. There were also fifteen ministers of Congregational churches, and sundry and various people by subsequent election; and this lasted till 1852. Since 1866, thanks to an admirable arrangement driven through, one might say, by Mr. Darwin Erastus Ware, the Overseers have been made up of the president and treasurer, and thirty persons chosen by the alumni at annual meetings. This practice has resulted in giving a Board of Overseers of very great ability. It has the confidence of the community and of the college.

But, oddly enough, the Board of Overseers has not, and never has had, any direct power excepting in one contingency. When there is no president, the Corporation may not choose a president except by the permission of the Overseers. During that interregnum the Overseers may frighten the Corporation as much as they choose or can. Excepting at that time, they can annoy them a good deal, but can do nothing directly. President Eliot put the thing admirably in his inaugural, when he said: —

"The real function of the Board of Overseers is to stimulate and watch the President and Fellows. Without the Overseers, the President and Fellows would be a board of private trustees, self-perpetuated and self-controlled. Provided as it is with two governing boards, the University enjoys that principal safeguard of all American governments, — the natural antagonism between two bodies of different constitution, powers, and privileges. While having with the Corporation a common interest of the deepest kind in the welfare of the University and the advancement of learning, the Overseers should always hold towards the Corporation an attitude of suspicious vigilance. They ought always to be pushing and prying. It would be hard to overstate the importance of the public supervision exercised by the Board of Overseers. Experience proves that our main hope for the permanence and ever-widening influence of the University must rest upon this double-headed organization."

For this world is not carried on by the forms of written constitutions; it is carried on by good sense. The Board of Overseers makes an admirable medium between the Corporation and the public. If the Overseers give advice, with an intelligent president who knows mankind, that advice is very apt to be followed, and it is just as well that that advice should not be put in the form of an edict. I had the honor of serving on the board for fifteen years, more or less, and it is the only board on which I ever served which was not a nuisance. At this board, on the other hand, the debates are of the greatest interest, and the conclusions are often of very great importance. But sixty years ago all this was different. The college Faculty met once a week, and determined whether Jones should have an oration or Smith should be suspended. The Corporation also met once a fortnight, I think, and determined whether Casaubon should be appointed professor or Scaliger continue another year as tutor. If the truth were to be told, I do not think the president was much more than the clerk of the Corporation. The poor fellow had a deal of office work to do, and unless he were a man fond of detail he must have winced under it. I have told here the story how, a few years afterward, the first official duty of President Everett was to see that the carpet of Madam Pettigrew's pew in the chapel was properly swept. The Corporation had not much money to spend, they spent it as well as they could, they put in the professors and tutors, — so many for the undergraduate department, so many more for the professional schools, — and then they let the thing go.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As to the Corporation, one speaks of it even to-day with bated breath. It chose, as it still chooses, its own members, who hold for life; but the choice is subject to the approval of the Overseers. There was in old times a theory that there should be one representative of each "learned profession" on the Corporation, but in my time there was no physician; Dr. Walker represented divinity. The five other members of the board, beside the president, were Judge Story, Nathaniel Bowditch, Mr. Francis C. Gray (succeeded by Mr. John A. Lowell), and Mr. Charles G. Loring. People who remember the Boston of fifty years ago will agree with me that it would be hard to find a board more distinguished. There was a little cynical criticism that the Salem element was very strong in it, but the Essex County element has always been so good in Massachusetts life that nobody seriously finds fault with it. These six gentlemen, with Josiah Quincy, the president, did what they chose with the college. Its affairs seldom got into the newspaper, and, generally speaking, I think people were disposed to let it run on its own wheels in its own way.

But in conversation, for five-and-twenty years after this time, there was more or less speculation as to why, if it were called a university, it should not be a university. A visible stimulus in such conversation was the Phi Beta Kappa oration of Dr. Hedge in the year 1850. Most of the Phi Beta orations had had a great deal of the same sort in them, but Hedge spoke with authority, because he had himself been at Göttingen, and so far knew what he was talking about. It is not the place of this paper to review the history of the changes, which seem marvelous, which have made the university of to-day. All that I am asked to do is to compare the methods of to-day with the methods of sixty years ago. A review of the history would have little interest to any one outside the college circle, and I have said almost all that I can say in the reminiscences which I have already given in this magazine.

After the freshman year, the undergraduate of to-day has very large latitude in his choice of studies. Sixty years ago, he might select the modern language he would study, and when he became a senior he might go on with Latin and Greek or not, as he chose; but practically these were the only matters left open to his choice. It followed that every man, when he graduated, had a certain knowledge of the externals of science and criticism, which I think the graduates of to-day hardly claim. He had an outside knowledge, little more, in the half dozen ranges of inquiry which were then classified as separate sciences. On the other hand, it was simply impossible for a man to go as far as any well-intentioned undergraduate can go now, in any study. No matter how much a man might be interested in philology, what he might do in college was simply to translate such and such books, and that was the end of it; nobody meant to teach him philology, — of which, indeed, nobody excepting Mr. Felton knew much. If a man were interested in English literature, he could work it up, as I said Mr. Lowell did Beaumont and Fletcher; but it was nobody's business to tell him whether Beaumont were a writer under Darius Hystaspes, or Fletcher one of the authors of the Vedas. In this remark I think I have stated what is substantially the contrast between that high school of 1835 and the university of to-day.

It must be remembered that the annual income of the college in 1842 was $225,561. Its annual income now, as recorded by the treasurer in his last report, is $1,201,908. In the same year, 1894–95, the treasurer received from what he calls "receipts exclusive of income," meaning new gifts and incidental or occasional receipts, $1,900,000. The total funds in 1842 were $680,649; in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1895 they were $8,381,586. Such figures alone are enough to show the world-wide difference between what was done then and what is attempted with so great success now. Yet if anybody is audacious enough to compare the all-round information, say, of Jared Sparks in matters of history with the accomplishments of gentlemen who have to deal with history to-day, why, let him make the comparison. Only let him remember that the business of the college of that day was to make all-round scholars, while the business of the college to-day is to make men skillful in their respective departments of science or of study.

This is certain, that the university of to-day gains immensely over the college of that time in its nationality. Dr. Beers says, in the book to which I have referred, that the college of that time was equipped mostly by men of eastern Massachusetts, and was for students from eastern Massachusetts. This is as true as most epigrams are. But it is quite sure that, of the professors of that time, almost all had grown up in this region of country. Longfellow came from as far away as Portland; Beck came from Germany; the foreign-language gentlemen were all, I think, natives of European countries. But for the rest, they were Yankees, and had the instincts and prejudices of Yankees. Now it is an advantage which cannot be overestimated, to the undergraduate of to-day, that he falls in with gentlemen from Japan and other parts of Asia, from Europe, from Canada, from South America, from the shores of the Pacific Ocean, and probably from every State of the forty-five. He has among his professors such men as Shaler, Royce, Bôcher, Sumichrast, Lanman, Francke, — not to go farther than the first page of the catalogue, — men who really know that there is a nation called the United States, west and south of the Hudson River. The provincialism which was almost a necessary element, and an important element, in the Harvard College of 1830 and 1840 exists no longer. There was at that time, undoubtedly, a notion that it would be better if the professors could all be graduates of our own college. Longfellow was from Bowdoin, but as I look over one of the old catalogues I do not observe any other professor who was not a Harvard graduate, excepting the gentlemen from Europe. Now we are glad to welcome, from all climes and all schools of training, whoever can help us. There is no such thing as Prussian algebra or Carolinian optics or Californian divinity; and the undergraduate of to-day may go to Cambridge as narrow and bigoted as most freshmen are, but after four years he will come out with a great deal of such nonsense taken out of him. The most important part of that nonsense will be his impression that he is a person of any great importance himself.

In the same years he will slowly lose the other impression, that the particular place in which he was born had any special importance in the theory of the good God for the constitution of the universe. If one get only this out of four years of college, he has gained what he gains in no other method of training for life with which I am acquainted.

Edward Everett Hale.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GIRLS IN A FACTORY VALLEY.

VI.

In the factory valley that I am describing rum-shops are plentiful. Commerce exists, as well as manufacture. Boys and girls go out from their homes at an early age upon business errands. The moral problem inevitably takes on a serious aspect in such a region, and any solution of it must include both sexes in its operation.

Some years ago, Eunice and Katy, having lost their mother in early childhood, were left fatherless when they were respectively sixteen and fourteen years old. They had two little brothers. They worked in a mill, and determined to keep up their home, — an unwise determination, for that home was a wretched tenement in an evil neighborhood, where a bad old woman kept house for them.

One day the chief of police had these girls arrested, — on general principles, apparently, for they were committing no offense at the time. The chief was acting from kindly motives, for he knew that they were frequently in the streets at night, and were in bad company. An older girl, who was undeniably a moral offender, was arrested with them. They were all three taken to the station-house, where the younger ones broke down, and cried in childish terror.

Now mark the significance of this fact as to future health and morality: the oldest girl was known to belong to a vicious circle of comradeship, which included in its ranks more than forty men and boys, whose names were in the possession of the chief of police, but no man or boy was arrested, either to save himself or anybody else from further corruption.

The oldest girl was sent to a correctional institution. The chief summoned the agent of the Associated Charities to help him deal with the pair of younger ones. Undoubtedly, the two men talked with fatherly kindness as well as wisdom to the frightened children. Eunice and Katy promised that they would do anything, live anywhere and in any way that the agent thought best, if only they need not be sent to the state institution for young offenders. The agent gave bail for them, broke up their housekeeping, sent their brothers to a Catholic asylum, obtained board for the girls themselves in a family of which their priest approved, and engaged a "friendly visitor" to look after them awhile, — a motherly woman, who was determined not to think them very bad girls.

It was impossible not to hope that they had thus been withdrawn permanently from that vicious circle into which they had only just entered; but that hope was the less pleasing, because, unless more radical measures were employed, the withdrawal of Eunice and Katy from their companions meant simply a wilder and a wider movement of loose revelry among those who were left, and a more urgent temptation pressed upon some other two girls to join the circle and fill the vacant places.

VII.

Jenny Dolan was a timid, awkward child of twelve or thirteen when I first observed her in the crowd of dirty-fingered little creatures who chattered and wriggled over their calico patchwork in the sewing-school. It was a wet winter night, and she had no overshoes. I promised her that I would give her a pair if she came again to the school and told me that her parents could not afford to get them, but said I trusted that she would be perfectly truthful with me, and would

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not ask me for the shoes if her mother could buy them. The next week she came with new overshoes. When I learned more about the family, I often wondered how she had prevailed upon her parents to make the purchase, and I felt that her instinct of honesty must have been stirred by my trial of it.

I never saw Jenny's father, but I inferred that he was possessed of no distinguishing merit as a member of a domestic circle. Mrs. Dolan was a big, blatant, dark-faced vixen, a beer-drinker, a woman who taught her daughters little that they should know, about housework or about cleanliness and decency of personal habits. I do not mean that she was an immoral woman, but she lived as a coarse and violent animal lives. Jenny had an older sister, a girl with a loosely made frame, and of a type morally and mentally inferior to herself. When Mrs. Dolan became angry, she would drag her daughters around the room by their hair, and beat them with a little iron instrument designed to lift the covers off a stove, or with any other convenient weapon. There were two or three boys in the family, one of whom was badly deformed and crippled.

The Dolan children were all sent to school more or less, except Jenny, who was kept at home to help in the housework, until she was put into the mill. She never learned to read, but she used to take books regularly from the sewing-school library and carry them home to her crippled brother. It was rather slowly that I became aware that there was something touching in her personality. A year or two later she attended for a season a sewing-class taught by some friends of mine, and manifested there the same quiet amiability I had noticed in her.

"When we give the girls apples or oranges," said one of her teachers, "Jenny never eats hers; she always carries them home to her lame brother. Her sister Mary just gobbles hers up. There 's something about Jenny that goes to your heart."

She grew to be a tall, slim young woman, and when she was about seventeen she married a boy not yet of age, a lad of an English Protestant family belonging to a somewhat better class than the Dolans. They began housekeeping without money, and there was little or none on hand when the first baby came; and though Jenny finally learned to save — "put nickels by," as she expressed it — when other babies were expected, she never got together enough at once to lift her domestic life above the plane of a hand-to-mouth struggle for existence.

For years she came to see me in all her troubles. Her manner was subdued and serious, but she did not show much ability to think, though once she hazarded the reflection: "We must bear what comes to us. He" — she meant her husband — "says God is good." She always spoke of her husband either with great formality as "Mr. Smith," or simply as "he." I never had any reason, except what might be drawn from the remark just quoted, to suppose that "he" was in any sense a religiously inclined character.

As the years went by, Jenny gradually glided into the position of a person who must be regularly assisted over hard places. In the course of this long and familiar intimacy I learned some startling facts as to the training of a girl in such a home as hers had been, — facts the nature of which will be sufficiently indicated by the fact that I discovered, several years after her marriage, that she had never owned a hair-brush, but that she and her husband had one broken comb in joint possession.

She had been married only a year or two when her husband went out driving one night with a horse which he had no clear moral or legal right to use. It was not at all a case of stealing, — only of boyish borrowing from somebody who had not the authority to lend. He drove

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

too fast and ran against something, doing a trifling damage. He was thoroughly alarmed, and promptly fled from the town. Jenny waited only a few days before deciding that he had deliberately deserted her. She showed unexpected energy, sold what little furniture they had, and went with her child to her mother's home. Hardly had she installed herself there when she received a letter from her husband, and soon afterwards he came himself and settled up the difficulty about the horse in a manner satisfactory to all persons concerned. He had been away only about a fortnight, and had some grounds for complaint against his wife that she had shown so little faith in him. Conjugal desertions and temporary separations between husband and wife are things of such common occurrence in this class of society that Jenny naturally leaped to the conclusion that she had become the victim of one of these happenings; and when we talked to the husband and wife together, both seemed meekly willing to admit that each had done wrong and must forgive the other. A little money was lent them, and they redeemed their furniture, and for some time afterwards Jenny came honestly at irregular intervals, bringing a dollar to pay towards liquidating her debt, until her creditors could bear no longer to receive her savings, and forgave her the rest.

This transaction and the evident effort which she made then to realize the nature of an obligation did not prevent her, as time wore on, from falling into the habit of coming with requests for "change" when she needed medicine for the children, or for clothing and even food, when "he" had been "sick" or "loafing" more than usual because he was out of work. I was never able to learn certainly whether he had any definite vices or not. She always said, when I asked her if he drank, "I don't know, but I never smell any liquor on him." I grew, however, to suspect that he indulged in petty gambling. Jenny was certainly a poor housekeeper and manager. She knew very little about cooking or the use of grain foods, and had been married a number of years before she learned that rice was a thing her children would eat and that it was cheap.

After a season of especial distress I inquired closely into the distribution of her income, and she then confessed that "he" kept back a dollar a week for his own use, to buy tobacco and newspapers and to do what he pleased with. This seemed a pretty large sum to be appropriated to such purposes by a man whose wife had sometimes worn a pair of men's shoes, or had even been obliged to borrow a pair to enable her to go out of doors and come to me for assistance. I told her that he kept too much of the money for his own use, and she said in her usual meek way that she would talk to him about it; but she added, "I never jaw him; I just get on." They looked upon their weekly income as something to be spent as it came in for three weeks, and they threw the burden of the whole month's rent on the proceeds of the fourth week. I reasoned with Jenny on this subject. She got hold of the idea at last that the rent should be saved week by week, and on a subsequent visit she naïvely informed me that she had told "him" what I had said, and he had admitted that my theory of rent must be correct; "but," she said, "he had never before thought of it that way." Jenny also accomplished the intellectual feat of learning that it was as difficult to go without food and fuel in order to pay up a back store bill as it was to stint herself and her family during any season of "sickness" or "loafing" which reduced the amount of money available for food and fuel. After she had learned this, she made some heroic effort to take her hardships in the period of reduced income, and to avoid running up bills. Doctors' bills could not be so avoided, and the family was perennially in debt to a physician.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One phase of her mental experience was curious to me. Having married a Protestant, she grew indifferent to the Catholic faith, and did not have her children baptized in that church.

"Is it because of the expense," I asked her, "or don't you care?"

"It's because I don't care anything about it," she answered.

She seemed to love her babies, but when one little girl was ill it was amazing to see how ignorant the mother was, and how unable to care for the child or make it comfortable. After it died, she came for several years to get flowers to put on its grave on Memorial Day.

When her little boy was about six years old, she sent him two or three times, during one of her more impoverished seasons, to ask for money. Then I wrote her a note. I knew she could not read it herself, and was very willing that her husband should be obliged to read it to her. I had the notion that he was perfectly content that begging should be the part of the family labor which belonged to his wife, but I did not wish this task passed on to his child. I wrote to Jenny that either she or her husband must come in person for any aid they needed in money. She came within a few hours to see me, gentle and patient as ever, and I explained to her why it must have a bad effect on the child's character to accustom him to do begging errands. She admitted, with something of that touching element evident in her humility which had kept my interest in her so long alive, that I was right, and she promised never to send the boy again.

Jenny did not improve in her appearance as she grew older. She was never very pretty, but when quite young she had rather sweet, Madonna-like eyes. She became coarser in color and outline. I did not like her looks. Rumors began to reach me that she was drinking, and at last I asked her if these stories were true. She gently but decidedly denied them. Two years have passed since she last came to me for aid or sympathy. I cannot but believe that she has really taken to drinking, and that since she is not willing to confess her fault, she has refrained from making any moral or material demands upon me, because she could not quite bring herself to repeat her denials.

VIII.

There was one young girl whose story is of value in the study I am trying to make, chiefly because of the light it throws on the careless tenure of the family obligation in the class which drifts easily into the ranks of vice and crime. The girl had apparently a nature poised between good and evil. Mr. B. found her, at five or six o'clock one morning, standing on the platform of a railroad station, where she had just alighted from a train that had come a long distance. She was a little creature, wore a childish frock, carried for baggage a small parcel, and seemed to be about thirteen years old.

She was asking the freight agent how she could get a carriage to take her to a certain house in the town, naming the street and the number. Startled and horrified, the impulse of the Good Samaritan awoke in Mr. B.'s heart, and he took upon himself the responsibility of answering.

"You don't want to go there," he said.

"Yes, I do," she persisted. "My sister lives there."

She went on to tell him that her sister was a member of a theatrical company in the town, and had sent for her to come and make a visit, and she had just arrived, having come from some town in Pennsylvania.

"Well," said Mr. B. at last, "I am going by that house, and can show you the way, so you don't need a carriage; but you'd better not go. That house was raided by the police a night or two ago. Do you know what that means?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She appeared to understand that it implied something rather bad, but still declared that she must go and see if her sister was there. She was a delicate child, not pretty, not intelligent looking, yet with something wistful about her face, and something in her undeveloped expression that appealed to one's sympathy, as a little stray animal might appeal to it.

Her new-found friend conducted her to the house, but resolved not to leave her till some clear indication appeared as to what he ought to do for her. He went in, and waited in a downstairs room, while somebody received the girl in a manner which showed that she was expected, told her that her sister had gone away, and took her upstairs.

Concerning the events of the next few minutes nothing need be said, except that the child rushed down to her protector, eagerly imploring him to take her away at once. No one dared to interfere as he led her forth, and he took her straight home to his wife.

That good woman received her as if she had been the daughter of a near friend. The girl seemed perfectly satisfied to make no further effort to find her sister. She described her home life in Pennsylvania as not very happy. The sister had lived away from her family a long time. Did not her father and mother know about her character? To such a question she had little to answer. "We knew she had been bad," she admitted, "but she had been home on a visit, an' we thought she was all right now, an' we forgive her."

She did not satisfactorily explain how she came to be allowed to take such a journey and run so great a risk to visit such a sister. One parent had wanted her to accept the invitation; the other had not, but had finally consented. The sister had promised "to do" for her when she came, had told stories of money and luxury as a result of her theatrical business. The child accounted for her lack of baggage by the fact that her sister had promised to give her clothes.

A letter was sent to the address she gave, and a reply manifesting no interest in her was received. She undoubtedly had a father and probably a mother in the place whence she said she came, but they were evidently not inclined to do anything about getting her back, and she herself had no money with which to return.

She was a capable and industrious little body. She helped the woman who had sheltered her, and was even anxious to do more and harder work about the house than her new friends would permit. Notwithstanding her energy she was very childish in her looks and ways, and sobbed and cried in her sleep as if some terror were upon her.

"Don't be frightened; you are safe with us," the woman assured her in motherly fashion, when she awoke from her troubled dreams.

At last a situation as child's nurse was found for her in a neighboring city. She took in a docile spirit the good advice given her, and was sure the glimpse of evil which she had had in that awful house where she had sought her sister would make her turn away from many temptations. Her new friends let her go with feelings of real interest and affection. After she had gone, they came sadly to the conclusion that she had carried with her the contents of a ten-cent savings-bank, which she had stolen from them.

IX.

"I never knew a happy hour till I left home. Of course I would n't have gone if my father had n't given his consent, but he did say I might. He works in the same mill I do. Oh yes, he and I are good friends. My mother, she was pretty well educated, but my father is a man who can't read or write."

I looked at the girl as she sat sewing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and talking, and saw a young creature with delicately cut though slightly irregular features, and large expressive eyes that had big black circles under them. She had a colorless skin, pale brown hair, and a singularly bright and charming smile. Her personality was of the kind that proclaims itself at once as interesting. She was twenty years old, and looked about seventeen.

Her name was Jessie March. Her mother died when she was a baby. A stepmother, burdened as the years went on with the care of many children, and not dowered with any especial graces of nature, made of the poor little stepchild a household drudge, to whom no kindly caress was ever vouchsafed, for whom no gentle or helpful deed was ever done.

Jessie was put to work in a mill when she was eleven years old, after which she came out four times for a three months' term of school attendance. She never went to an evening school. Her only holidays were when she was sick, and nobody took care of her. She was obliged to do a great deal of housework out of mill hours. The poor little girl dragged on this unchildlike life till childhood was gone. When she was seventeen, she felt that she could bear it no longer, and agreed with her father that she should control her own wages and take charge of herself.

"I don't see how you dared attempt it," I said, "when you were ill so much."

"I don't think I should have lived much longer if I had n't," she answered. "I 'm ever so much better now. Oh, I 've got on splendid the last year. I make a dollar a day, an' I pay three dollars a week for my board. The lady I live with does my washing with hers in the winter. I don't have much. In the summer I do my own washing. I don't like to iron very well. The sleeves and the basque of a dress bother me," with a little laugh, as if she remembered some particular struggles over the ironing-board. "But you just set me down before a tubful of suds and clothes, and I 'm happy. I *love* to wash. The people I board with are real good to me. They 're what you call Irish Protestants. I go to St. Mary's Church, — Catholic."

Jessie joined a working-girls' club after she had been away from home about a year, and she enjoyed very much the social life it gave her. "I feel," she said eagerly, "as if I had so many more friends than I ever had before."

One summer she went to the seashore through some club arrangement, and for a week was as happy as possible. "I came home so well!" she said. "I gained six pounds in that week."

She loved amusements, and went to parties and even to balls occasionally, — "nice balls," given by a certain "literary society." She did not know much about the literary character of this society, but she knew it was a "select crowd" that attended their dances. She spent three hours one evening — after her day's work, of course — ironing the clothes she was to wear at a ball the next night. Once she wore white muslin over pink, and once she went to a dance all in white to her shoes, and carried a red-and-white bouquet. Her dress, when I saw her, showed that she liked ornaments. Her movements had a sort of dainty freedom when she walked. As for dancing, she had danced till three o'clock on a certain Friday night, taken her breakfast at four, sat laughing and enjoying herself with her friends until it was necessary to leave the house in order to reach the mill at half past six, and then, not having been in bed at all, she had worked through the Saturday half-day, and would have been glad to go to a dance again Saturday night. But she confessed, with a laugh, that she felt tired on Sunday. A doctor, she said, had told her once that her health would be better if she had more "good times." The amount of her dancing dissipation must not be overestimated. She had been to only two balls and four home

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

parties in a whole winter. Hers was evidently a rich, feminine nature that had been undernourished, but she was very willing to be happy. I have asked her how she was getting on, when she was looking particularly ill, and she has smiled flashingly and answered enthusiastically, "Oh, fine!"

Jessie had a generous pleasure in the beauty of other women, and I have heard her describe very eagerly how pretty a certain younger girl had been a year or two before, when she came first to work in the mill, and had golden curls falling down on her shoulders. She had an intimate friend whom she also thought "very pretty." "She 's three years older 'n me," she said. "We work on the same bench, an' I 've been to her for advice about almost everything since I left home, and what she tells me to do always turns out the right thing. She 's been a real guardian angel to me."

X.

James O'Halloran had served in India under the British flag. He was a tall, dark man, with large, soft, melancholy eyes. Some strange fate had married him to a common-looking, pale-faced little woman, and brought him to end his days in a New England factory village. During the last years of his life he was too ill of consumption to work in the mill, so he swept and cooked at home, and his wife and older children worked in the factory. There was a certain element of beauty in the man's personality, and a pathetic quality either in himself or in his situation which strongly appealed to the sympathetic imagination.

There was a lady who used to visit the family occasionally in a friendly manner, which moved greatly the hearts of the husband and wife. Probably no woman of her class ever treated them just as she did, though what she did was without much thought on her part, and she was stirred with some remorse later to think how little she deserved their gratitude. Indeed, she confessed to me that her memory retained only three or four distinct and vivid impressions of her intercourse with them.

She remembered that once O'Halloran came in the springtime and stood near a great hawthorn-tree at her gate, and she went forward to speak with him. He looked very thin and haggard and feeble, — his life so wasted and worn, and the earth so fresh and sweet, that the contrast printed his image upon her brain. Another day she passed his house, and seeing him at the open window with the look of illness on his face, she gave him two or three flowers which she chanced to be carrying. Finally, she was going away from the village, and she went to bid him good-by. He lay on his bed, too weak to rise any more.

"Good-by," he whispered, as she and his wife stood beside him. "I 'll never see you again."

All difference in rank seemed to the lady of no consequence at that moment. She and the husband and the wife were three human souls together, and one of them was about to learn the mystery of things which she did not know. She took his hand, and his dying eyes gazed into hers through the mist that death was already drawing over them. "Good-by," she said gently.

Some time afterward she returned to the village, and Mrs. O'Halloran sought her, and told her, with tears in her eyes, of her husband's last days.

"He was losing his senses, and his mind was full of you. He 'd forget, an' each day he would say, 'Was the lady here to-day?' An' I 'd say, 'The other day, James.' An' he 'd say, 'Tell her I blessed her on my dyin' bed, an' that I said I 'd never forget her, an' I 'd pray for her when I 'd left this life forever.' He could n't forget you, never. He even went so far as to say he 'd give up his place in heaven to you, but he knew

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that was n't needed; heaven was for all. He gave the prettiest smile when he was dyin' you ever see. He turned his head, — I was a-settin' by the side of the bed, — turned his head *so*, an' smiled. You never could forget it, it was so pretty. I fretted a deal for him. I could n't help it. I cried the day I heard you 'd come back, it brought him so to my mind. Ellen says: 'Mother, what do you cry for? Father 's better off where he is. He had to suffer so much here.' She 'd say that, she 's so *wise*, but she 'd cry herself an' not let me see it. He said he 'd 'a' been glad to die long ago, he 'd suffered so much in the beginnin' of his sickness, but he kept it to himself. He was n't a man to give in easy. He buried it in. He was a smart man, but he got disheartened, he 'd had such a hard time."

So the widow rambled on innocently, telling how the life-insurance money had paid up the expenses of her husband's death and funeral, and had enabled her to start with her children on their new mode of life, now that the invalid father was gone.

The "lady" left Ann O'Halloran and her brood as a sort of legacy to me, and an occasional visit to them kept me for several years informed as to their general welfare.

The oldest child was the "wise" daughter Ellen, who was about seventeen when her father died. She was a slender girl, with a face a little longer and thinner than the perfect oval, brown hair, quiet eyes, and a delicately cut aquiline nose. Although a demure and serious expression was that most characteristic of her, she had a very winning and happy smile.

Ellen was a skillful seamstress; that is, skillful for one of her class, factory girls not being generally very clever in their use of the needle. She could run a sewing-machine, cut out garments after a fashion, and sewed by hand moderately well. She did a kind of work in the factory which sometimes permitted her to leave the mill quite early in the afternoon. The mother and the other children who were old enough also worked in the mill, and the housework was done at odd hours.

Ellen was not robust, but she grew stronger as time went on, and when she reached her twentieth year the family struck a period of comparative prosperity, such as frugal factory families are apt to enjoy for a few years, after a number of the children are pretty well grown, but before these same children are old enough to claim the use of their own wages. It is a short, happy season for parents, who are at last able to draw breath with a leisurely mind, and to feel that life is not a burden beyond their strength. It ends speedily as a period of family life, for the children marry, and the parents are thus gradually deprived of their wages, and the brief season of parental prosperity and authority dwindles to a close.

Before we consider how Ann O'Halloran and her sweet-faced daughter bore themselves during this harvest-time of the family existence, it is just not only to remember the strong and healthy impulses of youth and the holy sanction that nature sets upon a young girl's desires, but to reflect a moment on the mother's past life. For years she had borne children, thirteen in all, and had not been able to cease her labors during a large proportion of those hours which are sacred to repose in the lives of more fortunate women. Eight of her children had died. Sickness and sorrow had added themselves to poverty in her lot. Her husband's long illness had obliged her to supplement her maternal and housewifely cares with mill work. He had done all he could in the house, but as he grew sicker she had had to do more, and during the last months of his life she had been obliged to leave the mill to take care of him and the home, so that the family income had been re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

duced to the lowest point when she most needed money. Poor Ann must often have seen those whom she most loved needing medicines which she could not get, and dying without comforts which she had no money to procure for them. After his death came indeed an easier time, but life still meant for her hours of toil before and after each day of ten to eleven hours in the factory. It meant washing, sweeping, baking, and scrubbing, and the daily tramp back and forth beside the cotton-machines sandwiched in between, as if it were a relish to a woman's household occupations.

When Ellen was twenty, there were two boys beside herself and her mother at work, and only a couple of younger children to be supported. Mrs. O'Halloran realized that now had come the time when she might hope to buy rocking-chairs, bits of carpet, or other things dear to the matronly heart, and still make provision for her old age.

One summer the united earnings of the family amounted to seventy dollars a month, and Ann would have been happy but that her confidence in the future was shaken by the fact that Matt Hughes kept coming to see Ellen. He did not act like an ordinary lover, sat quietly in the kitchen with the family during his evening visits, and showed no signs to the chance visitor which would give the impression that he was "keeping company" with Ellen, unless it were indeed the cheerful alacrity with which he would go down into the cellar to get a hod of coal for the tired mother. Notwithstanding his attentions to her, Ann complained bitterly to Ellen about his visits.

"If you don't want him to come here, mother," the girl would answer calmly, "you tell him so yourself. He won't come if you ask him not to."

Ann was too wise or too polite to act on her daughter's suggestion and turn Matt out of her house. She undoubtedly liked the young fellow, and possibly felt in his presence that subjection to masculine energy which had marked her relations to her husband, whom she had always treated as a superior being. Poor soul, she was not accustomed to order men here and there, and in and out. It had been her rôle to be ordered. But however much she liked Matt or deferred to him personally, she had no mind that he should marry her Ellen and possess himself of twenty dollars a month of her rightful income. In a sense, Ellen might be said to be earning that twenty dollars now; but had not the mother preëmpted it and really earned it in her long sleepless nights beside the couch of dying children, in the fearful days when she had dragged herself about her tasks with new-born babies at her breast, in the months when she had worked with the buzzing cotton-machinery foretelling her approaching widowhood?

She probably did not reason out the grounds of her claim to dispose of her sweet young daughter's life as she wished, but she held to her claim obstinately, and showed such an ugly temper about it that Ellen came to the conclusion that if she attempted to marry Matt in the usual fashion, her mother would pursue her to the altar and make her wrathful outcry in the very church.

Ellen had no fancy for being "shamed" before her little world. If there must be "scenes" about her marriage, she had a healthy, undramatic preference for private ones. What conferences she had with Matt upon the subject I know not, but it is not likely that those peaceful hours spent in the society of the family, around the kitchen stove, represented all the intercourse between these two honest young lovers, and at last Ellen came to a wise and virtuous resolution as to what she would do.

She went, with her brave, steady, maidenly eyes, straight to the parish priest, and told him just how she was situated. The priest apparently held that Ann could manage very well on fifty dollars instead of seventy a month, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

doubtless he also reflected upon the fact that Ellen was a full-grown woman and a sensible one by this time; for he gave his sanction to the plan she had formed and upon the execution of which her heart was intent.

When a girl has "the magic circle of the Church" thus drawn around her young purposes, what need has she to torment her conscience with further scruples? Ellen, indeed, does not appear to have troubled herself or her lover with any more questioning or hesitation. She appealed to a girl friend whose domestic arrangements permitted her the control of her own wages, and she borrowed of her twenty dollars. With this money she purchased materials, and as this was one of the seasons when she could get through her mill work, nearly every afternoon, at about four o'clock, she had plenty of time to work on her stuff, and then hide it away before her mother and the boys came home, soon after six. She had a sewing-machine to use, in making her little trousseau; for Ann, giddy with prosperity, had taken one to be paid for by installments. The payments had not all been made, but Ellen had the machine as she pursued her secret labors, her gray eyes doubtless growing tender, and her sweet, prim mouth curving into a smile that was half shrewd, half simple, as she fed the needle with the long seams.

Christmas was near at hand, when one morning Ellen started for the mill as usual, carrying her early lunch in her little tin pail. The mother and daughter worked in different buildings, so that their paths diverged, and as soon as Ellen was sure Ann could not see what she did she turned and fled back to the house. There she made some change in her dress, left the deceitful little pail, and then, with such a beating of her heart as may be guessed, she left once more the home of her girlhood. She shut behind her the door that had closed after the dead body of her soldier father, and, with a spirit as high as his had ever been in India, she stepped forth alone into the world.

Matt met her a short distance down the street. All that she had to do alone was now done. He had a carriage waiting. They jumped into it and drove to the church. Whether they went that short half-mile in a carriage so as to make it certain that no one who might see them would have time to get report to the mother before they should reach their destination, or whether they took that bridal drive for the mere splendor of it, I do not know, but in this fine though hurried fashion they proceeded on their way to the nuptial altar. The priest married them immediately, and they came back to a house opposite Ellen's own home. Some friends received them, and here the bride remained hidden all day.

Soon after the ceremony somebody went into the mill and told Ann what had happened. She rushed like a crazy woman into the street. On the way she met one of the mill overseers, who vainly attempted to quiet her with sensible masculine advice not to take the matter too much to heart. She flew on to her home, and was speedily convinced that Ellen, married or not, had really gone somewhere. Ann had a brother who lived in a town some six or seven miles distant, and she seized the idea that perhaps her daughter had gone thither; so she started for his house, walking or riding in public conveyance, always hurrying, and her heart growing hotter all the way, till she nearly fainted when at last she reached his doorstep.

Her excitement and rage were not allayed by learning that she had had her journey for nothing, since nobody at her brother's knew anything about Ellen. She went wearily back to her own habitation, and was maddened afresh to learn towards night that the runaway had been in a house so near her as probably to have seen her start forth and return from her frantic search. She scurried across the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

street, forced her way into the house and the room where the bride was, leaped upon her like a wild animal, beat and tore her with her hands and berated her with her tongue.

Village opinion did not wholly justify Ann for making this assault. "I should n't have thought she was a woman to do as she did," said one of her neighbors, telling me the story rather obscurely, as if she were a little ashamed to put in words how outrageous had been Ann's conduct.

Ann herself seemed to feel no shame, when relating the occurrences of that strange wedding-day. "I bate her," she said frankly, — "I bate her till I felt satisfied."

Ellen never alluded to the attack in talking to me, but dwelt rather on the speedy overtures her mother made towards reconciliation. "I knew she could n't keep away from me long," she said, with her delicate smile, "an' it was n't a week before I looked out one mornin' an' saw her comin' in to see me."

At that time the factory help were paid only once a month, and so it happened that it was not until days after her marriage that Ellen received the envelope containing the wages due for the work done in the last part of her maidenhood. The sum amounted to twenty-three dollars. Matt put two dollars more with it and paid it over to Ann, and then he and Ellen felt their consciences very clear of offense.

They went after a little while to board with the mother, so that she, rather than a stranger, might profit by what they could pay. Filial-minded as she was, Ellen, however, was as clear-headed and resolute as ever, and she soon saw that, notwithstanding its apparent advantages, this was not an arrangement likely to conduce to the final happiness of any of the persons concerned, and she and Matt, after a short trial of it, decided to leave and go to housekeeping. When the borrowed twenty dollars which had furnished her trousseau were paid back, Matt's wages easily supported the little establishment, while hers — for she continued during some time to work in the mill — could be saved or used to pay for furniture.

I was very much amused, at this period in her life, to see that, notwithstanding all she had dared to "marry her own love," she still manifested the true Irish reserve as to confessing that she really loved Matt. "Oh yes, she liked him," spoken in an indifferent tone, or, "Yes, he 's pleasant," — such admissions as these were all I could draw from her, till at last I boldly asked her if it would have made any difference to her relation with her lover if her mother had forbidden him to come to the house, as she so nonchalantly told the widow she might do before their marriage. A gleam came into Ellen' gray eyes, and she smiled demurely. "I 'll tell you the truth," she said. "It would n't have made any difference; I 'd ha' seen him somewheres else."

Her womanly reticence did not prevent her from waxing enthusiastic over her enjoyment in her housekeeping. She was delighted over a present of a toilet set given them by one of Matt's relatives, and she described the life that she and her young husband led in a way that betrayed the happiness they felt in their companionship. "He never goes out without me," she said, "not of an evening or a Sunday. He stays in the house all day," — she repeated the joyous fact, — "unless we go for a little walk together. We take books from the library, — books of travel an' the like. He reads aloud to me, while I 'm workin' round the room. It gives us something to talk about; an' sometimes he reads something funny, an' the other day we got to laughing so hard!" Life was eminently satisfying to her, and her instincts prompted her to make generous use of it. "I do all mother's sewing for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her," she said, "just the same as I did before I was married."

She left off working in the mill after a while, and devoted herself entirely to home duties. When I went to see her, more than a year after her marriage, she had a baby in her arms. She stood with the child's head close to her own. Her gentle eyes were full of love and happiness.

The O'Halloran family, however, still nursed their grudge against her. Things had not gone as well with them as Ellen had expected, and owing to various causes the widow's income had not maintained itself at the figure upon which the daughter had calculated when she seceded from that little household union.

"Ellen has got a good man," said her nineteen-year-old brother, "there 's no mistake about that, but she did wrong to get married. *I* shall never marry. I 'm going to take care of my mother. A man might as well take care of his mother, I say, as of some other woman."

"An' do you think," argued Ann, "I 'd ever have undertaken to pay forty dollars for that sewing-machine if I 'd known I was goin' to lose her wages?" She went on for some time urging her grievances against Ellen, then gave a smile, half ashamed, half proud, and admitted that it was better, now the matter could not be helped, to be on friendly terms with her daughter, adding simply, "An' they named the baby for me, after all."

It seems to me that there are many suggestions conveyed by the different characters and experiences which I have tried to depict faithfully in these sketches. I cannot but wish that all these suggestions could be studied out to some beneficial end, but if there be one hint which is common to them all, I think it is a hint which points to the need of all those influences in society which tend to the development of a proper family life.

To make a home happy and moral, a good man and a good and capable woman are necessary in its constitution. To make it also a comfortable home and secure a permanent basis for its happiness and morality, the man as well as the woman should be not only good, but capable. Goodness is indispensable in both, but in the home the heavier burden, physical, mental, and moral, is thrown by natural forces upon the woman. It were a grace added to chivalry, if man were to feel it a worthy enterprise voluntarily to assume a responsibility towards the family which nature apparently permits him to evade, — an evasion which, notwithstanding that apparent permission, still reacts upon him and makes him an equal victim with woman in the misfortunes that ensue from any flaw in the family life.

Lillie B. Chace Wyman.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE OLD THINGS.

XX.

THERE came to Fleda at her sister's no telegram in answer to her own; the rest of that day and the whole of the next elapsed without a word either from Owen or from his mother. She was free, however, to her infinite relief, from any direct dealing with suspense, and conscious, to her surprise, of nothing that could show her, or could show Maggie and her brother-in-law, that she was excited. Her excitement was composed of pulses as swift and fine as the revolutions of a spinning top: she supposed she was going round, but she went round so fast that she could n't even feel herself move. Her emotion occupied some quarter of her soul that had closed its doors for the day and shut out even her own sense of it; she might perhaps have heard something if she had pressed her ear to a partition. Instead of that she sat with her patience in a cold, still chamber from which she could look out in quite another direction. This was to have achieved an equilibrium to which she could n't have given a name: indifference, resignation, despair were the terms of a forgotten tongue. The time even seemed not long, for the stages of the journey were the items of Mrs. Gereth's surrender. The detail of that performance, which filled the scene, was what Fleda had now before her eyes. The part of her loss that she could think of was the reconstituted splendor of Poynton. It was the beauty she was most touched by that, in tons, she had lost, — the beauty that, charged upon big wagons, had safely crept back to its home. But the loss was a gain to memory and love; it was to her too, at last, that, in condonation of her treachery, the old things had crept back. She greeted them with open arms; she thought of them hour after hour; they made a company with which solitude was warm, and a picture that, at this crisis, overlaid poor Maggie's scant mahogany. It was really her obliterated passion that had revived, and with it an immense assent to Mrs. Gereth's early judgment of her. She too, she felt, was of the religion, and like any other of the passionately pious she could worship now even in the desert. Yes, it was all for her; far round as she had gone she had been strong enough: her love had gathered in the spoils. She wanted, indeed, no catalogue to count them over; the array of them, miles away, was complete; each piece, in its turn, was perfect to her; she could have drawn up a catalogue from memory. Thus again she lived with them, and she thought of them without a question of any personal right. That they might have been, that they might still be hers, that they were perhaps already another's, were ideas that had too little to say to her. They were nobody's at all, — too proud, unlike base animals and humans, to be reducible to anything so narrow. It was Poynton that was theirs; they had simply recovered their own. The joy of that for them was the source of the strange peace in which the girl found herself floating.

It was broken on the third day by a telegram from Mrs. Gereth. "Shall be with you at 11.30 — don't meet me at station." Fleda turned this over, but was sufficiently expert not to disobey the injunction. She had only an hour to take in its meaning, but that hour was longer than all the previous time. If Maggie had studied her convenience the day Owen came, Maggie was also at the present juncture a miracle of refinement. Increasingly and resentfully mystified, in spite of all reassurance, by the impression that Fleda suffered more than

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

she gained from the grandeur of the Gereths, she had it at heart to exemplify the perhaps truer distinction of nature that characterized the house of Vetch. She was not, like poor Fleda, at every one's beck, and the visitor was to see no more of her than what the arrangement of luncheon might tantalizingly show. Maggie described herself to her sister as intending for a just provocation even the understanding she had had with her husband that he also should remain invisible. Fleda accordingly awaited alone the subject of so many manœuvres, — a period that was slightly prolonged even after the drawing-room door, at 11.30, was thrown open. Mrs. Gereth stood there with a face that spoke plain, but no sound fell from her till the withdrawal of the maid, whose attention had immediately attached itself to the rearrangement of a window-blind, and who seemed, while she bustled at it, to contribute to the pregnant silence; before the duration of which, however, she retreated with a sudden stare.

"He has done it," said Mrs. Gereth, turning her eyes avoidingly but not unperceivingly about her, and in spite of herself dropping an opinion upon the few objects in the room. Fleda, on her side, in her silence, observed how characteristically she looked at Maggie's possessions before looking at Maggie's sister. The girl understood, and at first had nothing to say; she was still dumb while Mrs. Gereth selected, with hesitation, a seat less distasteful than the one that happened to be nearest. On the sofa, near the window, the poor woman finally showed what the two past days had done for the age of her face. Her eyes at last met Fleda's. "It 's the end."

"They 're married?"

"They 're married."

Fleda came to the sofa in obedience to the impulse to sit down by her; then paused before her while Mrs. Gereth turned up a dead gray mask. A tired old woman sat there with empty hands in her lap. "I 've heard nothing," said Fleda. "No answer came."

"That 's the only answer. It 's the answer to everything." So Fleda saw; for a minute she looked over her companion's head and far away. "He was n't at Waterbath; Mrs. Brigstock must have read your telegram and kept it. But mine, the one to Poynton, brought something. 'We are here — what do you want?'" Mrs. Gereth stopped as if with a failure of voice; on which Fleda sank upon the sofa and made a movement to take her hand. It met no response; there could be no attenuation. Fleda waited; they sat facing each other like strangers. "I wanted to go down," Mrs. Gereth presently continued. "Well, I went."

All the girl's effort tended for the time to a single aim, — that of taking the thing with outward detachment, speaking of it as having happened to Owen and to his mother and not in any degree to herself. Something, at least, of this was in the encouraging way she said, "Yesterday morning?"

"Yesterday morning. I saw him."

Fleda hesitated. "Did you see *her?*"

"Thank God, no!"

Fleda laid on her arm a hand of vague comfort, of which Mrs. Gereth took no notice. "You 've been capable, just to tell me, of this wretched journey, of this consideration that I don't deserve?"

"We 're together, we 're together," said Mrs. Gereth. She looked helpless as she sat there, her eyes, unseeingly enough, on a tall Dutch clock, old but rather poor, that Maggie had had as a wedding-gift and that eked out the bareness of the room.

To Fleda, in the face of the event, it appeared that this was exactly what they were not; the last inch of common ground, the ground of their past intercourse, had fallen from under them. Yet what was still there was the grand style of her companion's treatment of her.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mrs. Gereth could n't stand upon small questions, could n't, in conduct, make small differences. "You 're magnificent!" her young friend exclaimed. "There 's a rare greatness in your generosity."

"We 're together, we 're together," Mrs. Gereth lifelessly repeated. "That 's all we *are* now; it 's all we have." The words brought to Fleda a sudden vision of the empty little house at Ricks; such a vision might also have been what her companion found in the face of the stopped Dutch clock. Yet with this it was clear that she would now show no bitterness: she had done with that, had given the last drop to those horrible hours in London. No passion even was left to her, and her forbearance only added to the force with which she represented the final vanity of everything.

Fleda was so far from a wish to triumph that she was absolutely ashamed of having anything to say for herself; but there was one thing, all the same, that not to say was impossible. "That he has done it, that he could n't *not* do it, shows how right I was." It settled forever her attitude, and she spoke as if for her own mind; then after a little she added very gently, for Mrs. Gereth's: "That 's to say, it shows that he was bound to her by an obligation that, however much he may have wanted to, he could n't in any sort of honor break."

Blanched and bleak, Mrs. Gereth looked at her. "What sort of an obligation do you call that? No such obligation exists for an hour between any man and any woman who have hatred on one side. He had ended by hating her, and now he hates her more than ever."

"Did he tell you so?" Fleda asked.

"No. He told me nothing but the great gawk of a fact. I saw him but for three minutes." She was silent again, and Fleda, as before some lurid image of this interview, sat without speaking. "Do you wish to appear as if you don't care?" Mrs. Gereth presently demanded.

"I 'm trying not to think of myself."

"Then if you 're thinking of Owen, how can you *bear* to think?"

Sadly and submissively Fleda shook her head; the slow tears had come into her eyes. "I can't. I don't understand. I don't understand!" she broke out.

"*I* do, then." Mrs. Gereth looked hard at the floor. "There was no obligation at the time you saw him last — when you sent him, hating her as he did, back to her."

"If he went," Fleda asked, "does n't that exactly prove that he recognized one?"

"He recognized rot! You know what *I* think of him." Fleda knew; she had no wish to challenge a fresh statement. Mrs. Gereth made one — it was her sole, faint flicker of passion — to the extent of declaring that he was too abjectly weak to deserve the name of a man. For all Fleda cared! — it was his weakness she loved in him. "He took strange ways of pleasing you!" her friend went on. "There was no obligation till suddenly, the other day, the situation changed."

Fleda wondered. "The other day?"

"It came to Mona's knowledge — I can't tell you how, but it came — that the things I was sending back had begun to arrive at Poynton. I had sent them for you, but it was *her* I touched." Mrs. Gereth paused; Fleda was too absorbed in her explanation to do anything but take blankly the full, cold breath of this. "They were there, and that determined her."

"Determined her to what?"

"To act, to take means."

"To take means?" Fleda repeated.

"I can't tell you what they were, but they were powerful. She knew how," said Mrs. Gereth.

Fleda received with the same stoicism the quiet immensity of this allusion to the person who had not known how. But it made her think a little, and the thought found utterance, with unconscious irony, in the simple interrogation, "Mona?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Why not? She 's a brute."

"But if he knew that so well, what chance was there in it for her?"

"How can I tell you? How can I talk of such horrors? I can only give you, of the situation, what I see. He knew it, yes. But as she could n't make him forget it, she tried to make him like it. She tried and she succeeded: that 's what she did. She 's after all so much less of a fool than he. And what *else* had he originally liked?" Mrs. Gereth shrugged her shoulders. "She did what you would n't!" Fleda's face had grown dark with her wonder, but her friend's empty hands offered no balm to the pain in it. "It was that if it was anything. Nothing else meets the misery of it. Then there was quick work. Before he could turn round he was married."

Fleda, as if she had been holding her breath, gave the sigh of a listening child. "At that place you spoke of in town?"

"At the Registrar's, like a pair of low atheists."

The girl hesitated. "What do people say of that? I mean the 'world.'"

"Nothing, because nobody knows. They 're to be married on the 17th, at Waterbath church. If anything else comes out, everybody is a little prepared. It will pass for some stroke of diplomacy, some move in the game, some outwitting of *me*. It 's known there has been a row with me."

Fleda was mystified. "People surely knew at Poynton," she objected, "if, as you say, she 's there."

"She was there, day before yesterday, only for a few hours. She met him in London, and went down to see the things."

Fleda remembered that she had seen them only once. "Did *you* see them?" she then ventured to ask.

"Everything."

"Are they right?"

"Quite right. There 's nothing like them," said Mrs. Gereth. At this her companion took up one of her hands again and kissed it as she had done in London. "Mona went back that night; she was not there yesterday. Owen stayed on," she added.

Fleda stared. "Then she 's not to live there?"

"Rather! But not till after the public marriage." Mrs. Gereth seemed to muse; then she brought out: "She 'll live there alone."

"Alone?"

"She 'll have it to herself."

"He won't live with her?"

"Never! But she 's none the less his wife, and you 're not," said Mrs. Gereth, getting up. "Our only chance is the chance she may die."

Fleda appeared to consider: she appreciated her visitor's magnanimous use of the plural. "Mona won't die," she replied.

"Well, *I* shall, thank God! Till then" — and with this, for the first time, Mrs. Gereth put out her hand — "don't desert me."

Fleda took her hand, and her clasp of it was a reiteration of a promise already given. She said nothing, but her silence was an acceptance as responsible as the vow of a nun. The next moment something occurred to her. "I must n't put myself in your son's way."

Mrs. Gereth gave a dry, flat laugh. "You 're prodigious! But how shall you possibly be more out of it? Owen and I" — She did n't finish her sentence.

"That 's your great feeling about *him*," Fleda said; "but how, after what has happened, can it be his about you?"

Mrs. Gereth hesitated. "How do you know what has happened? You don't know what I said to him."

"Yesterday?"

"Yesterday."

They looked at each other with a long, deep gaze. Then, as Mrs. Gereth seemed again about to speak, the girl, closing her eyes, made a gesture of strong prohibition. "Don't tell me!"

"Merciful powers, how you worship

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him!" Mrs. Gereth wonderingly moaned. It was, for Fleda, the shake that made the cup overflow. She had a pause, that of the child who takes time to know that he responds to an accident with pain; then, dropping again on the sofa, she broke into tears. They were beyond control, they came in long sobs, which for a moment Mrs. Gereth, almost with an air of indifference, stood hearing and watching. At last Mrs. Gereth too sank down again. Mrs. Gereth soundlessly, wearily wept.

XXI.

"It looks just like Waterbath; but, after all, we bore *that* together:" these words formed part of a letter in which, before the 17th, Mrs. Gereth, writing from disfigured Ricks, named to Fleda the day on which she would be expected to arrive there on a second visit. "I shan't, for a long time to come," the missive continued, "be able to receive any one who may *like* it, who would try to smooth it down, and me with it; but there are always things you and I can comfortably hate together, for you're the only person who comfortably understands. You don't understand quite everything, but of all my acquaintance you're far away the least stupid. For action you're no good at all; but action is over, for me, forever, and you will have the great merit of knowing, when I'm brutally silent, what I shall be thinking about. Without setting myself up for your equal, I dare say I shall also know what are your own thoughts. Moreover, with nothing else but my four walls, you'll at any rate be a bit of furniture. For that, you know, a little, I've always taken you, — quite one of my best finds. So come, if possible, on the 15th."

The position of a bit of furniture was one that Fleda could conscientiously accept, and she by no means insisted on so high a place in the list. This communication made her easier, if only by its acknowledgment that her friend had something left; it still implied recognition of the principle of property. Something to hate, and to hate "comfortably," was at least not the utter destitution to which, after their last interview, she had helplessly seemed to see Mrs. Gereth go forth. She remembered indeed that, in the state in which they first saw it, she herself had "liked" the blessed refuge of Ricks; and she now wondered if the tact for which she was commended had then operated to make her keep her kindness out of sight. She was at present ashamed of such obliquity, and made up her mind that if this happy impression, quenched in the spoils of Poynton, should revive on the spot, she would utter it to her companion without reserve. Yes, she was capable of as much "action" as that: all the more that the spirit of her hostess seemed, for the time at least, wholly to have failed. Mrs. Gereth's three minutes with Owen had been a blow to all talk of travel, and after her woeful hour at Maggie's she had, like some great, moaning, wounded bird, made her way, with wings of anguish, back to the nest she knew she should find empty. Fleda, on that dire day, could neither keep her nor give her up; she had pressingly offered to return with her, but Mrs. Gereth, in spite of the theory that their common grief was a bond, had even declined all escort to the station, conscious, apparently, of something abject in her collapse, and almost fiercely eager, as with a personal shame, to be unwatched. All she had said to Fleda was that she would go back to Ricks that night, and the girl had lived for days after with a dreadful image of her position and her misery there. She had had a vision of her now lying prone on some unmade bed, now pacing a bare floor like a lioness deprived of her cubs. There had been moments when her mind's ear was strained to listen for some sound of grief wild enough to be wafted from afar. But the first sound, at the end of a week,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had been a note announcing, without reflections, that the plan of going abroad had been abandoned. "It has come to me indirectly, but with much appearance of truth, that *they* are going, — for an indefinite time. That quite settles it; I shall stay where I am, and as soon as I've turned round again I shall look for you." The second letter had come a week later, and on the 15th Fleda was on her way to Ricks.

Her arrival took the form of a surprise very nearly as violent as that of the other time. The elements were different, but the effect, like the other, arrested her on the threshold: she stood there stupefied and delighted at the magic of a passion of which such a picture represented the low-water mark. Wound up but sincere, and passing quickly from room to room, Fleda broke out before she even sat down. "If you turn me out of the house for it, my dear, there is n't a woman in England for whom it would n't be a privilege to live here." Mrs. Gereth was as honestly bewildered as she had of old been falsely calm. She looked about at the few sticks that, as she afterwards phrased it, she had gathered in, and then hard at her guest, as if to protect herself against a joke sufficiently cruel. The girl's heart gave a leap, for this stare was the sign of an opportunity. Mrs. Gereth was all unwitting; she did n't in the least know what she had done, and as Fleda could tell her Fleda suddenly became the one who knew most. That counted for the moment as a magnificent position; it almost made all the difference. Yet what contradicted it was the vivid presence of the artist's idea. "Where on earth did you put your hand on such beautiful things?"

"Beautiful things?" Mrs. Gereth turned again to the little, worn, bleached stuffs and the sweet spindle-legs. "They 're the wretched things that were here — that stupid, starved old woman's."

"The maiden aunt's, the nicest, the dearest old woman that ever lived? I thought you had got rid of the maiden aunt."

"She was stored in an empty barn, — stuck away for a sale; a matter that, fortunately, I 've had neither time nor freedom of mind to arrange. I 've simply, in my extremity, fished her out again."

"You 've simply, in your extremity, made a delight of her." Fleda took the highest line and the upper hand, and as Mrs. Gereth, challenging her cheerfulness, turned again a lustreless eye over the contents of the place, the girl broke into a rapture that was unforced, but that she was conscious of an advantage in being able to feel. She moved, as she had done on the previous occasion, from one piece to another, with looks of recognition and hands that lightly lingered, but she was as feverishly jubilant now as she had formerly been anxious and mute. "Ah, the little melancholy, tender, telltale things: how can they *not* speak to you and find a way to your heart? It's not the great chorus of Poynton; but you 're not, I 'm sure, either so proud or so broken as to be reached by nothing but that. This is a voice so gentle, so human, so feminine, — a faint, far-away voice with the little quaver of a heartbreak. You 've listened to it unawares; for the arrangement and effect of everything — when I compare them with what we found the first day we came down — shows, even if mechanically and disdainfully exercised, your admirable, infallible hand. It's your extraordinary genius; you make things 'compose' in spite of yourself. You 've only to be a day or two in a place with four sticks for something to come of it!"

"Then if anything has come of it here, it has come precisely of just four. That's literally, by the inventory, all there are!" said Mrs. Gereth.

"If there were more, there would be too many to convey the impression in which half the beauty resides, — the impression, somehow, of something dreamed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and missed, something reduced, relinquished, resigned: the poetry, as it were, of something sensibly *gone.*" Fleda ingeniously and triumphantly worked it out. "Ah, there 's something here that will never be in the inventory!"

"Does it happen to be in your power to give it a name?" Mrs. Gereth's face showed the dim dawn of an amusement at finding herself seated at the feet of her pupil.

"I can give it a dozen. It 's a kind of fourth dimension. It 's a presence, a perfume, a touch. It 's a soul, a story, a life. There 's ever so much more here than you and I. We 're in fact just three!"

"Oh, if you count the ghosts!"

"Of course I count the ghosts. It seems to me ghosts count double, — for what they were and for what they are. Somehow there were no ghosts at Poynton," Fleda went on. "That was the only fault."

Mrs. Gereth, considering, appeared to fall in with the girl's fine humor. "Poynton was too splendidly happy."

"Poynton was too splendidly happy," Fleda promptly echoed.

"But it 's cured of that now," her companion added.

"Yes, henceforth there 'll be a ghost or two."

Mrs. Gereth thought again: she found her young friend suggestive. "Only *she* won't see them."

"No, 'she' won't see them." Then Fleda said, "What I mean is, for this dear one of ours, that if she had (as I *know* she had; it 's in the very taste of the air!) a great accepted pain" —

She had paused an instant, and Mrs. Gereth took her up. "Well, if she had?"

Fleda still hesitated. "Why, it was worse than yours."

Mrs. Gereth reflected. "Very likely." Then she too hesitated. "The question is if it was worse than yours."

"Mine?" Fleda looked vague.

"Precisely. Yours."

At this our young lady smiled. "Yes, because it was a disappointment. She had been so sure."

"I see. And you were never sure."

"Never. Besides, I 'm happy," said Fleda.

Mrs. Gereth met her eyes awhile. "Goose!" she quietly remarked as she turned away. There was a curtness in it; nevertheless it represented a considerable part of the basis of their new life. On the 18th The Morning Post had at last its clear message, a brief account of the marriage, from the residence of the bride's mother, of Mr. Owen Gereth of Poynton Park to Miss Mona Brigstock of Waterbath. There were two ecclesiastics and six bridesmaids and, as Mrs. Gereth subsequently said, a hundred frumps, as well as a special train from town: the scale of the affair sufficiently showed that the preparations had been complete for weeks. The happy pair were described as having taken their departure for Mr. Gereth's own seat, famous for its unique collection of artistic curiosities. The newspapers and letters, the fruits of the first London post, had been brought to the mistress of Ricks in the garden; and she lingered there alone a long time after receiving them. Fleda kept at a distance; she knew what must have happened, for from one of the windows she saw Mrs. Gereth rigid in a chair, her eyes strange and fixed, the newspaper open on the ground and the letters untouched in her lap. Before the morning's end she had disappeared, and the rest of that day she remained in her room: it recalled to Fleda, who had picked up the newspaper, the day, months before, on which Owen had come down to Poynton to make his engagement known. The hush of the house was at least the same, and the girl's own waiting, her soft wandering, through the hours; there was a difference indeed sufficiently great, of which her companion's absence might in some degree have represented a considerate recognition.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That was at any rate the meaning Fleda, devoutly glad to be alone, attached to her opportunity. Mrs. Gereth's sole allusion, the next day, to the subject of their thoughts, has already been mentioned: it was a dazzled glance at the fact that Mona's quiet pace had really never slackened.

Fleda fully assented. "I said of our disembodied friend here that she had suffered in proportion as she had been sure. But that 's not always a source of suffering. It 's Mona who must have been sure!"

"She was sure of *you!*" Mrs. Gereth returned. But this did n't diminish the satisfaction taken by Fleda in showing how serenely and lucidly she could talk.

XXII.

Her relation with her wonderful friend had, however, in becoming a new one, begun to shape itself almost wholly on breaches and omissions. Something had dropped out altogether, and the question between them, which time would answer, was whether the change had made them strangers or yokefellows. It was as if at last, for better or worse, they were, in a clearer, cruder air, really to know each other. Fleda wondered how Mrs. Gereth had escaped hating her: there were hours when it seemed that such a feat might leave after all a scant margin for future accidents. The thing indeed that now came out in its simplicity was that even in her shrunken state the lady of Ricks was larger than her wrongs. As for the girl herself, she had made up her mind that her feelings had no connection with the case. It was her pretension that they had never yet emerged from the seclusion into which, after her friend's visit to her at her sister's, we saw them precipitately retire: if she should suddenly meet them, in straggling procession, on the road, it would be time enough to deal with them. They were all bundled there together, likes with dislikes and memories with fears; and she had for not thinking of them the excellent reason that she was too occupied with the actual. The actual was not that Owen Gereth had seen his necessity where she had pointed it out; it was that his mother's bare spaces demanded all the tapestry that the recipient of her bounty could furnish. There were moments during the month that followed when Mrs. Gereth struck her as still older and feebler, and as likely to become quite easily amused.

At the end of it, one day, the London paper had another piece of news: "Mr. and Mrs. Owen Gereth, who arrived in town last week, proceed this morning to Paris." The ladies exchanged no word about it till the evening, and none indeed would then have been uttered had not Mrs. Gereth irrelevantly broken out: "I dare say you wonder why I declared the other day with such assurance that he would n't live with her. He apparently *is* living with her."

"Surely it 's the only proper thing for him to do."

"They 're beyond me, — I give it up," said Mrs. Gereth.

"*I* don't give it up, — I never did," Fleda returned.

"Then what do you make of his aversion to her?"

"Oh, she has dispelled it."

Mrs. Gereth said nothing for a minute. "You 're prodigious in your choice of terms!" she then simply ejaculated.

But Fleda went luminously on; she once more enjoyed her great command of her subject: "I think that when you came to see me at Maggie's you saw too many things, you had too many ideas."

"You had none," said Mrs. Gereth: "you were completely bewildered."

"Yes, I did n't quite understand — but I think I understand now. The case is simple and logical enough. She 's a person who 's upset by failure, and who blooms and expands with success. There

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was something she had set her heart upon, set her teeth about, — the house exactly as she had seen it."

"She never saw it at all, she never looked at it!" cried Mrs. Gereth.

"She does n't look with her eyes; she looks with her ears. In her own way she had taken it in; she knew, she felt when it had been touched. That probably made her take an attitude that was extremely disagreeable. But the attitude lasted only while the reason for it lasted."

"Go on, — I can bear it now," said Mrs. Gereth. Her companion had just perceptibly paused.

"I know you can, or I should n't dream of speaking. When the pressure was removed she came up again. From the moment the house was once more what it had to be, her natural charm reasserted itself."

"Her natural charm!" Mrs. Gereth could barely articulate.

"It 's very great; everybody thinks so; there must be something in it. It operated as it had operated before. There 's no need of imagining anything very monstrous. Her restored good humor, her splendid beauty, and Mr. Owen's impressibility and generosity sufficiently cover the ground. His great bright sun came out!"

"And his great bright passion for another person went in. Your explanation would doubtless be perfection if he did n't love you."

Fleda was silent a little. "What do you know about his loving me?"

"I know what Mrs. Brigstock herself told me."

"You never in your life took her word for any other matter."

"Then won't yours do?" Mrs. Gereth demanded. "Have n't I had it from your own mouth that he cares for you?"

Fleda turned pale, but she faced her companion and smiled. "You confound, Mrs. Gereth, you mix things up. You 've only had it from my own mouth that I care for *him!*"

It was doubtless in contradictious allusion to this (which at the time had made her simply drop her head as in a strange, vain reverie) that Mrs. Gereth, a day or two later, said to Fleda, "Don't think I shall be a bit affected if I 'm here to see it when he comes again to make up to you."

"He won't do that," the girl replied. Then she added, smiling, "But if he should be guilty of such bad taste, it would n't be nice of you not to be disgusted."

"I 'm not talking of disgust; I 'm talking of its opposite," said Mrs. Gereth.

"Of its opposite?"

"Why, of any reviving pleasure that one might feel in such an exhibition. I shall feel none at all. You may personally take it as you like; but what conceivable good will it do?"

Fleda wondered. "To me, do you mean?"

"Deuce take you, no! To what we don't, you know, by your wish, ever talk about."

"The old things?" Fleda considered again. "It will do no good of any sort to anything or any one. That 's another question I would rather we should n't discuss, please," she gently added.

Mrs. Gereth shrugged her shoulders. "It certainly is n't worth it!"

Something in her manner prompted her companion, with a certain inconsequence, to speak again. "That was partly why I came back to you, you know, — that there should be the less possibility of anything painful."

"Painful?" Mrs. Gereth stared. "What pain can I ever feel again?"

"I meant painful to myself," Fleda explained with a slight impatience.

"Oh, I see." Her friend was silent a minute. "You use sometimes such odd expressions. Well, I shall last a little, but I shan't last forever."

"You 'll last quite as long" — Here Fleda suddenly hesitated.

Mrs. Gereth took her up with a cold

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

smile that seemed the warning of experience against hyperbole. "As long as what, please?"

The girl thought an instant; then met the difficulty by adopting, as an amendment, the same tone. "As any danger of the ridiculous."

That did for the time, and she had, moreover, as the months went on, the protection of suspended allusions. This protection was marked when, in the following November, she received a letter directed in a hand at which a quick glance sufficed to make her hesitate to open it. She said nothing, then or afterwards; but she opened it, for reasons that had come to her, on the morrow. It consisted of a page and a half from Owen Gereth, dated from Florence, but with no other preliminary. She knew that during the summer he had returned to England with his wife, and that after a couple of months they had again gone abroad. She also knew, without communication, that Mrs. Gereth, round whom Ricks had grown submissively and indescribably sweet, had her own interpretation of her daughter-in-law's share in this second migration. It was a piece of calculated insolence, — a stroke odiously directed at showing whom it might concern that now she had Poynton fast she was perfectly indifferent to living there. The Morning Post, at Ricks, had again been a resource: it was stated in that journal that Mr. and Mrs. Owen Gereth proposed to spend the winter in India. There was a person to whom it was clear that she led her wretched husband by the nose. Such was the light in which contemporary history was offered to Fleda until, in her own room, late at night, she broke the seal of her letter.

"I want you, inexpressibly, to have, as a remembrance, something of mine, — something of real value. Something from Poynton is what I mean and what I should prefer. You know everything there, and far better than I what 's best and what is n't. There are a lot of differences, but are n't some of the smaller things the most remarkable? I mean for judges, and for what they 'd bring. What I want you to take from me, and to choose for yourself, is the thing in the whole house that 's most beautiful and precious. I mean the 'gem of the collection,' don't you know? If it happens to be of such a sort that you can take immediate possession of it, — carry it right away with you, — so much the better. You 're to have it on the spot, whatever it is. I humbly beg of you to go down there and see. The people have complete instructions: they 'll act for you in every possible way and put the whole place at your service. There 's a thing mamma used to call the Maltese cross, and that I think I've heard her say is very wonderful. Is *that* the gem of the collection? Perhaps you would take it, or anything equally convenient. Only I do want you awfully to let it be the very pick of the place. Let me feel that I can trust you for this. You won't refuse if you will think a little what it must be that makes me ask."

Fleda read that last sentence over more times even than the rest; she was baffled, — she could n't think at all of what it might be. This was indeed because it might be one of so many things. She made for the present no answer; she merely, little by little, fashioned for herself the form that her answer should eventually wear. There was only one form that was possible, — the form of doing, at her time, what he wished. She would go down to Poynton as a pilgrim might go to a shrine, and as to this she must look out for her chance. She lived with her letter, before any chance came, a month, and even after a month it had mysteries for her that she could n't meet. What did it mean, what did it represent, to what did it correspond in his imagination or his soul? What was behind it, what was beyond it, what was, in the deepest depth, within it? She said to herself that with these questions

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

she was under no obligation to deal. There was an explanation of them that, for practical purposes, would do as well as another: he had found in his marriage a happiness so much greater than, in the distress of his dilemma, he had been able to take heart to believe, that he now felt he owed her a token of gratitude for having kept him in the straight path. That explanation, I say, she could throw off; but no explanation in the least mattered: what determined her was the simple strength of her impulse to respond. The passion for which what had happened had made no difference, the passion that had taken this into account before as well as after, found here an issue that there was nothing whatever to choke. It found even a relief to which her imagination immensely contributed. Would she act upon his offer? She would act with secret rapture. To have as her own something splendid that he had given her, of which the gift had been his signed desire, would be a greater joy than the greatest she had supposed to be left to her, and she felt that till the sense of this came home she had even herself not known what burned in her successful stillness. It was an hour to dream of and watch for; to be patient was to draw out the sweetness. She was capable of feeling it as an hour of triumph, the triumph of everything in her recent life that had not held up its head. She moved there in thought, — in the great rooms she knew; she should be able to say to herself that, for once at least, her possession was as complete as that of either of the others whom it had filled only with bitterness. And a thousand times yes, — her choice should know no scruple; the thing she should go down to take would be up to the height of her privilege. The whole place was in her eyes, and she spent for weeks her private hours in a luxury of comparison and debate. It should be one of the smallest things, because it should be one she could have close to her; and it should be one of the finest, because it was in the finest he saw his symbol. She said to herself that of what it would symbolize she was content to know nothing more than just what her having it would tell her. At bottom she inclined to the Maltese cross — with the added reason that he had named it. But she would look again and judge afresh; she would on the spot so handle and ponder that there should n't be the shade of a mistake.

Before Christmas she had a natural opportunity to go to London; there was her periodical call upon her father to pay, as well as a promise to Maggie to redeem. She spent her first night in West Kensington, with the idea of carrying out on the morrow the purpose that had most of a motive. Her father's affection was not inquisitive, but when she mentioned to him that she had business in the country that would oblige her to catch an early train, he deprecated her excursion in view of the menace of the weather. It was spoiling for a storm; all the signs of a winter gale were in the air. She replied that she would see what the morning might bring; and it brought, in fact, what seemed in London an amendment. She was to go to Maggie the next day, and now that she had started her eagerness had become suddenly a pain. She pictured her return that evening with her trophy under her cloak; so that after looking, from the doorstep, up and down the dark street, she decided, with a new nervousness, and sallied forth to the nearest place of access to the "Underground." The December dawn was dolorous, but there was neither rain nor snow; it was not even cold, and the atmosphere of West Kensington, purified by the wind, was like a dirty old coat that had been bettered by a dirty brush. At the end of almost an hour, in the larger station, she had taken her place in a third-class compartment; the prospect before her was the run of eighty minutes to Poynton. The train

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was a fast one, and she was familiar with the moderate measure of the walk to the park from the spot at which it would drop her.

Once in the country, indeed, she saw that her father was right: the breath of December was abroad with a force from which the London labyrinth had protected her. The green fields were black, the sky was all alive with the wind; she had, in her anxious sense of the elements, her wonder at what might happen, a reminder of the surmises, in the old days of going to the Continent, that used to worry her on the way, at night, to the horrid cheap crossings by long sea. Something, in a dire degree, at this last hour, had begun to press on her heart: it was the sudden imagination of a disaster, or at least of a check, before her errand should be achieved. When she said to herself that something might happen, she wanted to go faster than the train. But nothing could happen save a dismayed discovery that, by some altogether unlikely chance, the master and mistress of the house had already come back. In that case she must have had a warning, and the fear was but the excess of her hope. It was every one's being exactly where every one was that lent the quality to her visit. Beyond lands and seas and alienated forever, they in their different ways gave her the impression to take as she had never taken it. At last it was already there, though the darkness of the day had deepened; they had whizzed past Chater, — Chater which was the station before the right one. Off in that quarter was an air of wild rain, but there shimmered straight across it a brightness that was the color of the great interior she had been haunting. That vision settled before her, — in the house the house was all; and as the train drew up she rose, in her mean compartment, quite proudly erect with the thought that all for Fleda Vetch, then, the house was standing there.

But with the opening of the door she encountered a shock, though for an instant she could n't have named it; the next moment she saw that it was given her by the face of the man advancing to let her out, an old lame porter of the station, who had been there in Mrs. Gereth's time and who now recognized her. He looked up at her so hard that she took an alarm, and before alighting broke out to him, "They 've come back?" She had a confused, absurd sense that even he would know that in this case she must n't be there. He hesitated, and in the few seconds her alarm had completely changed its ground: it seemed to leap, with her quick jump from the carriage, to the ground that was that of his stare at her. "Smoke?" She was on the platform with her frightened sniff: it had taken her a minute to become aware of an extraordinary smell. The air was full of it, and there were already heads at the window of the train, looking out at something that she could n't see. Some one, the only other passenger, had got out of another carriage, and the old porter hobbled off to close his door. The smoke was in her eyes, but she saw the station-master, from the end of the platform, recognize her, too, and come straight to her. He brought her a finer shade of surprise than the porter, and while he was coming she heard a voice at a window of the train say that something was "a good bit off, — a mile from the town." That was just what Poynton was. Then her heart stood still at the white wonder in the station-master's face.

"You 've come down to it, miss, already?"

At this she knew. "Poynton 's on fire?"

"Gone, miss, — with this awful gale. You were n't wired? Look out!" he cried in the next breath, seizing her; the train was going on, and she had given a lurch that almost made it catch her as it passed. When it had drawn away she became more conscious of the pervading

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

smoke, which the wind seemed to hurl in her face.

"*Gone?*" She was in the man's hands; she clung to him.

"Burning still, miss. Ain't it quite too dreadful? Took early this morning, — the whole place is up there."

In her bewildered horror she tried to think. "Have they come back?"

"Back? They 'll be there all day!"

"Not Mr. Gereth, I mean — nor his wife?"

"Nor his mother, miss, — not a soul of *them* back. A pack o' servants in charge, — not the old lady's lot, eh? A nice job for care-takers! Some rotten chimley or one of them portable lamps set down in the wrong place. What has done it is this cruel, cruel night." Then as a great wave of smoke half choked them, he drew her with force to the little waiting-room. "Awkward for you, miss, — I see!"

She felt sick; she sank upon a seat, staring up at him. "Do you mean that great house is *lost?*"

"It was near it, I was told, an hour ago, — the fury of the flames had got such a start. I was there myself at six, the very first I heard of it. They were fighting it then, but you could n't quite say they had got it down."

Fleda jerked herself up. "Were they saving the things?"

"That 's just where it was, miss, — to get *at* the blessed things. And the want of right help — it maddened me to stand and see 'em muff it. This ain't a place like, for anything organized. They don't come up to a *real* emergency."

She passed out of the door that opened toward the village and met a great acrid gust. She heard a far-off windy roar, which, in her dismay, she took for that of flames a mile away, and which, the first instant, acted upon her as a wild solicitation. "I must go there." She had scarcely spoken before the same omen had changed into an appalling check.

Her vivid friend, moreover, had got before her; he clearly suffered from the nature of the control he had to exercise. "Don't do that, miss — you won't care for it at all." Then as she waveringly stood her ground, "It 's not a place for a young lady, nor, if you 'll believe me, a sight for them as are in any way affected."

Fleda by this time knew in what way she was affected: she became limp and weak again; she felt herself give everything up. Mixed with the horror, with the kindness of the station-master, with the smell of cinders and the riot of sound, was the raw bitterness of a hope that she might never again in life have to give up so much at such short notice. She heard herself repeat mechanically, yet as if asking it for the first time, "Poynton 's *gone?*"

The man hesitated. "What can you call it, miss, if it ain't really saved?"

A minute later she had returned with him to the waiting-room, where, in the thick swim of things, she saw something like the disk of a clock. "Is there an up-train?" she asked.

"In seven minutes."

She came out on the platform: everywhere she met the smoke. She covered her face with her hands. "I 'll go back."

Henry James.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FATE OF THE COLISEUM.

ONE of the most popular sayings about the destruction of the Coliseum implies that the Barberini were nothing more or less than barbarians. But the proverb is not true. The Barberini and their Pope, Urban VIII., were guilty, without question, of many spoliations. They stripped the portico of the Pantheon of its beautiful roof of gilt bronze; they ruined with their "restorations" the temple of Romulus and many other noble buildings; but they did not lay their hands upon the Coliseum. At least no evidence has been found of their guilt. Why, by whom, under what circumstances, and when the great Flavian amphitheatre was reduced to its present state are queries to which the proper answer has not yet been given. Some documents which I have found lately in our archives throw considerable light on the subject, and prove, much to our comfort, that the Romans of the Middle Ages and of the Renaissance took advantage of the downfall of the giant, but that they are not responsible for it.

The first destructive occurrences to be recorded are the earthquakes of 429 and 443 A. D. Their violence is attested by Paul the Deacon and by the Chronicle of Horosius, who describe them as "terrible" events, having caused the collapse of many temples, public edifices, porticos, and statues. The walls supporting the arena of the amphitheatre gave way, and brought down in their collapse some of the steps of the spectators' seats. The damages were negligently repaired soon afterward by Rufius Cæcina Felix Lampadius, prefect of the city. The inscription which mentions these repairs was discovered by Fea in 1813 in the vestibule facing the temple of Venus and Rome, and tells in itself a long tale of disasters, having been employed three times for three various uses: first, as the jamb of a triumphal arch; secondly, as a pedestal to a group or to an equestrian statue, with an inscription in letters of gilded metal; and lastly, to commemorate the work of Lampadius. The first earthquake caused the choking up of the drains, and as the Coliseum stands at the bottom of a basin particularly rich in springs, the substructures were flooded to the height of six feet. Flavius Paulus, prefect of the city in 438, gave an outlet to the flood and repaired the sewers.

We have no detailed account of the injuries caused by the earthquakes of May 26, 492, October 9, 501, and Easter Day, April 14, 502. The damages of the last were repaired by Decius Marius Venantius Basilius on the occasion of the great games celebrated by Eutarichus Cillica, son-in-law of King Theodoric, and consul in 519. The walls of the arena, laid bare in the excavations of 1874–75, are the work of Basilius. The games of Cillica, for which wild beasts unknown to the living generation of Romans had been imported from Africa, and those of Amicius Maximus, 523 A. D., were the last exhibited in the amphitheatre. The bones of the animals killed at these games were discovered by us in clearing the substructure in 1875.

The Coliseum was made to stand forever. If we gaze at it from the east side, where it appears still intact, we are forced to exclude the possibility of a spontaneous collapse of such a substantial structure. Yet the repeated concussions of the earth in the fifth century may have caused a crack or rent like the one which cuts the Pantheon on the side of the Via della Palombella. If such an accident occurred in the Pantheon in a solid wall fifteen feet thick, built by so experienced an architect as Hadrian, it is even more likely to have happened in the Coliseum, the outer belt of which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is of stones without cement, and pierced by three rows of arcades and one row of windows. The equilibrium once destroyed, the results are obvious, especially if we remember how quickly arborescent plants and trees take root and prosper in the dry soil of an abandoned building. The stones on the edges of the crack must have been lifted or wrenched from their sockets by the roots wedging themselves into the joints and acting as levers. Readers familiar with the vignettes of the Coliseum of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries will remember how exactly they represent this process of disintegration of the edges, stone by stone. When Pius VII. determined to build the great buttress to support the edge of the outer belt on the side of the Via di S. Giovanni in Laterano, he was obliged to employ convicts serving for life, promising them a reduction in the term of imprisonment if they succeeded in propping it up. The danger was such that the forest of timber used in the scaffolding could not be removed while the masons were progressing with their work, but had to be left imbedded in the thickness of the supporting walls.

The disappearance of the western half of the Coliseum, on the side of the Cælian, cannot, however, be attributed to such a slow process of disintegration and to the action of roots alone. The collapse was a sudden and unexpected event, the date of which has yet to be determined. It produced a great hill of loose material, the *coxa* (or *coscia*) *Colixei*, which fed Roman lime-kilns, and has supplied travertine for Roman palaces and churches from the fourteenth century to the present age. When did the event happen?

There is no doubt that the structure was nearly intact in the eighth century, when Bede wrote his well-known proverb: "Quamdiu stabit Coliseus stabit et Roma; quando cadet Coliseus cadet et Roma." (As long as the Coliseum stands, so long will Rome stand; when the Coliseum falls, Rome also will fall.) But we can bring the date of the catastrophe much nearer to our own times. In a fragment of a mediæval diary, the authorship of which is generally attributed to Ludovico Bonconte Monaldeschi da Orvieto, there is a description of a great bull-fight given in the Coliseum on the third day of September, 1332. It appears that the arena was still free from any accumulation of soil, although the marble seats and the marble decorations had already been taken away. The seats were replaced, therefore, by wooden balconies and steps covered with red cloth. Monaldeschi's account of this last exhibition of athletic sports, of this ephemeral revival of classic games the last of which had taken place eight hundred and nine years before, is so graphic and so full of details characteristic of the age that it may please the reader to know somewhat of them.

The seats had been divided into four sections. The first section was occupied by the noble ladies of the Ponte and Parione, led by the beautiful Savella Orsina; by those of Trastevere, led by Tacopella de Vico; and by those of the Monti and Campitelli, led by two of the Colonnas. The noblemen sat in the next compartment. Women and men of the middle and lower classes occupied the third and fourth sections. The brave young men, the pick of Roman and Italian aristocracy, who were to confront the wild bulls were remarkable for the variety of the colors they wore and for the mottoes engraved on their helmets. The gallant band of youths was not very successful on that day. When the fight came to an end for want of more champions, eighteen of them were lying dead in the arena and eleven were dangerously wounded, while only eleven bulls had been killed. The dead heroes were carried off in a triumphal procession to St. John the Lateran, followed by the whole crowd of spectators. The bloody annals of the amphitheatre could not have had a more appropriate end.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

While in 1332 the Coliseum lent itself in its entirety to the celebration of games, in 1361 we already find the citizens, the Pope's legate, and the Frangipani quarreling among themselves about the spoils of the ruined building, namely, a regular *mise en exploitation* of the quarry of stones which had fallen by thousands on the side of the Cælian Hill. Now, is there any event recorded in the history of Rome between 1332 and 1361 to which the downfall of the western belt of arcades may be attributed? It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that between those dates the city was shaken to its very foundations by the earthquake of September 9, 1349, which we call *terremoto del Petrarca*, because it has been particularly described by Petrarch.

I do not think it possible to find in the chronicles of other nations such scenes of horror as Rome and Italy witnessed in 1348 and 1349. The peaceful rule of Cola di Rienzo had been succeeded by the bloody reaction of Annibaldo dei Conti di Ceccano, when the "black pestilence," imported by Genoese ships, broke out in the autumn of 1347. Boccaccio in the preface to the Decameron, and the Chronist of Siena in the annals of Muratori, have left accounts of its ravages. More than eighty thousand people died in Siena and its suburbs; five hundred deaths a day were registered at Pisa; three fifths of the population were carried off in Florence, two fifths at Bologna; at Nettuno, a village on the Roman coast, the survivors would meet and banquet together every day at noon in the public piazza, and wait for their turn, until one family alone was left to tell the tale. The Chronist of Siena buried five of his children with his own hands. In Rome we have two monuments, or records, of the black pestilence: the steps of the Aracœli, built October, 1348, to make easier to the crowds of penitents the ascent to the church; and the image of the Blessed Virgin in the same place, to whom the cessation of the plague was devoutly attributed. The pestilence was closely followed by the earthquake which ruined Naples, Aversa, Monte Cassino, Aquila, Sora, and caused, in Rome, the downfall of all pagan and Christian edifices already undermined by age and neglect. Petrarch calls it the worst experienced in Italy for the space of two thousand years, and describes the ruins of the great antique monuments of the upper half of the Torre de' Conti, erected by Innocent III. in 1203, of the belfry and porticos of S. Paolo fuori le Mura, of the roof of St. John the Lateran, and of parts of St. Peter's.

No special mention is made by Petrarch of the Coliseum nor of the basilica of Constantine, although we are sure of the collapse of the latter building on the day of the earthquake. We can trace, however, exactly the extent of the damages caused to the amphitheatre by a set of coats of arms of the S. P. Q. R. and of the Company of the Saviour ad Sancta Sanctorum, which were painted in 1386 on the edge of the ruins left standing by the earthquake. The belt of arcades overthrown began approximately at No. XIX., near the south vestibule, and ended with No. LVIII., in the opposite direction. Altogether three tiers of arches of thirty-nine each and one tier of windows fell to the ground, and formed an irregular chain of stony hills on half the circuit of the Coliseum. This is the coxa, so often mentioned in contemporary documents as the main quarry of travertine in mediæval and Renaissance Rome. The fate of the standing portion is not less remarkable; it has been used wholly or partially, or destined so to be used, for a hospital, for a manufactory of woolen goods, for periodical religious shows, for a glue-factory, for a hay-farm, for the preparation of saltpetre, and for the abode of hermits, outlaws, and witches.

The coats of arms painted by the Company of the Saviour ad Sancta Sanc-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

torum in 1386 have disappeared, but on the piers Nos. XXV. and XXXIV. of the first corridor are still engraved the names of Paolo de Vecchi and Paolo Palonio, the guardians of the Company for 1540. The corridors being unfit for use as a hospital even in those barbarous days, a new ward was built near and outside the amphitheatre, as an annex to the church of S. Giacomo del Colosseo. The foundations of the church, demolished in 1815, were laid bare in the spring of last year, together with hundreds of graves, forming the cemetery of the hospital. While these things were passing in one part of the ruins, the coxa was attacked by lime-burners and stone-cutters, urged by the Pope's legate, and by the Camerlengo, who had a share of thirty-three per cent in the profits. The legate of Urban V. complains to his master of having found no purchasers of stones in 1362 except the Frangipani, then engaged in repairing their stronghold on the Palatine. Poggio Fiorentino says that the mounds of stones had nearly disappeared at the time of Nicholas V., 1449–55; yet a document published by Eugène Müntz in the Revue Archéologique, September, 1876, proves that in 1452 one contractor alone was able to remove from the Coliseum twenty-five hundred and twenty-two carloads of travertine. Pope Eugene IV., 1431–47, had endeavored to stop the evil practice. In a brief dated Florence, 1438, which I have lately found in the Vatican archives, he says to his representatives in Rome: "We have heard with deep regret that some one amongst you has given permission to a contractor to pull down part of the Coliseum for the restoration of some private houses. We need not remind you that such destructions of antique remains lessen the estimation of Rome in the opinion of the world. We order you, therefore, if you wish to escape our wrath, to revoke at once the license, if already granted, and to see that no stone of the Coliseum, however insignificant, or of any other ancient monument, shall be touched. Excavations in quest of building materials should be allowed only where there are no ruins above ground, at a considerable distance from the Coliseum and other such edifices." To join action to words, the good Pope inclosed the Coliseum with a wall, and gave the custody of it to the monks of Sta. Maria Nuova; but the Romans claimed their rights of possession, and after the death of Eugene they destroyed the inclosing walls.

The unfortunate ruins were thus left to the mercy of three masters whose respective rights were rather undefined, — the S. P. Q. R., the Company of the Saviour ad Sancta Sanctorum, and the Popes. Sometimes they followed an independent line of conduct; sometimes they acted together in favor of or against the interest of the place.

Early in the sixteenth century the celebration of the Passion Play was transferred from the so-called houses of Caiaphas and Pilate, and from the Monte Testaccio, to the Coliseum, and a remarkable map of Jerusalem was painted over the arch of the northern vestibule, where it is still to be seen in good condition. The surroundings of the play were certainly more picturesque than are those at Oberammergau, but the fact that the ruins had been consecrated did not prevent the lowest classes of city vagabonds and outlaws from considering them always as their headquarters, and as the safest and best place of concealment. Witches and sorcerers met under its arcades for their night revelings, as described by Benvenuto Cellini in his Autobiography (1532).

In 1574, the year before the jubilee of Gregory XIII., the Coliseum ran a great danger. The Pope was bringing a strong pressure to bear on the representatives of the city for the restoration of the Pons Æmilius, which had been overthrown by the inundation of 1557. There being no money in the pontifical

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or municipal chest for the purchase of the travertines required, the eyes of the city magistrates fell on the Coliseum, the nearest and cheapest quarry of all. The proposal was made in the sitting of the town council of October 15, 1574; but the order of the day accepted by the council was couched in such terms as to save the amphitheatre from further destruction: "Agreed by unanimous vote that the marbles and travertines required for the restoration of the Ponte di S. Maria shall be taken from the ruins of Domitian's amphitheatre, provided they lie loose on the ground, and are not attached to any standing part of the edifice; the search for materials, in this or in any other ancient ruin, to be carried on under the supervision and responsibility of Matteo da Castello, the architect of the bridge; the statues and objects of value which may eventually be discovered in the course of the excavations to be the property of the S. P. Q. R."

Not less was the risk incurred by the Coliseum in the last year of the iron rule of Sixtus V. (1589). Domenico Fontana had planned the transformation of the edifice into a factory for woolen goods. His project included the reconstruction, more or less complete, of the fallen parts, leaving four entrances only, which would give access to the upper corridors by means of four great flights of steps. The centre of the arena was to be transformed into a tank for the supply of the works; the looms were to occupy the first corridor, while the upper ones would contain the bedrooms of the workmen. This monstrous conception was actually approved by the old Pontiff, and the work was begun. His death came in time, however, to stop the enterprise before any very great damage was done.

The Company of Sancta Sanctorum, in the mean time, was endeavoring to reap some benefit from the portion of the ruins upon which it had a claim; and if the Pope himself had thought it expedient to lend the Coliseum to the production of woolen goods, why should not the Company try its luck at some kindred enterprise? Its section was accordingly let, in 1594, to a company for the manufacture of a kind of glue obtained from the skins and tendons of animals, — an industry which at the present day is prohibited within a certain distance of the city walls, on account of the unbearable emanations. The S. P. Q. R. was informed of the transaction on March 21. The makers of glue were put under arrest, and the Company was deprived of its rights. The terms of the lease were found to be one pound of wax a year!

The offense, however, was apparently soon forgotten; I have found the text of a contract signed on June 28, 1604, between the Company of Sancta Sanctorum and the S. P. Q. R., to the following effect: The S. P. Q. R. gives its consent to the destruction of the Arco di Basile, a stone viaduct in front of the hospital of the Company of St. John the Lateran, and the Company offers in exchange to the S. P. Q. R. a certain quantity of the travertines of the Coliseum, to be employed in the building of the Museo Capitolino.

The scruples about using the spoils of the amphitheatre once thrown away, the municipality of Rome laid hands on the quarry repeatedly in the course of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In March, 1697, on the occasion of a contract for the reconstruction of the road which descended from the Campo Vaccino to the Palazzo del Senatore on the Capitol, the condition was imposed upon the contractor "that the roadway should be paved with chips from the travertines of the Coliseum, which lay scattered on the floor." Perhaps they were the stones the fall of which is described in the diary of Giacinto Gigli in the following words: "In the night between May 21 and 22, 1644, three arches and portions of a fourth fell in the Coliseum."

At the end of the seventeenth cen-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tury the supply appears to have been exhausted, but another of those earthquakes so often mentioned in the history of the place caused the quarry to be filled up with fresh materials. On Friday, February 2, 1703, while Pope Clement XI. was celebrating the Vespers of the Purification, and just pronouncing the words *ut nullis nos permittas perturbationibus concuti*, the earth shook violently three times, putting the congregation to flight. Francesco Valesio relates in his diary that he happened to be crossing the Piazza Navona when the first shock was felt; he saw the water rush out of the basin of the Fontana del Nettuno, and the belfry of S. Agostino and Bernini's obelisk vibrate in the air, and he heard soon after that "three arches of the second belt of the Coliseum on the side of the Cælian had collapsed, burying under the ruins a poor man from Cascia who happened to be passing there."

The diary of Valesio gives this curious piece of information about the earthquake. On the Saturday that followed it, about eight o'clock at night, the news spread like wildfire that the Virgin Mary had appeared to the Pope, warning him that another and more terrible shock would take place that very night at eleven o'clock, that no house or palace or church would be left standing, and that the whole population would perish unless warned in time. Bands of men and women, hardly covered by bedsheets, though the season was very cold, and carrying their naked children in their arms, were hurrying towards the nearest square, crying, "Leave your houses, brethren! Lord save us, Lord save us!" The panic seized all classes of citizens. Cardinals Bichi and Costaguti sought refuge in the Campo Vaccino, the Austrian ambassador in the Piazza del Popolo. The inmates of hospitals were carried with their beds to places of safety; three women were confined in the Campo Vaccino, and Valesio himself met a young woman with nothing on but her nightgown, and three ladies covered only by a table-cloth. Twelve Moorish corsairs, who had just been made prisoners at Norma, asked to be baptized. The whole garrison of Rome was called out to patrol the streets and protect private property, for the door of nearly every house had been left wide open in the hurry of the flight.

The author or authors of this gigantic joke were never found out. On Monday, the governor issued a proclamation offering a reward to any one willing to turn informer; another proclamation followed on Friday, increasing the reward. This remarkable document, showing the credulous simplicity of the time, ends with these words: "Whereas all efforts of the police to trace the culprit have proved unsuccessful, it is supposed, even by wise and prudent men, that the affair was the work of the devil, because the first warning was given at the same time all over the city by beings dressed in the Pope's livery or in the garb of a prelate; and not only in Rome, but also in the suburbs (although the gates of the city were closed), in the Castelli Romani, and in the province as far as Rouciglione."

To come back to the Coliseum. The stones that fell on February 2 were distributed immediately among the works then progressing in Rome. The greater part were used in the steps of the Porto di Ripetta, one of the most graceful structures of Pope Albani, now concealed by the embankment of the river. The last of the stones were used in the buttresses and restorations of Pius VII., Gregory XVI., and Pius IX.

Pope Albani and his architect, Carlo Fontana, inclosed the entrances to the Coliseum with wooden railings, and the glorious ruins were destined to become the deposit of the refuse of the city, a dung-hole for the production of saltpetre necessary for the powder-mill which they themselves had established among the ruins of Trajan's Baths. Carlo Fontana

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

went even a step further: he drew the plans, and presented to the Pope the project for the erection of a church of the wildest rococo style in the middle of the arena. Benedict XIV. adopted a much milder form of conservation of the arena: he raised a cross in the middle of it, and shrines around, with pictures illustrating the passion of our Lord. Shrines and cross were taken away in 1874. The gates of Clement XI. did not give sufficient protection to the building; for it became soon after the hiding-place of malefactors of every description, and the scene of many crimes. If we remember that the staircases leading to the upper corridors were in a state of ruin, and that the whole building was covered by a forest of trees and shrubs, the Coliseum will appear to us, as it did to the outlaws of the eighteenth century, a much safer place of refuge than the woods of the Maremma. Antonio Uggeri, a daring explorer of Roman ruins of the time of Pius VI., declares that in the course of the excavations of the lower *ambulacra* many skeletons were found of men and women, murdered, and buried in haste in those recesses. Pieces of silver plate, also, and concealed valuables were found there. Uggeri goes on to say: "The following personal experience, which nearly cost me my life, leaves no doubt that the Coliseum had become an asylum of malefactors. I was engaged in 1790 in verifying some measures taken on previous occasions. I arrived on the spot one afternoon, an hour before sunset, and began climbing the ruins on my way to the upper galleries. I had proceeded hardly a hundred paces when a tall man, entirely naked, bearded and repulsive looking, sprang at me from behind a corner and shook me violently, asking what business I had there. I answered, in fear and trembling, that I was an architect by profession, and showed him my rod and my compass. In the mean while I heard a more gentle voice, close by, begging him to leave me in peace; and proceeding a step further, I discovered the rest of the company under the vault of one of the staircases. It was composed of two more men and one woman, all three naked, as the season was very warm. One of the men was standing, and the other was cooking something at the further end of the passage. The poor woman crouched down to conceal her nudity as well as she could." The most curious thing is that these outlaws lived on good terms with the hermit in charge of the Coliseum, and I suppose it was through him that they secured provisions. The hermits of the Coliseum were mostly foreigners, who had some sort of crime to expiate, I suppose. They lived rather comfortably in a little house, traces of which can still be seen near the south vestibule; and they drew a modest income from the hay-crop, and from the vegetables which they raised among the historical ruins. I have discovered several contracts between the hermits and the S. P. Q. R. by which the former are authorized to gather in the hay-harvest in exchange for the celebration of a mass.

Rodolfo Lanciani.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ABANDONED: A TALE OF THE PLAINS.

THE level rays of the morning sun shone in the faces of a man and a woman sitting side by side on the ground. Before them the hillside sloped down to a great sheet of brilliantly blue water, from the midst of which rose two remarkable black pyramids of volcanic rock, to whose prominence in the landscape Pyramid Lake owed its name. From its shores, crowding it closely, rose a succession of verdureless hills, augmented to mountains on the horizon. In the foreground they were dun-colored; as they receded, they became brown and crimson, blue and purple, under a marvelous play of light and shadow. Not a tree was in sight in all the wide expanse which vision commanded. Nature had drawn this landscape in pastel, laying the crude colors on in patches, without blending, every outline hard and bright. The man was very old, and decrepit with rheumatism; the woman was much younger and more robust, but stone-blind. She was weeping bitterly, the tears running over her cheeks from her sightless eyes. The man was silent, following with his gaze a ragged troop of men, women, and children who were fast disappearing from his view on the road which wound around the margin of the lake. The men slouched along at their ease, accompanied by their evil-looking dogs. The women were mostly bowed under heavy burdens, and led children by the hand or carried them upon their backs. A spavined old horse limped painfully along, bearing tent-poles and miscellaneous dunnage. Nature had colored her humanity vividly with red to match the landscape, for they were Indians.

When the Ishmaelitish group had passed out of sight in the convolutions of the hills, the old man turned to the woman and spoke to her gently. He seemed to be a good deal of a philosopher, and suggested delicately that their fate might have been worse. He recalled to her memory the time, many years before, when they had assisted at the interment of old Kawich: how a white man's chair had been procured, on which she was seated and bound securely, and borne aloft in procession up the mountain side, ululating her own death-wail as she went; how, still chanting, she had been placed in a cleft of the rocks and walled up carefully, — where doubtless her skeleton sits upright and undisturbed to this day. He reminded her that such a consummation had then seemed quite fitting and proper to them both, and that it was a grace to be thankful for that they at least had air and space in which to make an ending.

But Sinkavata was inconsolable. Circumstances differ so with cases! Kawich had been old, very old, unreasonably old, and quite helpless; she had neither children nor grandchildren living, and in their pilgrimages who was to carry her about? But had not she, Sinkavata, a daughter of her flesh, able-bodied and capable, and mother of lusty offspring? Sharper than a serpent's tooth is the ingratitude of a child, even in savagedom. So the woman wept, not noisily, but with patient, heartbroken sobs, watering with her tears the grave of filial affection.

Some hours passed in this manner, and then old Kobeh rose to his feet with difficulty. "Come," he said; "the road is before us." Sinkavata arose also, and her husband assisted her to lift on her shoulders the pack of their small belongings, and adjusted the head-strap around her forehead. Then he handed her her stick, and giving into her hand one end of a rag, of which the other was tied around his wrist, he picked up his own stick, and painfully hobbled down the hillside towards the wagon-road, Sinkavata following. The sun beat down piti-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lessly, and was reflected with yet more fervent heat from the alkali-seared earth and transparent water; but these were things to be borne from day to day, and neither of them thought of murmuring. An empty stomach, — that also was a thing to be borne. It was long since either of them had known the fullness of repletion; and of late their portions had been constantly becoming smaller and smaller. And still, with humanity's strange persistence, they clung to the Here and Now.

After an hour's toilsome progress, they reached a place where the road wound around the base of a fantastic mass of black lava which had boiled up in the edge of the water at some period not so long since, geologically considered. Although the sun was now nearly in the meridian, on the north side of this solidified bubble of nature's blowing lay a strip of cool dimness. It was indeed the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, and the wayfarers clambered down to it, the old man heedfully guiding the blind woman's feet into the clefts which afforded safe foothold.

Here they rested, not speaking themselves, but listening to the water lapping against the face of the rock, and gossiping affably, with a continuous sociable murmur, of cosmic affairs well known to those two old cronies of the ages. Occasionally, an errant waft of air, going by, struck into the conversation and rendered it more animated for a moment; but it immediately lapsed again into its monotonous yet infinitely varied gurgle. However agreeable the shade and coolness and surcease of toil, they were not to be indulged in for any great length of time. The sun, climbing ever higher, momently narrowed the strip of shadow; and a great thirst took possession of the wayfarers, aggravated in intensity by the lapping and rippling of the water. For notwithstanding the lovely expanse of crystal purity of coloring which spread before them, the thirst must remain unappeased. That inland sea is goodly to look upon, delightful to bathe in, useful to catch fish out of, but not intended for drinking, even by plant life. Around its margin grows no blade of grass or shoot of willow. Like a lidless eye, it lies there in a desert of its own making, radiating hourly into the heated atmosphere the whole volume of a beautiful snow-fed river which pours its priceless limpid treasure into it, and remaining itself always the same, sparkling, alkaline, vividly blue.

"Come," said Sinkavata at last; "let us go. I must drink."

Toilsomely they plodded on another half-hour, when they turned a bend of the shore and came upon a house. In winter-time a stream came down here, through a hollow in the hills, and along its now dry bed grew a few sickly cottonwoods and willows. In front of the house were a well and a watering-trough. Kobeh led his companion to the well, and placed her hands upon the handle of the windlass. She turned with a will, and when the dripping bucket rose to the surface Kobeh steadied it upon the curb, and dipping into it with the tin cup chained to the trough, drank long and deep. Not until his thirst was satisfied did he fill the cup for his mahala, who had waited without a sign of longing or impatience. Then Kobeh led Sinkavata among the willows, where she remained while he went to the woodpile, and with pathetic bent back and weak old arms, barely able to raise the axe to the level of his head, split up an armful of wood. With this as an offering, he hobbled up to the kitchen door, where a sharp-faced but not unkindly-looking little woman was clearing up after the noonday meal. He put the wood in the box and stood in the doorway silently.

The woman looked at him curiously. "So your folks left you behind?" was all she said; but she put some broken crusts and fragments of fish and potato on a tin plate and handed it to him.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kobeh was very hungry; he might have sat down on the door-stone and eaten it all himself, but he did not; he limped back into the willows, and shared the feast with Sinkavata with scrupulous fairness.

The two old people remained near the house; they built themselves a wind-break of willow branches, Sinkavata doing the labor under Kobeh's direction. Three times a day he carried his offering to the kitchen door, and received the fragments, given more or less grudgingly. The rancher's wife wanted them for her chickens, — voracious things that came inside the door and snatched the food from the table, if left unguarded; not so much because they were ill fed as because their gizzards resented the lack of green pasturage and succulent larvæ to which a chicken's gizzard feels itself entitled. When some of these fishy fowl were killed for the table, Kobeh plucked them for the rancher's wife; wash-days he led Sinkavata to the door and planted her against a tub, where she rubbed and wrung with right good will. These days they were rewarded with sweetened coffee, delicious beyond all things to the Indian palate. Often the rancher's wife asked Kobeh why they did not go on to the Reservation. Kobeh's command of language was insufficient to explain so complicated a matter. Perhaps he did not know himself. But in fact neither he nor Sinkavata had a thought of appealing from Indian custom to Caucasian arbitration. The head man of their clan drew their rations, and if the clan rejected them, what other home or hope had they? None. On the Reservation they would be outcasts still, and more ignominiously aware of it. So they dwelt among the willows, awaiting fate stolidly.

Sometimes Kobeh looked across wistfully at the Pyramids, miles away in the midst of the lake. He knew that there were goats on the larger of them, and a great spring of pure water, bubbling up from some source below the lake-bottom, — a thing surprising to contemplate, for at the base of the Pyramids the plumb-line drops sheer into six hundred feet of water. He thought he could trap the goats in pitfalls, and perhaps sometimes catch fish. Once or twice he had a fleeting notion of making an appeal to the rancher to row them across in his boat, and give them some fishing-tackle, and leave them to their own devices. But the Indian abhors solitude, and worse even than solitude were the snakes; for the Pyramid with the spring is alive with rattlesnakes, writhing, crawling, sunning themselves, rattling defiance to the goats, who fear them not a whit. There is a tradition to account for the goats being on that lone islet, but there is none to account for the snakes, and the Indians believe that the Spirit of the Underworld has put them there to guard a main doorway of his dominions: they think that through this Pyramid is a passage to the home of the unhappy dead, and from thence wells up the spring, whose waters are enchanted. No, the islets were impracticable; the idea of their occupation was but a momentary fancy, offspring of desperation.

In the last days of October the rancher gathered up his cattle, — running at large through the dun, sage-covered hills, and putting themselves in prime condition for the market on the nutritious bunch-grass, — and prepared to drive them to his home ranch, within the confines of railroads and civilization.

"We are going away at sunrise tomorrow," the rancher's wife said to old Kobeh. "Here is bread and meat to do you for two or three days, and I will give you some bottles to carry water." She was sorry for the old creatures, but they did not weigh upon her conscience. Their plane of being and feeling was too far apart from hers for any magnetic chords of sympathy to thrill from heart to heart.

When the rancher's wagon, with his family and their movable belongings, dis-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

appeared from his sight in a cloud of dust, the man again said, "Come. The road is before us." The woman was weeping once more, silently this time. Kobeh had failed greatly within the past few weeks, and could lead his blind mahala but at a snail's pace, as he supported himself heavily upon his stick. The Reservation was thirty miles away, and when night fell the forlorn pair had covered but a third of the distance. They huddled and shivered the night through over their little fire of sage-brush, chilled to the marrow by the keen night-wind of those elevated regions. With the dawn they were on their feet and walking to restore warmth to their numbed frames; but the old man's breath came in painful gasps, spasms of pain contracted his features, and now and again a groan burst from him, in spite of a self-control attained by a long lifetime of practice. At each such betrayal Sinkavata uttered a sympathetic moan, and the tears coursed down her furrowed cheeks.

Two or three times during the day vehicles met or passed them, but their occupants seldom gave them a second glance, and never a second thought. To them they were but two old Indians on the tramp. And the Indians never dreamed of making any appeal to these strangers of an alien race and tongue. When night fell again, the wayfarers had won but a few miles further on their journey. Kobeh threw himself down upon the ground, too exhausted to gather fuel, and the blind woman sat down by his side, and passed her hands over him with pitiful interrogation.

The long night through she sat there and listened to the old man's raucous breathing and delirious mutterings. He seemed unconscious of her presence. When he moaned "Water," she put the bottle to his lips and held it until he pushed it away. Had a physician been there to diagnose the case, he would probably have said, "Pneumonia in its most acute phase."

But it matters little by what name we call our suffering. Towards morning Kobeh grew quiet, and Sinkavata thought him sleeping. Fainter and fainter came his breath, till the mahala, listening with her ear to his lips, could hear it fluttering no longer. "Heart failure," the physician would have said, again. But again it matters little by what name we call our peace. Sinkavata knew that her companion of forty years was gone from her, and she composed his limbs and covered his face.

Perhaps one of the white gulls, swooping and soaring over the lake, as she remembered them in the days of her vision, was already on the way with his spirit to the Happy Hunting Grounds. Evil spirits in the guise of pursuing birds must be frightened away, and she raised the death-wail loud and clear. All day she sat by the stiffening corpse, ululating at regular intervals. Several times people went by on the road; but a squaw howling somewhere in the sage-brush meant nothing to them, any more than the hum of the insect world conveys to man the tragedies of their lives. Sinkavata knew by her bodily sensations when the sun rose, and climbed the meridian, and passed into the western porches of the day. She knew by the sudden chill in the air when it dropped behind the mountains. She knew when it rose again and dispelled the numbing cold of the night. Then she ceased the death-wail: she had performed her last duty to her lord, and insured his spirit a safe passage to its eternal home.

She bent her head and listened intently, until there was borne in upon her ears the soft lisp and prattle of the lake as its mimic wavelets babbled confidentially with the pebbles on the beach. She rose, and, guided by the sound, groped her way towards the shore. She left her pack lying on the ground beside the body. She was done with burdens. When she came to the water's edge she sat down, and, reaching about her in all

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

directions, gathered up the largest pebbles and put them in her garments wherever she could find lodgment for them; she ripped the hem of her skirt in places and put them in by handfuls, until she thought herself sufficiently weighted. Then rising, she waded out into the water, slowly but unhesitatingly. Its peculiar softness and buoyancy felt grateful as bed of down to her wearied and chilled frame. A gull called and swooped around her head so closely that she felt the fanning of its wings. That, she knew, was the messenger waiting for her spirit; but who would ululate her death-wail, and keep the foul fiends at bay? The water was now up to her armpits, and she paused at the thought. Death was nothing, but afterwards? As she stood sombrely reflecting, there came to her ears across the shimmering, shifting surface, soft and clear, rising, falling, on the wave, with periodic iteration, a weird, low coronach.

To what acoustic mirage, to what play of wind and wave in the caverns of the Pyramids fronting her in the midst of the lake, to what illusion of her own strained senses, the requiem was due, is not to be known. But a radiant smile illumined the bronze mask of her face, and she stepped boldly forward, — into some abyss of the lake-bottom, for she went down instantly, the smile fixed on her countenance; and the water closed over her head with scarce a ripple to mark the spot of her disappearance.

Placidly as before, the great lake dimpled, and sparkled, and lapped, and murmured. Overhead the sea-gulls wheeled and screamed, visitants from an ocean more than three hundred miles away as the gull flies.

Amid the sage-brush the dead man smiled up at the sky, his aquiline features composed in an expression of great peace.

Batterman Lindsay.

WINTER.

EARTH bears her sorrow gladly, like a nun,
Her young face glowing through the icy veil.
The storms that threaten her, the winds that rail,
Kindle a deeper color. She has won
Graces that please the high-enthronèd sun;
Across her soft white robes that drift and trail
He casts his lordly purples, lest she quail
With the dead year, and deem that all is done.
She leadeth on through desolate sad days,
A smile upon her lips, a triumph-song
Shut in her heart. Be glad! so singeth she;
Glad of the solitude, the silent ways, —
Yea, of the pain: so shall thy soul grow strong
For the brave spring that comes to set us free.

Harriet Monroe.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUNDAY IN NEW NETHERLAND AND OLD NEW YORK.

SUNDAY was not observed in New Netherland with any such rigidity as in New England. The followers of Cocceius would not willingly include Saturday night, and not even all of the Sabbath Day, in their holy time. Madam Knights, writing in 1704 of a visit to New York, noted, "The Dutch are n't strict in keeping the Sabbath, as in Boston and other places where I have been." This was, of course, in times of English rule in New York. Nevertheless, much respect to the day was required, especially under the firm hand of the rigid Calvinist, Governor Stuyvesant. He constantly enjoined and enforced strict regard for seemly quiet during service time. The records of Stuyvesant's government are full of injunctions and laws prohibiting "tavern-tapping" during the hours of church service. He would not tolerate fishing, gathering of berries or nuts, playing in the street, or gaming at ball or bowls during church time. At a little later date the time of prohibition of noise and tapping and gaming was extended to include the entire Sabbath Day, and the *schout*, or constable, was ordered to be active in searching out and punishing such offenses.

Occasionally his vigilance did discover some Sabbath disorders. He found the first Jew trader who came to the island of Manhattan serenely keeping open shop on Sunday and selling during sermon time, knowing naught of any Sunday laws of New Amsterdam. And Albert the Trumpeter was seen on the Sabbath in suspicious guise with an axe on his shoulder, but he was only going to cut a bat for his little son; and as for his neighbor who did cut wood, it was only kindling, since his children were cold. One Sunday evening in 1660, the schout triumphantly found three sailors round a tap-house table, with a lighted candle and a backgammon board thereon; and surely any one would have a right to draw an inference of gaming therefrom. And in another public-house ninepins were plainly visible, and a can and glass, during preaching time. The landlady had her excuse: some came to her house and said church was out, and one chanced to have a bowl in his hand and another a pin, but there was no playing at bowls.

Still, though the schout snooped and fined, in 1673 the burgomasters "experienced to our great grief" that rolling ninepins was more in vogue on Sunday than on any other day. And we learn that there were social clubs that "set on the Sabbath," which must speedily be put an end to. Thirty men were found by the schout in one *tap-huys*, but as they were playing ninepins and backgammon two hours after the church doors had closed, prosecution was most reluctantly abandoned.

Of course scores of "tappers" were prosecuted, in taverns and in private houses. Piety and regard for an orderly Sabbath were not the only guiding thoughts in the burgomasters' minds in framing their Sunday liquor laws and enforcing them; for some tapsters had "tapped beer during divine service and used a small kind of measure, which is in contempt of our religion and must ruin our state," — and the state was sacred.

Before the arrival of a Dutch preacher in the new settlement in the New World, the spiritual care of the little company was provided for by *krankebesoeckers*, or *zeikentrosters*, "comforters of the sick," who "read to the Commonalty on Sundays from texts of Scripture with the Comments." These pious men were assigned to this godly work in Fort Orange and in New Amsterdam and Breuckelen, and took the place of ministers. At

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fort Orange they had a domine before they had a church. The patroon instructed his agent, Van Curler, to build a church in 1642; but it was not until 1646 that the little wooden edifice was really put up. It was furnished at a cost of about thirty-two dollars by carpenter Fredricksen, with a *predickstoel*, or pulpit, a seat for the magistrates, *de heerebanke*, one for the deacons, nine benches, and several corner-seats.

The first church at Albany, built in 1657, was simply a block-house with loop-holes for the convenient use of guns in defense against the Indians, if defense were needed. On the roof were placed three small cannon, commanding the three roads which led to the church. This edifice was called "a handsome preaching-house," and it was boasted that it was almost as large as the fine one in New Amsterdam. Its corner-stone was laid with much ceremony. Over all hung in a belfry a bell presented to the little congregation by the directors of the Amsterdam chamber of the West India Company. The pulpit was the gift of the same board of West India directors, since the twenty-five beavers' skins sent for its purchase proved greatly damaged, and hence inadequate as payment. This pulpit still exists, — a pedestal with a flight of narrow steps and a curved balustrade. It is about four feet in height, and only three in diameter. It is octagonal; one of the sides, being hinged, forms the entrance door, or gate. All the small panels and mouldings are of oak. It stood in a space at the end of the centre aisle.

"I see the pulpit high — an octagon,
Its pedestal, *doophuysje*, winding stair,
And room within for one, and one alone,
A canopy above, suspended there."

From the ceiling hung a chandelier, and candle-sconces projected from the walls. There were originally two low galleries; a third was added in 1682. The men sat in the galleries, and, as they carried their arms to meeting, were thus conveniently placed to fire through the loop-holes if necessity arose. The bell-rope from the belfry hung down in the middle of the church. This church was plain enough, but it was certainly kept in true Dutch cleanliness; for house-cleaners frequently invaded it with pails and scrubbing-brushes, brooms, lime, and sand; even a *ragebol*, or cobweb-brush, was purchased by the deacon for the use of the scrubbers. The floor was sanded, as were the floors of dwelling-houses.

In 1715 the second Albany church was built on the site of the old one. Tradition says it was built around it; that the congregation were deprived of the use of the church only three weeks, and the old one was carried out "by piecemeal." At any rate, the new one was precisely similar in shape, but was a substantial edifice of stone. This building was not demolished until 1806.

The sittings in this church sold for thirty shillings each. When the first owner of a seat died (were he a man), it descended to his eldest son or the eldest grandson; if there were no son or grandson, to his son-in-law; this heir being in default, the sitting fell to a brother, and so on. When the transfer was made, the successor paid fifteen shillings to the church. A woman's seat descended to her daughter, daughter-in-law, or sister. Sittings were sold only to persons residing in Albany County. When a seat was not claimed by any heir of a former owner, it reverted to the church.

This building had some pretense to ornamentation: the windows were stained glass decorated with the coats of arms of various Albany families. The Van Rensselaer and Dudley arms still exist; and wooden coats of arms were hung on the walls, as in the New York church. This was a custom of the Fatherland. A writer of that day said of the churches in Rotterdam and Harlem, "They are battered as full of escutcheons as the walls can hold."

The meeting-house sometimes bore other decorations, often "billets of sales"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and notices of vendues or "outcrys." In the Albany church, when there was rumor of an approaching war with France, "guns, powder, and bales," to the number of fifty, were ordered to be "hung up in ye church," — a stern reminder of possible sudden bloodshed. "Y^e fyre-masters" were also ordered to see that "ye fyre-ladders and fyre-hookes were hung at ye church." In many churches the bier stood in the porch, with the *dood-kleed*, or burial pall, when not in use.

In 1698 a stone church was built in Flatbush. It cost nearly sixteen thousand guilders. It had a steep four-sided roof ending in the centre in a small steeple. This roof was badly constructed, for it pressed out the upper part of one wall more than a foot over the foundation, and sorely bent the braces. The pulpit faced the door, and was flanked by the deacons' bench on one side and the elders' bench on the other.

Of the seating arrangement of this Flatbush church Dr. Strong says: —

"The male part of the congregation were seated in a continuous pew all along the wall, divided into twenty apartments, with a sufficient number of doors for entrance, each person having one or more seats. The residue of the interior of the building was for the accommodation of the female part of the congregation, who were seated on chairs. These were arranged into seven rows, or blocks, and every family had one or more chairs in some one of these blocks. This arrangement of seats was called '*De Gestoeltens.*' Each chair was marked on the back by a number or by the name of the person to whom it belonged."

When the church was remodeled in 1774, there were two galleries, one for white folk, one for black; the benches directly under the galleries were free. In the centre of the main floor were two benches with backs, one called the Yefrows Bench, the other the Blue Bench. The former was for the minister's wife and family; the other was let out to individuals, and was a seat of considerable dignity.

Many of the old Dutch churches, especially those on Long Island, were six-sided or eight-sided; these had always a high steep pyramidal roof terminating in a belfry, which was often topped with a gilded *haen*, or weather-cock. The churches at Jamaica and New Utrecht were octagonal. The Bushwick church was hexagonal. It stood till 1827, a little dingy rustic edifice. This form of architecture was not peculiar to the Dutch nor to the Dutch Reformed Church. Episcopal churches and the Quaker meeting-house at Flushing were similar in shape.

When the bold Dutch sea-captain De Vries, that interesting figure in the early history of New Netherland, arrived in churchless New Amsterdam, he promptly rallied Director Kieft on his dilatoriness and ungodliness, saying it was a shame to let Englishmen see the mean barn which served Manhattan as a church, — that "the first thing they build in New England after their dwelling-houses is a fine church." He pointed out the abundant materials for building creditably and cheaply, — fine oak wood, good mountain stone, excellent lime; and he did more, — he supported his advice by a subscription of a hundred guilders. Director Kieft promised a thousand guilders from the Company, and fortune favored the scheme; for the daughter of Domine Bogardus was married opportunely just at that time, and, as was the wise custom of the day, a collection was taken up at the wedding. Kieft asked that it be employed for the building of the church; and when the wedding guests were mellow with wedding cheer, "after the fourth or fifth round of drinking," says the chronicle, each vied with the others in pious liberality. A few days later some regretted their expansiveness at the wedding feast; but Kieft held them stiffly to their contracts, and "nothing availed to excuse." As a result of all this, a stone church, seventy-two

REPRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

feet long and fifty-five feet wide, was built within the fort. It was the finest building in New Netherland, and bore on its face a stone inscribed with these words: "Anno Domini 1641, William Kieft, Director General, hath the Commonalty built this Temple." It was used by the congregation as a church for fifty years, and for half a century longer by the military, when it was burned.

There was no church in Breuckelen in 1660. Domine Selyns wrote, "We preach in a barn." The church was built six years later, and is described as square, with thick stone walls and steep peaked roof surmounted by a small open belfry, in which hung the small sharp-toned bell which had been sent over by the West India Company. The walls were so paneled with dark wood, the windows were so high and narrow, that it was always dark and gloomy inside the church; even in summer-time it was impossible to see to read in it after four o'clock in the afternoon. Services were held in summer at nine A. M. and two P. M., but in winter in the morning only. The windows were eight feet from the floor, and were darkened with stained glass sent from Holland, representing flower-pots with vines covered with varicolored flowers. This church stood on what is now Fulton Street, a mile from the ferry, and was used until 1810.

These early churches were unheated, and it is said that sometimes the domines preached in heavy knit or fur caps and mittens, and that both goodman and goodwife carried muffs. I can fancy a love-locked cavalier or mincing Horace Walpole carrying a great muff, but such feminine gear seems to consort in ill fashion with a sturdy Dutch mynheer. That he should smoke in meeting was natural enough, to try to keep warm; though folk do tell that he smoked in meeting in summer too, to keep cool. By the middle of the eighteenth century the Albany and Schenectady churches had stoves, perched up on pillars on a level with the gallery, in high disregard or ignorance of the laws of calorics: hence, of course, the galleries, in which sat the men, were fairly heated, while the ground floor and the *vrouws* remained in icy frigidity. It is told of more than one old-time sexton that he loudly asserted the importance of his office by noisy rattling-down of the gallery stoves and slamming of the iron doors at the most critical point in the domine's sermon. The women of the congregation carried foot-stoves of perforated metal or wood, which contained boxes of coals, to afford a little warmth to the feet. *Kerck-stoofs* appear on the earliest inventories. They still are used in churches in Holland. In an anteroom of a church in Leyden are several hundred *stoven* for use in winter.

The services in these churches were long. They were opened by reading and singing conducted by the *voorleezer*, or *voorzanger*, — that general utility man who was usually precentor, schoolmaster, bell-ringer, sexton, grave-digger, and clerk. During the singing the domine entered, and pausing for a few minutes at the foot of the pulpit in silent prayer, he soon ascended to his seat of state. The psalms were given out to the congregation through a large hanging-board with movable printed slips. Of course the powers and duties of this church functionary, the voorleezer, varied in different towns. In all he seems to have had charge of the turning of the hour-glass, which stood near the pulpit in sight of the domine. In Kingston, where the pulpit was high, he thrust up to the preacher the notices stuck in the end of a cleft stick. In this town, about Revolutionary times, he was also paid two shillings per annum by each family to go around and knock loudly on the door every Sunday morning to warn that it was service time. In some towns he was permitted to give three sharp raps of warning with his staff on the pulpit when the hour-glass had run out a second time, thus shutting off the sermon.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In New Amsterdam the *koeck*, or clerk, was a marked personage on Sunday. After he had summoned the congregation by the sound of drum or bell, he ceremoniously formed a pompous little procession of his assistants, and, heading the line, with their aid he carried the cushions from the City Hall to the church to furnish comfortably the "magistrate's pew," in which the burgomasters and *schepens* sat.

The deacons had full control of all the funds of the church; they collected the contributions of the congregation by walking up and down the aisles, or "alleys," and thrusting in front of each "range" of seats, in the face of the seated people, a small cloth contribution-bag, or *sacje*, hung on a hoop at the end of a slender pole six or eight feet in length, —fashioned, in fact, somewhat after the model of crab-nets. This custom — the use of so unfamiliar a medium for church collecting — gave rise to the amusing notion of one observant English traveler that Dutch deacons passed round their old hats on the end of walking-sticks to gather church contributions.

Often a little bell hung at the bottom of the contribution-bag, or was concealed in an ornamenting tassel, and by its suggestive tinkle-tinkle warned all church attendants of the approach of the deacon, and perhaps aroused the peaceful church sleepers from too selfish dreams of profitable barters in lumber and peltries. In New Utrecht, the *karck-sacje* had an alarm bell which sounded only when a contribution was made. A loud-speaking silence betrayed the stingy church-goer. The collection was usually taken up in the middle of a sermon. The sacje stood or hung conveniently in the deacon's seat. In Flatbush and other towns, the deacons paused for a time in front of the pulpit, sacje in hand, while the domine enjoined generosity to the church and kindly Christian thought of the poor. The collection-bags in Flatbush were of velvet.

It is said that stray Indians who chanced to wander, or were piously persuaded to enter, into the Fort Orange or Albany church during service time, and who did not well understand the pulpit eloquence of the Dutch tongue, regarded with suspicious and disapproving eyes the unfailing and unreasonable appearance of the karck-sacje; for they plainly perceived that there was some occult law of cause and effect which could be traced from these two relative facts: the traders who gave freely into the church-bags on Sunday always beat down the price of beaver on Monday.

The bill for one of these karck-sacjes was paid by the deacons of the Albany church in 1682. Seven guilders were paid for the black stuff and two skeins of silk, and two guilders for the making. When a ring was bought for the sack (I suppose to hold it open at the top), it cost four guilders. This instrument of church collection lingered long in isolated localities. It is vaguely related that some are still in existence, and still used. The church at New Utrecht possessed and exhibited one at its bicentennial celebration, a few years ago. Their fate was settled when the honest deacons were forced to conclude that the sacje could, if artfully manipulated by designing moderns, conceal far too well the amount given by each contributor, and hide equally well the many and heavy stones deposited therein by vain youth of Dutch descent but American ungodliness. So an open-faced full-in-view pewter or silver plate was substituted and passed in its place. In 1813, the church at Success, Long Island, bought contribution-plates, and abandoned sacjes. Some lovers of the good old times resented this inevitable exposure of the amount of each gift, and turned away from the deacon and his new fashion, refusing to give at all.

I ought to add, in defense of the karck-sacje and in praise of the early congregations, that the amount gathered each week was most generous, — in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

proportion far in advance of our modern church contributions. The poor were at that time not taken in charge by the state or town, but were liberally cared for by the church. Often during the year much more money would be collected than was needful for the current expenses of the church. In Albany the extra collections were lent out at eight per cent interest; at one time four thousand guilders were lent to one man. The deacons who took charge of the treasury-chest in Albany rendered each year an account of its contents. In 1665 there were in this chest *seelver-gelt*, *sea-want*, and *obligasse*, or obligations, to the amount of 2829 guilders. There were also good Friesland stockings and many ells of linen to be given to the poor.

The "church poor," as they were called, fared well in New Netherland. Of beggars and degraded poor of Dutch birth or descent there were none. Some poor folk having a little property transferred it to the Consistory, who paid it out for their support as long as it lasted, and cheerfully added to the amount by gifts from the church treasury while it was necessary for the care of these "of the poorer sorte." To show that these church poor were neither neglected nor despised, let me give an example of one case, — an ordinary entry from the deacons' records of the Albany church in 1695. Claes Janse was assigned at that time to live with Hans Kros and his wife Antje. They were to provide him with *logement*, *kost*, *drank*, *wassen* (lodging, food, drink, and washing), and for this were paid forty guilders a month by the church. When Claes died the church paid for his funeral, which apparently left nothing undone in the way of respectability. The bill reads thus: —

	Guilders.	Stuyvers.
Dead shirt and cap . . .	16	
Winding sheet	14	
Making coffin	24	
1 lb. nails, cartage coffin .	3	10
2 half vats good beer . .	30	
6 bottles rum	22	
5 gallons Madeira wine .	42	
Tobacco, pipes, and sugar	4	10
3 cartloads sand for grave	1	10
Grave-digging	3	

Deacons give three dry boards for coffin, and use of pall.

With a good dry coffin, a good dry grave, and a far from dry funeral, Hans Claes' days, though he were of the church poor, ended in honor.

The earlier Dutch ministers were occasionally rather rough characters. Domine Bogardus in New Amsterdam and Domine Schaets in Fort Orange were most unclerical in demeanor, both in and out of the pulpit. Both were engaged in slander suits, the former as libeler and defendant. Both were abusive and personal in the pulpit, "dishonouring the church by passion." The former was alleged by his enemies to be frequently drunk, in church and abroad, and he seized the pulpit as a convenient and prominent platform from which he could denounce his opposers; from his high post he scolded the magistrates, and called opprobrious names (a hateful offense in New Amsterdam); he threatened Wouter Van Twiller that he would give "from the pulpit such a shake as would make him shudder." He even arbitrarily refused the communion, thereby causing constant scandal and dissension. The magistrates doubtless deserved all his rebukes, but in their written admonition to him they appear with some dignity, expressing themselves forcibly and concisely thus: "Your bad tongue is the cause of these divisions, and your obstinacy the cause of their continuance;" and it is difficult now to assign the blame and odium of this quarrel very decidedly to either party.

The Labadist travelers thus described the Albany domine: —

"We went to church in the morning [April 28, 1680], and heard Domine Schaets preach, who, although he is a poor old ignorant person, and besides is not of good life, yet had to give utter-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ance to his passion, having for his text, 'Whatever is taken upon us,' etc., at which many of his auditors, who knew us better, were not well pleased, and in order to show their condemnation of it laughed and derided him, which we corrected."

As time passed on, firewood became one of the minister's perquisites in addition to his salary, — sixty or seventy loads a season. We find the Schenectady congregation having a "bee" to gather in the domine's wood, and the Consistory supplied plentiful wine, rum, and beer as a treat for the "bee."

The employment of the Dutch language in the pulpit of the Dutch Reformed Church in New Netherland lasted until into this century. Naturally, Dutch was used as long as the Classis at Amsterdam supplied the churches in America with preachers. In 1744 Domine Rubel and Domine Van Sinderin were sent to Flatbush, the last ministers from the Classis of Amsterdam to any American church; but at their death the Dutch tongue was not silent in the Flatbush church, for their successor, Domine Schoonmaker, lived to be ninety years old, and never preached but one sermon in English. With his death, in 1824, ceased the public use of the Dutch language in the Flatbush pulpit. Until the year 1792 the entire service in this church was "the gospel undefiled in Holland Dutch."

In New York city, the large English immigration, the constant requirements and influences of commerce, and the frequent intermarriages of the English and Dutch robbed the Dutch language of its predominance by the middle of the eighteenth century. Rev. Dr. Laidlie preached in 1764 the first English sermon to a Dutch Reformed congregation. By 1773 English was used in the Dutch school, and young people began to shun the Dutch services on Sunday.

The growth of the Dutch Reformed Church in New York was slow. This was owing to three marked and direct causes: First, from 1693 until Revolutionary times Episcopacy was virtually established by law in a large part of the province, — in the city and county of New York, and in the counties of Westchester, Richmond, and Queens; and people of all denominations were obliged to contribute to the support of the Church of England. Second, the English language had become the current language of the province; in the schools, the courts, in all public business, it was the prevailing tongue, while the services of the Dutch Reformed Church were all held in Dutch. Third, all candidates for ministry in the Dutch Reformed Church were obliged to go to Holland for ordination: this involved great expense, and often kept congregations without a minister for a long time. The entire discipline of the church, all the courts of appeal, were also in the Fatherland.

In order to obtain relief from the last-named hampering condition, a few ministers in America devised a plan in 1737 to secure church organization in New York. It took the slow-moving Classis of Amsterdam ten years to signify approval of this plan, and a body was formed named the Coetus. But this had merely advisory powers, and in less than ten years it asked to be constituted a Classis with full ecclesiastical powers. From this step arose a violent and bitter quarrel between the Coetus party, the reformers, and the Conferentie party, the conservatives. The permission of the Classis of Amsterdam for American church independence was finally given on condition of establishing a college for the proper training of the ministry of the Dutch Reformed Church. The Coetus party obtained a college charter from George III. Blighted in its birth by the Revolution, the college lived with varying prosperity until its revival as Rutgers College in 1825.

Alice Morse Earle.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MARGARET FULLER IN A NEW ASPECT.

An interesting little book — interesting for what it suggests rather than for what it is — has been published under the title Margaret and her Friends.[1] Fifty years ago no explanation as to just which Margaret was meant would have been required, but to-day it is only the special student of American letters who will at once make out that it refers to the Margaret of the Transcendental circle, Margaret Fuller, the friend and inspiration of those who made the period between 1830 and 1860 famous.

The book is a report from stenographic notes of a series of Conversations inaugurated by Margaret Fuller in 1839. The original plan was to confine the membership to ladies, but the fame of the undertaking became so great that a mixed class was organized, and met at the house of the Reverend George Ripley in Boston. The subject chosen was mythology in its symbolical aspect. There seems to have been no attempt at serious study, probably because it would have been opposed to the purely conversational spirit of the meetings. The names of nearly all those who took part in the discussions are familiar to us as shining lights in the literature of the period; Emerson, Alcott, James Freeman Clarke, Jones Very, and William W. Story were among the number.

Accepting as verbatim the notes of Mrs. Dall, who was one of the original members, it must be confessed they offer no solution in themselves to the mystery of Margaret Fuller's charm, nor do they show any ground for her reputation for wit and learning. Indeed, if these notes were the only evidence of her intellectual ability, the conclusion would be forced upon us that the influence of this remarkable woman was purely physical; that her personality was of a nature so potent that she obliged people to regard her exactly as she wished them to regard her. But fortunately other evidence is in existence, and from her letters, journals, and reviews it is apparent that while her ability as a writer has been overrated, she possessed exceptional attainments, the most varied sympathies, and the deepest culture. Yet her power over those with whom she came in contact is a most important factor in any estimate of her genius, for the reason that in it is to be found an explanation of the many inconsistencies in her nature which so puzzled her friends and rejoiced her enemies.

Taken in connection with the various memoirs and letters of Margaret Fuller which have been given to the public, Mrs. Dall's report becomes of value because of the data it unconsciously affords for a new interpretation of her character, and for the insight it gives into the life of that unique period in the history of this country — into that well-marked case of sociological atavism — when the reflective spirit was for the time being so completely in the ascendant that "a woman whose powers and accomplishments found their best and most adequate channel in her conversation" could achieve almost a national reputation. In order to appreciate the fact that in these arranged conversations is to be observed the clearest manifestation of Margaret Fuller's power over the minds of those with whom she was associated, — of, in short, her possession of a wonderful dramatic gift, — it is first essential to have fresh in mind the peculiar psychologic history of this gifted and impassioned woman, an exotic sprung from Puritan soil.

It will be remembered that she was

[1] *Margaret and her Friends, or Conversations with Margaret Fuller.* Reported by Caroline W. Healy (Mrs. Dall). Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1895.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an exceptionally precocious child, early skilled in Latin and abstruse subjects; a creature of whimsies, of nightmares and terrors untold, and to the end of her life a believer in signs, omens, dæmonology, and the fateful power of gems, — all the result of a vicious system of education, the lack of playmates and a natural child's life.

Dowered with an exuberant emotional nature and a lively imagination, she found in her own mind the companionship she craved, and made herself the centre of her little world. As the fancies of more fortunate children, bred on fairy lore, are cast in the fairy mould, so Margaret Fuller, whose acquaintance with works of the imagination was confined to the early dramatists, patterned hers after the heroic world of Shakespeare and Molière. In time she evidently came to regard herself as a combination of many such individualities, to whom in turn she referred the opinions of her other selves.

Toward the few children of her own age who came under her notice her precocity created in her a feeling of intellectual superiority, to which was joined an inordinate curiosity as to the workings of other minds. This trait in after-life, under the guise of sympathy, came to be one of her greatest charms.

At the school where, at the age of fifteen, she was finally sent, an unfortunate experience with the merciless quality of youthful criticism still further increased the tendency of her mind to introspection and self-consciousness. In her story Mariane, which is a thinly veiled autobiography, she tells us that one of her favorite diversions at this time was to spin like a dancing dervish until the onlookers were giddy, then overwhelm them with improvisations, declamations, and whole plays, in which she sustained each character in turn. When her inspiration flagged she would spin again, and wind up, as it were, her imagination for fresh flights.

During her stay at this school some theatricals were arranged, in which Margaret took part. She found herself at once in her native element, and for days she continued to personate, as far as she was able, the character which she had taken in the play.

Years afterward, Horace Greeley, writing of her, said: "She possessed marvelous powers of observation and imitation or mimicry, and had she been attracted to the stage would have been the first actress America has produced, whether in tragedy or comedy." Channing, in his Memoir, also speaks of her great ability in this direction, and her assured success had her lot been cast in a time and country congenial to the tragic muse. But the traditions of the society in which she lived were in every way antipathetic to such a development. Consequently Margaret Fuller's dramatic genius spent itself in a vain and wasted effort to find in real life the ideal characters which it required for its satisfaction. In her women friends she sought the passion or the tenderness of a Lady Macbeth or a Juliet; in her men friends, the emotional force, the power, or the will of a Hamlet, a Cæsar, or a Coriolanus.

It was, however, in Goethe that she came nearest to finding satisfaction for her longings for the ideal character. "The effect on Margaret was complete," writes Emerson. . . . "She found in him the same climate of mind; . . . the religion, the science, the catholicism, the worship of art, the mysticism and dæmonology, and withal the recognition of moral distinctions as final and eternal. . . . It was very obvious at the first intercourse with her . . . that this mind had been her teacher, and of course the place was filled, nor was there room for any other."

As she had from time to time taken on in like manner the nature of all those beings, whether real or imaginary, who appealed to her understanding or her fancy, so she became by natural affinity Goethe and his creations.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By this long road do we arrive at the origin of the series of Conversations which Margaret Fuller inaugurated and led in 1839. In the same year she translated and published The Conversations of Goethe. As the one legitimate expression of her great dramatic gift lay in conversation, and as it was an instinct of her mind to absorb the personality of those who interested her, therefore it was but the natural working of a life-long habitude that she also should hold Conversations, — that, in fact, she should play at being Goethe, showering down upon less favored mortals the wonderful God-given gifts of eloquence and wisdom. The testimony of all those who assisted at these circles bears out this conclusion. Many referred to her sumptuous appearance, — when in fact she wore her usual gown, — to her inspired looks, her power over the mind and imagination of those who listened to her. "Her mood applied itself to the mood of her companions in the most vital, sinuous way, and drew out the most extraordinary narratives. . . . Ah! she applied herself to the mood of her companions like a sponge to water."

This is not the record of sober participants in an "improving" conversation, but the testimony of men and women forced under the spell of a great histrionic genius to take part, willy-nilly, in the curious subjective drama improvised for the occasion.

It is not for us to pity a nature so brilliant, so gifted, and so strong; yet that, from the first, it was hampered and perverted from its true development may command a sentiment which has in it no such humiliating element. She had indeed reason to write to a friend in 1838, — a significant date in this regard, as showing how deeply rooted had become her habit of assuming a personality not her own, before the Conversations were projected: "I take my natural position always; and the more I see, the more I feel that it is regal. Without throne, sceptre, or guards, still a queen!"

The vague and unsatisfactory title of Mrs. Dall's book turns out also to be a bit of driftwood from that far-off Utopia. Emerson tells us that it was the title originally intended for The Memoirs of Margaret Fuller d'Ossoli, edited by him in conjunction with William Henry Channing and James Freeman Clarke. The title was rejected for reasons which Mrs. Dall, at least, does not find sufficiently obvious. Bald as it is, this report of the Conversations remains a document which must increase in interest as time goes on, when posterity has relieved Puritan Margaret Fuller from her false position as a Transcendental "bluestocking," and ranked her among the list of brilliant women who have swayed their little world by the power of their individuality.

THE FRENCH AND THE ENGLISH VIEW OF INDIA.

WRITING from Darjeeling, at the foot of the Himalayas, M. André Chevrillon[1] thus speaks of the English colony there, and what he says applies equally to every place where two or three English are gathered together in a foreign land: "These people are in England here; they have brought with them not only their institutions and their customs and their prejudices, but all their native surroundings and their own country's atmos-

[1] *In India.* By ANDRE CHEVRILLON. Translated by W. MARCHANT. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1896.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

phere. Contact with a wholly different world has no effect upon them. At bottom, no race is less capable of adaptation, less flexible; none persists so continuously in its type and in its personality. Hence its moral energy, its will power, set upon a few immutable ideas; hence also the limits of its sympathy and of its intelligence. The English ignore the native, make no attempt to understand him. From the height of their civilization they look down upon him as a half-savage and a heathen. . . . This evening, at table d'hôte, a young officer, spending a few days here, summed up his impressions of a visit to a Llama temple as follows: 'A dirty, stinking hole, which I was only too glad to get out of.'"

A little before, enlarging upon life in an English boarding-house in India, a boarding-house "genteel and respectable," faithfully copied after those of Eastbourne and Scarborough, whose mistress presides over roast beef and substantial pieces of the national pudding, and where the young people sing ballads in the drawing-room after dinner, and flirt a little, and make plans for excursions, and for meetings at lawn-tennis courts and on football grounds, M. Chevrillon had exclaimed: "Consider the French colonist, generally unmarried, in Tunis and Tonquin! What ennui is his! How he feels his exile!" This is because the Frenchman has a thin skin; alien influences, ideas and habits different from those to which he is used, penetrate his pores. He finds it difficult to be himself in unsympathetic surroundings. Thereby arise a discomfort and an irritation, the acuteness of which races less dependent on open channels of communication with the outside cannot readily conceive or make fair allowance for. Here M. Chevrillon has put his finger upon one of the great reasons — it is possibly the great reason, from which spring all the others — why the French have been ineffectual colonizers, while the English are preëminent in that capacity; for it is the man who supplies from his inner consciousness all that he needs, and never even suspects that others not like unto him may have secrets of life worth knowing, who impresses himself strongly on fluid and unorganized masses. And here likewise, one cannot but believe, M. Chevrillon has put his finger incidentally on the reason why a Frenchman of the best sort, who has had a sound training of a serious kind, stands a good chance, in a relation of travels among strange peoples, in a strange land, of being more receptive, more sensitive, and more enlightened than one of Anglo-Saxon blood making a similar record.

Dans l'Inde, we think, well illustrates this point. The most dramatic spectacle of modern times is the disintegration of the ideals of outworn races before the aggression of our Western civilization; and, curiously enough, it is the one to whose profound and thrilling interest the thinkers of the day are generally most indifferent. The invasion goes on steadily in Japan, in Egypt, in India; the conquest of that ideal of human life which makes the greatest well-being in this mortal passage depend upon the greatest variety of artificial needs, supplied as perfectly as possible by mechanical and material appliances without number, increases daily in magnitude and thoroughness; but the peoples whose work all this is rarely give any truly intelligent reflection to its bearings, and to the questions which it suggests. They move onward blindly, as if pushed by some fatalistic force. Occasionally a voice is raised, like that of Lafcadio Hearn, warning us that humanity cannot have struggled, and dreamed, and lived, and loved, all these centuries, under other suns and other conditions, without having evolved certain different ideals of existence, some of which must have their value; and that we may lose much that is precious, and that may be of incalculable benefit to the final ends of man, by the self-satisfied denseness with which we pursue our own

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

way in ignorance of any such possible guidings toward truth. But, after all, no one listens. The case of India is especially remarkable. The conflict between modern and ancient civilizations there should possess a significance for us that it nowhere else possesses; for of the two hundred and fifty millions of people in that vast country many are our Aryan kin, and, as Robert Louis Stevenson said of the Chinese, watched the stars before our more immediate forefathers kept pigs. Yet the Anglo-Saxons who are to-day fashioning these older brothers into the new forms developed by Occidental wisdom give us no light on a hundred points that we should like to know about. Nothing is, in general, more exasperating than the English book about India, with so naïve a self-complacency does it pass over the enigmas which we divine, confusedly, in that silent mass of humanity moving darkly just below the thin surface of the British domination. Occasionally a work like the recently published correspondence of that classical missionary, Bishop French of Lahore, gives us a hint of what a contribution to the thought of the end of the century a man might make who possessed enough specific knowledge of the Hindus and their literature, and enough modern culture and critical faculty of the highest type, to treat, synthetically, the religious and social problems called up by the contact of the new civilization with the old. Certainly, in his picturesquely written volume of travel, M. André Chevrillon has not attacked such large matters; but his book constantly reminds the reader of their presence, and turns him to speculating upon them. For, as a nephew of Taine, M. Chevrillon has been brought up in a school alive to the more significant manifestations of the human mind, and intent upon apprehending as far as may be the secret of them.

The multitudes, of both sexes, pressed in a devout frenzy along the banks of the Ganges, in the holy city of Benares, muttering, with eyes fixed by the tension of memory, innumerable mantras, as they stand in the water, throwing it heavenward three times when the sun rises, figuring with their fingers the manifold incarnations of Vishnu, are not merely so many fanatics, so many maniacs, to M. Chevrillon. That these and a thousand other external observances, repeated feverishly, mechanically, generation after generation for thirty centuries, drawing a whole race into the circle of their tyranny, must have produced at last a brain, a soul, in these people, as radically different from our own as if they belonged, not to another species, but to another humanity, is clear to him. And he would like to penetrate the psychological processes of the Hindu. He would like to understand what adjustments go on in the head of a rajah of Jeypore, who is a civilized man and a man of cultivation, who has given to Jeypore a university, a museum, and an industrial school, and who yet builds, out of his own exchequer, a temple to Krishna, in the last decade of the nineteenth century (a temple which employs over four thousand workmen for five years), and who sacrifices goats daily to Kali. Is this because the rajah detects a sense beneath the symbol, and an idea hidden in the religious forms whose appeal is to the multitude? Or is he conscious of religious needs that are in disaccord with his newly received culture? A riddle which teases M. Chevrillon, also, is that young Brahman, educated in an English school at Benares, preparing to follow the Allahabad University course in order to enter the British civil service; yet while he discusses Indian autonomy, and reads Addison and Pope, Macaulay and Herbert Spencer, belonging to a caste from which he cannot issue, and worshiping Vishnu and Shiva, holding in his breath, pronouncing the mystical syllable Om, offering flowers to the sacred cows. How far beneath the skin does it go, that conversion to the religion and civilization

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the West, even in those cases where England seems most visibly to be accomplishing the "mission" to which she refers continually and with such calm assurance? Might not too complete an infusion of new blood here result, "like a cross between animal species too distant, in abortions, monstrosities that are not viable"? Will the way be found to adapt historic Christianity to the mental conditions of the Hindus, — to make it, among them, the Asiatic faith which it was at its birth? Will this Orientalized Christianity, not only in India, but in China and Japan, if ecclesiastical statesmen should arise great enough to consummate it, preserve for us, as in a durable vessel, some of the vanishing perfume of the deep philosophical intuitions of the Eastern sages, and, what is more essential, cause their highest ideals of asceticism and mansuetude to flow back, in a beneficent reaction, upon our more and more materialized Occidental life? Or will the religion of the conquering Western races be accepted, by one uncivilized people after another, as a means of secular convenience, as synonymous with a place among the paramount nations, and quite without care for the spirituality of the message, thus merely spreading modern materialism farther and farther over the earth?

M. Chevrillon stops before he reaches the last of these various and complicated conjectures. What he sees plainly — even while he can perceive that, next to the Hindu, "grave, and silent, and delicately featured," the ruling race, with its noisy laugh, and its athletic sports, and its hundred and one physical requirements, seems rude and coarse — is that the Anglo-Saxon really has a mission; that he is the dominating factor of the hour because he possesses the moral attributes, the self-restraint, the perseverance, the love of truth, and the cleanliness of imagination that deserve dominion. With an excellent knowledge of the English people and the English language M. Chevrillon has a great admiration of the English character. It is a trait very significant in a Frenchman of his stamp. To those who read between the lines it is a trait which has its pathos; for those qualities on which he dwells, to which he reverts again and again, are the ones in which his own race is most deficient, and for lack of which it seems to be losing its political place among the leading peoples of the world. Two "Scotch Greys," getting into a railway compartment with him, — muscular, well-disciplined bodies, clear-cut, energetic features, healthy complexions, frank and honest eyes, — help him to comprehend the ascendency of the Anglo-Saxon in India. It may argue narrow-mindedness in the English, and a want of the power of entering into opposite states of mind, that they should try to graft their active, practical notions of existence on the vague, abstracted, philosophizing Hindu soul, whose supreme teaching has ever been that reality is but an illusion and the shifting phantasmagoria of a dream; but the endeavor is that of a people born to conquest, and splendidly fitted for it, all the same. A Wesleyan missionary, a flat-chested single lady, whom M. Chevrillon meets on the return journey to England, who paces the deck with the stride of a grenadier, and whose puritanical education has provided her with no trace either of the higher instruction or of culture, yet compels his appreciation and respect: "Alone, without family ties, she is sufficient unto herself. Her existence is healthy, occupied, dignified; it rests on a large, serious idea. She is helping to spread civilization, English civilization. She works for the ideal which her race has conceived. Life for her has a meaning. It is a battle against wrong." Yes, these phrases are significant. One feels how keenly the writer wishes that they were also the keynote of French life and character to-day.

This preoccupation with the moral state of France and its political impor-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tance is present as an abiding undertone in all those charming and vivid books of travel which so many French literary men excel in writing. It is, at least, present in the *impressions de voyage* of the more serious and representative of them. We see it again in M. Gaston Deschamps's Sur les Routes d'Asie.[1]

M. Deschamps is a critic whose literary articles in Le Temps have given proof many times of his scant sympathy with decadent poets, and all those who hold the doctrine of art for art's sake, regardless of moral effects, and a novelist who believes that there is no reason why a French novel should not be as clean as an English one. His travels in Greece and in Asia Minor have been connected with the epigraphical missions of the French School at Athens, and are rich, therefore, in interesting and delightful associations. For what more could a man of soul desire than to sail away, with one or two congenial companions, from that school by way of the purple isles of the Archipelago to the Levant? What more could he wish than to go from Smyrna with its dazzling light, the streets of its ancient quarters crowded with Armenians, Turks, Greeks, its caravans in a long line by the sea, to the sites of so many vanished cities of the pleasure-loving Ionians; and, in search of buried inscriptions on broken fragments of forgotten marble, to penetrate to the heart of those lands along the Tigris and Euphrates where arose and fell so many prehistoric Asiatic kingdoms?

Two facts especially attract M. Deschamps's attention, in his Levantine travels: one is the persistent vitality of the Greek spirit, wherever it is encountered, in resistant strains, under the loose, somnolent Turkish domination; the other is — and we might have expected it — the exact condition of the Catholic missions maintained by France in these countries, and the amount of influence which they exert. That the republic, which savagely enough pursues the French priest and the French sister on their native soil, in foreign lands encourages their efforts is well known; nor is it ever claimed that the purpose in this is other than to increase French political prestige in the world at large. M. Deschamps can be very contemptuously bitter against those short-sighted radicals who would like to secularize the French schools and hospitals established in the island of Chios, at Cæsarea, Bagdad, Athens, all over the East. "These missions work in the interests of the Catholic religion, but they work also in the interests of France," he says frankly. . . . "Whatever may be one's religious convictions, one cannot but admire these modest workmen, who labor so silently and without salary toward the diffusion of our language and our civilization, toward the maintenance of our good repute among nations." We fancy that M. Deschamps belongs to the "autochthonous" school of French authors of which M. Jules Lemaître avows himself so stanchly to be a member. He would not, like the author of Dans l'Inde, hold up the Anglo-Saxon ideal of conduct to his countrymen for imitation, in these days when they are threatened, as he has somewhere observed, with "tragic destinies." He would bid them, rather, nourish their imaginations with the finest, the best traditional attributes of their own race, and cultivate those. The good Lazarist Fathers at Smyrna, who took him over their busy school, where little Turks, little Armenians, were bending over French books, seem to him admirable enough in their jovial courage, their tact and subtlety, their debonair perseverance under difficulties, to serve as models and ensamples. These Fathers are showing forth the "proudest and most amiable traits of the French nation to the mixed races that fall under the healthy spell of their virtue," he remarks; and he is sure that as much can be said for the faithful French Sisters of St.

[1] *Sur les Routes d'Asie.* By GASTON DESCHAMPS. Paris: Armand Colin & Cie. 1894.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Joseph, and for the Sisters of Charity in charge of French military hospitals, whom he meets, cheerfully leading their life of sacrifice and exile, here and there on his journey.

Oh, the Sisters of St. Joseph! Who, indeed, that has ever known their thrifty *écoles enfantines* can forget them? What images of old-time decorum, what reminiscences of placid, sound, and temperate influence, and motherly, comfortable care-taking, do the words evoke! Is their system of education very progressive, very ambitious? No one inquires. And in fact it matters little. There are centres in French life so humanizing, that make so powerfully for the most sane and reasonable and *livable* social aptitudes, that all mere instruction appears but as a secondary affair in comparison. The point is to lay stress on these centres; and the pity is that they are overlooked in favor of so much else that is more brilliant and less worthy.

M. Deschamps is right. The value of the best distinctively French civilization should be brought into relief; it should be insisted on for the French themselves and for other people. It is impossible not to be aware that its elements are not quite those of the Anglo-Saxon civilization. It would take pages to define the difference, but every thoughtful person feels it. Every student of the history of man's development must also desire that this *humanizing* force of the services of France may not be lost to the world, but may rather grow and increase. For one must return upon that word. The Anglo-Saxon organizes, the Latin humanizes. In that respect we feel, as we read M. Deschamps, that those small French religious communities scattered through the East are akin, in their action, to that same Greek spirit which, long after it could coerce, still could tame and refine the barbarians into subjection.

THE COLUMBIAN FRUITION.

After a four-years' progress through the press, we have fifteen large quarto volumes,[1] which constitute the most comprehensive outcome of that wide research incited all over the world by the occurrence of the four hundredth anniversary of the gazing of exultant eyes upon a stretch of glimmering sand, one moonlit night in October, 1492. It was one of the marked characteristics of that time that Italian influence dominated so largely the spirit of discovery which was then rife. This same national exclusiveness has a larger share than we could wish, in this resultant monumental record.

Regarding Columbus himself, however, there is little more to be desired than is here gathered. The future historian of his life can now with ease examine the original sources which illustrate the career of the great admiral, and appreciate the difficulties of his predecessors in the wide wanderings which were necessary to secure material. By the instigation of Henry Harrisse, the Italian government was induced to take this commensurate part in the great commemoration of 1892. It has sought in this publication to emulate the devotion of Spain, Portugal, and America, as well as the civic ambition of such cities as Berlin and Hamburg, and to do honor

[1] *Raccolta di Documenti e Studi Publicati dalla R. Commissione Colombiana per Quarto Centenario dalla Scoperta dell' America.* Roma: Forzani, Tipografi del Senato. 1893–1896. 14 vols. + 1 supplement, quarto.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the memory of the great deed in some more lasting memorial than pageant and exposition. This Italian production far exceeds the others in value and extent, and it has been produced under the care of distinguished scholars, associated in a Royal Commission. During its preparation six of the collaborators have died. It is owing to a misunderstanding of Harrisse with its responsible promoters that we miss that scholar's hand in the editorial direction.

We do not recall that the memorials of any other man have ever been so exhaustively gathered. The two characters most conspicuously associated with the history of the American continent are doubtless its discoverer and its greatest regenerator. Of Columbus we now have every scrap that he wrote which has been preserved, whether treatise, letter, or marginal comment, both in modern type and in photo-facsimile; while of Washington, not a quarter of his literary compositions has ever yet been collected in any edition of his works. It is questionable if his fame had not been better cherished by an official edition of his works, leaving nothing out, and showing perhaps a range of fifty portly volumes, than by the passing ceremony and rhetorical effusions which gave an ephemeral recognition of the centenary of the first President's inauguration.

Cesare de Lollis, in the editing of that portion of this collection which is given to the *scritti* of Columbus, has taken great pains with his collations. In this way, we have every variation of text of the famous first letter; the sea journal as preserved by Las Casas; the accounts in Peter Martyr and Bernaldez as emanations from the discoverer himself; his instructions to subordinates; his contracts and reports to the Spanish monarchs; his familiar letters, and other illustrative documents, as well as his grandiose will and his unbalanced Libro de las Proficias, written when his miseries had bewildered his brain. To the two large volumes which contain this material in type is added a third under the same editing, giving in photo-facsimile every scrap of Columbus's writings which could be drawn from the Seville and Genoa archives, from the Royal Academy at Madrid, from the private collections of the Duke of Veragua and the Duchess of Alba, and from the Biblioteca Colombina at Seville, where sundry books like the Imago Mundi and Seneca's Medea, which belonged to Ferdinand Columbus, are preserved, and show the marginal comments of his father. Modern scholars rejoice in similar records of a few other great characters, as in the studies of the autographs of Milton and Da Vinci, for instance, but in no other case have the reproductions been so exhaustively made. Columbus had a habit, when reading a book, of drawing in the margin an index-hand, to call attention to a particular passage. Even these are all individually portrayed through the camera.

A fourth volume is the most complete gathering yet made of the documents concerning the family relations of Columbus, his ancestors and descendants, in which the editors of this section, Staglieno and Belgrano, whom Columbian students have long known for their successes in these fields, have profited by their earlier periodical contributions. We know that Columbus caused several books to be made, embracing manuscript engrossed copies, of his patents and privileges. These he deposited in different places to insure their preservation. One of them, which cannot now be found, was picked up in Florence early in this century by Edward Everett, then on his travels, as appears by a note to the original edition of that orator's Plymouth address in 1825. The most famous, however, of the existing copies of this personal record of Columbus are those preserved at Paris and Genoa. It may be remarked that the student will find interest in the striking facsimile of the Paris manuscript, which was not long

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ago issued by Mr. B. F. Stevens, of London, as well as in the printed copy which the present work has preserved. The Italian editors have minutely collated all the existing texts, and have added the petition to the Spanish king for the restoration of his rights, which was dictated by Columbus when at Española in 1494. This print follows a copy formerly owned by the late Samuel L. M. Barlow, of New York, and now in the Carter-Brown collection at Providence.

Another volume, the sixth of the series, is devoted to a consideration of mooted questions connected with the life of Columbus. The leading place is given to a general survey of the controversies by Desimoni, the venerable archivist of Genoa, with whom the present writer spent several hours in discussing some of them, a few years ago. This gentle cavalier had been so long connected with the study of early American discovery that, many years ago, he was made a corresponding member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, — the only collaborator of this great work, we believe, who has had any such American connections. Those who have followed the Columbian controversies know that they are not few nor of easy solution; and the questions begin with the admiral's ancestry and his birth, and end with the identification of his bones. A few of these inquiries are treated in the same volume by other hands. One of them concerns the connection of the navigator with the old family of his name which afforded so powerful an addition to the freebooters of the Mediterranean, and another discusses the uncertainties respecting the almost innumerable and well-diversified representations of the human figure which pass for likenesses of Columbus. Arising out of the show of them at the Chicago Exhibition there has been on this point a useless profusion of counter-beliefs, as illustrated in the more than fifty monographs which are cited in the discussion before us. The reproductions which are here given sufficiently represent the subject. It is well known that an Italian savant, Paolo Giovio, or Paulus Jovius, as he is usually called, had a portrait of Columbus in his villa at Lake Como, as one of a gallery of distinguished men whose likenesses he had collected. Our records of its existence are dated many years after the death of the admiral, and there is no evidence that Columbus ever sat for his picture; nor indeed was there any time, except during the few months intervening between his first and second voyages, when his position was likely to induce any one to paint or to desire to possess his likeness. The only representation of this Giovio picture which can be unmistakably connected with its owner is the woodcut which Giovio himself used in one of his own publications. There is, however, a picture, much too opportunely brought forward for a perfect assurance, as found in an existing house on Lake Como, for which the claim is made that it is the canvas of which Vasari speaks as belonging to Giovio. Though the chain of evidence has missing links, Neri, the author of the present essay, accepts this new picture as the only authentic likeness, and as creating the type which is preserved in other claimants. It is also unquestioned by Sir Clements Markham, who uses it in his life of Columbus. Among the pictures which it is held received their characteristics from this Giovio representation is the one preserved in the gallery at Florence; Jefferson caused a copy to be made of this, and the copy is now in the gallery of the Massachusetts Historical Society. It is significant of the fidelity which photography gives to reproduction, to observe that the expression of this Florence picture shown by the camera, as here presented, is far from the same as that in Jefferson's copy. Neri gives us some forty reproductions, which only serve to convince us, in their diversity, how misguided are the eager beliefs of credulous collectors.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We come now to the seventh and eighth volumes, which are given to the Italian official documentary sources and contemporary narratives of the early discoveries. The principal depositories upon which Signor Berchet, the editor of this section, has drawn are those of Rome, Venice, Ferrara, Mantua, Milan, Genoa, and Florence. The Vatican archives yielded, of course, the bulls of Alexander VI., but not much else of great value. This is rather surprising, whether it be owing to the difficulty of discovering what those archives contain, or to the fact that the relations of the Italian and papal thrones are strained. It is certain that there is a liberal spirit in the present librarian of the Pope, Father Ehrle, who is just now, with the Pope's permission, inaugurating a photographic series of reproductions of Vatican manuscripts.

The active commercial and political spirit of Venice in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries led us to expect a good deal of serviceable material in her well-guarded archives, from which Rawdon Brown and his present successor have drawn so much for the English Master of the Rolls. The ambassadors of Venice to other countries were men alert to discover what was going on, and the reports which her policy expected them to make to the Council of Ten, and which they did make, are the chief sources now presented. They are the letters of Trevisan, Pasqualigo, Contarini, and others. The resources of Rome and Venice fill the greater part of one volume. Those of Ferrara, Genoa, Florence, and Milan are of much less importance. From Mantua we get the recital by Pigafetta of Magellan's voyage.

The related section of contemporary narratives is rich in assistance to the student. They include such well-known matter as the accounts of Peter Martyr, Fregoso, Bergamo, Scillacio, Pasqualigo, Sabellico, Verrazano, and Vespucius, — not to name others, — and from the library of the University of Bologna we get a letter of one Cuneo, which is the most marked contribution of late years to indicate the true character of Columbus. This witness was a companion of the admiral on his second voyage, when his crew, under their leader's violent compulsion, swore to a statement that Cuba was the Asiatic main, when more than half the number, as Cuneo testifies, knew they were perjuring themselves under the tyranny of their master.

To these documentary sources are added full extracts from contemporary printed books, all before 1550, which supplement the other narratives. This combined presentation forms the best collection of such material that has been got together.

The editors turn again to disquisitions, and in the ninth volume Signor d'Albertis surveys what we know of ships and navigation in the time of Columbus, — a subject which has engaged much attention of late years.

The succeeding volume is given to two special topics. The first concerns the rise of the knowledge of magnetic declination, which is not without a spice of controversy between Bertelli and Gelcich as to the agency of Columbus in elucidating this question during his first voyage. It will be remembered that the claim of Sebastian Cabot to have solved the application of this natural law to the determining of longitude has been sharply controverted of late.

The next essayist, in discussing the early maps of America which are preserved in Italy, leads us again to regret that this work is compiled from a too strictly national point of view. Bellio, the present commentator, finds the earliest of these Italian maps to be that which has within a few years been made known in a large colored facsimile as the Cantino chart. This is kept at Modena, and the present enumeration covers also those which are found at Pesaro, Parma, Turin, Venice, Mantua,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Florence, Rome, and Milan. The descriptions are accompanied by various facsimiles, and a table giving in parallel columns the geographical names found on the maps. A chart gives the contour of the American continent with superposed coasts in different colors to correspond with the outlines as presented on the different maps, — a graphic way of representing conflicting geographical views never so well employed before.

One of the most interesting volumes of the whole series is the eleventh in order, containing Uzielli's treatise on the great Florentine physicist whose influence upon Columbus was so effective. It is evident from this dissertation that the surprising scientific perception of Toscanelli found but a weak and erratic reflection in the great navigator, but the beliefs of his mentor were made in the admiral far more conspicuous by a stirring courage. In some respects this volume surveys anew the field which we have seen Desimoni compassing in an earlier section, but Uzielli's treatment is much more comprehensive. It covers lucidly the complicated cartographical problems in their relation to the past of geographical science, and to the earlier explorations towards Asia, Africa, the north of Europe, and out upon the sea of darkness. Toscanelli's studies of all these placed him in the forefront as a commanding spirit, under whose influence Columbus fell. With it all there is opened a curious question as to the date when the man of science and the practical seaman were brought into communion. It is hardly to be expected that there can be any positive and concurrent belief on this point, though the two were known to have been in correspondence from a period later than 1474 to the year following upon Columbus's first voyage.

Much that was practical in the adventurous undertaking of 1492 depended upon the accuracy of the views which Columbus held regarding the size of the earth. As to the diverse opinions then entertained on this point, Uzielli gives a striking picture. Columbus found Española where he supposed the Cipango, or Japan, of Marco Polo to be. Uzielli plots the world according to the descriptions of Toscanelli in 1474 and the globe of Behaim in 1492. In the former case he puts the coveted island directly across the modern Gulf of Mexico, while in the Behaim model it is made to lie athwart the gulf and coast of California. This indicates that the views of Toscanelli had aroused the conception of Columbus. Since Ruge first plotted the outline of the actual America on a delineation of Behaim's globe, this method has been a favorite way of indicating how the Great Discoverer stumbled on the New World.

The next two volumes of the series show how other Italians of this era were associated with the records or acts of discovery. Such were Peter Martyr, Benzone, Vespucius, Cabot, Verrazano, and Pigafetta. The great work ends with a very full bibliography of the life of Columbus, and allied subjects, recounted from the Italian side, but revealing also versions from other tongues into the vernacular of Columbus. It is made by Fumagalli and Amat di San Filippi, both scholars well known in this kind of erudition, and the last named has been particularly conspicuous in the study of the early American cartography.

It is doubtful if any historic event of the Old World, unless possibly the French Revolution and the Reformation, has ever been so voluminously represented in literary memorials as that which is the centre of interest in this series of volumes. Any one who has endeavored to keep abreast of this literary production is appalled at the vastness of it. The results have not been great in conspicuous additions to the knowledge of a decade ago. What is absolutely new could be readily included in a small volume, but all of the material upon which that genuine growth is based can be found in this marvelous collection.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEN AND LETTERS.

ON COMING BACK.

I.

One of the least flattering experiences of my childhood, which had its share of incidents well fitted to keep me diffident of my importance to the world I was beginning to grope my way in, was my return to the town where I used to live, after I had been away from it a year. At that time a year was very much longer than it is now; it was more like one of our modern centuries; and in my absence I had grown a good deal older, if not wiser. I had always been homesick for the place, but with my tenderest longing for it there had mixed a certain complacent feeling that the town was even more eagerly and fondly expecting me back. I felt that it had been thinking of me and valuing me at my true worth, and was, perhaps, impatient to make up to me some former slights which too great familiarity had tempted it to put upon me. In this view I easily forgave it, and if I patronized it a little in my thoughts, and forecast something rather too like a popular ovation from it in my reveries of our meeting, still I was resolved not to be outdone in a show of affection with everybody and everything in it. In fine, I prepared myself for anything but the blank and vague event, which I will not dwell upon. Time had not been standing still with the inhabitants of that town, either; they had not been lost in a rapture of desire for my visit, but in the year that had elapsed they too had grown older, if not wiser. I can impart some sense of the event only by saying that if I had been a ghost coming back to its old circumstance and proposing to take up its old relations to this life, I could hardly have been more embarrassingly met.

Once more, after the passage of some thirty years, or thirty centuries, I had a renewal of the same experience in an ampler and prouder scene, where the bitter but very tonic cup, whose taste I had never forgotten, was again pressed to my lips. It was at Venice, where I had lived from 1861 till 1865, and then had not been again until 1883. In the mean time I had thought a good deal about Venice, and even written somewhat, and the old illusion of a mutual concern, a reciprocal fondness, had grown up in me. I will not say that I expected Venice to know me as I should know her, — for one thing, I had not been so much photographed, — and I will not pretend that I hoped in any sort to find her waiting to welcome me I was no longer a child, and I could not quite be guilty of that folly. But I will own that my nerves were in a tremor for acceptance upon something like the old terms. I was to be a citizen as before; I was to be at home; I was to be recognizably different from the strangers arriving by the same train; and I was to enjoy all the freedoms of the place which only long residence can win. The gondoliers would know me, and would not try to cheat me or pester me with invitations to take turns upon the Grand Canal. The beggars would perceive that I was an old inhabitant, and would not pursue me after a first note of my intelligent and wary expression. The guides who haunt the Piazza San Marco, ready to pounce upon the tourist with an offer of their services, would discern at a glance that I knew a good deal more about Venice than they did. The sacristans, when I entered the churches, would see that I was familiar with the pictures, and would not offer to show them. The men who sold small puppies and turtles in front of Florian's would recognize that I was too wise for their wares. In the shops, the salesmen

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would ask me their last prices first, and spare themselves the pain of trying to overreach me. None of these various agencies of curiosity and commerce would attempt to use their peculiar French with a person so obviously versed in Venetian as I.

On the contrary, as soon as I stepped out of the railway station I was hailed with loud cries in that well-known extraordinary mixture of languages spoken only at Venice to new arrivals, of "Commandez-vous la gondeule, m'sciu?" and from the first moment to the last I was pursued as an utter stranger during my stay in Venice. This would not have been so bad, so painful and shameful for me, if there had been any spiritual response of the city to my sense of our former life in common. But there was none. I had died out of that as effectively as if I had passed away from earth, and again I found myself among familiar scenes, as alien, as denaturalized, as disfranchised as a spectre.

One need not be very proud, very vain, to dislike this sort of thing; and though I hope it was not without edification, I confess that the one-sided encounter in which I seemed nothing at all, or something altogether and irrevocably estranged, was not to my taste.

II.

I have since thought of these unpleasing episodes with the will to philosophize upon them, and it appears to me that in both cases the painful effect was more from the cold and reluctant behavior of my former self, which I had left in each of those places, than from the attitude of their actual inhabitants. I was not on terms with that self; we did not wish to see each other, though we had long pretended the contrary. If I could have gone back the same person I went away, it would have been all very well, and I should much more imaginably have met the warm welcome I missed; but this feat, which seems so simple, would perhaps have been difficult. In spite of our saying it so much, we do really change a great deal. We change in spite of being immutably fixed in perfection, as I hope we all are, and as I know all persons of my way of thinking are; and I had changed so much that my old self and I felt it keenly. I could only wonder, "Was that what I really used to be?" and what I used to be could only ask, "Is that all I have come to?" This involved a mutual displeasure of such an obscure sort that I should despair of appealing from the reader's instinct to his reason with it.

But I am almost ready to say, in view of it, that one had better never go back anywhere. This seems to be the rule of those who leave the world altogether, and the several exceptions collected by the Society for Psychical Research do not invalidate it. If we come back, it is as ghosts, and that was the trouble with my own returns, as I have said already; for a ghost, though endowed by the popular imagination with a certain mystical power upon the still embodied spirit, is after all, I fancy, a very miserable thing, with little or no influence in its former sphere of being. The ghosts of the dead appear to understand this, but the ghosts of the living are not so wise, and from time to time they commit the imprudence I had been guilty of. They are, perhaps, the less welcome because there are so many of them; for though it is generally supposed there is but one ghost, actual or potential, to each personality, my experience is that there are at least a dozen to each of us, formed of our cast qualities and forces. I have known quite that number of my own, but I will merely instance my Boston ghost, which was evolved mainly during my relation to this magazine, and which I abandoned to it fifteen years ago, without an attempt to resume it since. Now that I come to the old place where I was once at home, and very substantial, I feel myself strangely thin, and, as I may say, flittering, with a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lax hold upon my own thoughts, and a tendency to sway and waver in the reader's breath, as if there were nothing of me but that ghost.

III.

I wonder who the reader is, and if he is any of those I used to know here; but I do not deny that he has quite as much right to wonder who I am. I do not insist that he shall believe — for I have a sort of misgiving of it myself — that I formerly held all Atlantic readers at my mercy, more or less, and gave them to read this or that as I chose. When I first came to the place, to be Mr. Fields's understudy in this autocracy, we sometimes took counsel together and wished that this or that contributor would die, but we always wished that our readers might live and increase and multiply; and if our prayers were heard, they are still reading The Atlantic, in thrice the number of that far-off time between 1866 and 1881. I will suppose, therefore, that it is some old reader, or some new reader of the old tradition, that I am now appearing to; and I confidently trust the realization of my emotions to him. He will know how I must feel, and what I should like to say.

He will easily conceive that though that long-outlawed malevolence may have been fatal to some contributors, yet it could not be a real malevolence; and I will explain that it was a wish born of our despair of ever getting their contributions into the magazine, after we had accepted them. In those days everybody wanted to write for The Atlantic, and did, so that Mr. Lowell left Mr. Fields several bushels of unprinted manuscripts. As fast as the authors of these passed to their reward we piously rejoiced, and destroyed their contributions, with such effect that when Mr. Fields retired only a barrel of them remained to me. I do not believe I transferred more than a half-barrel to Mr. Aldrich, death had so wasted their authors' ranks. I suppose that he may not have laid upon Mr. Scudder's conscience more than a peck, but I have no means of knowing, and I have no wish to verify the fact by even an incorporeal encounter with the writers. They must be haunting these pages, too, poor ambitious fellows, poor eager, sprightly maids once young, and with each issue of the magazine still expecting a posthumous publication. The reader will allow that it must be uncomfortable for me, even in my own apparitional quality, to meet them here; and to tell the truth, I would rather avoid them, for though I never meant them harm, and did not by any means suppress them all, I am apprehensive that they might collectively wreak their disappointment upon me. At sight of this wandering essay, they might accuse the present powers and ask, "Ah, you here? Why are not you at the bottom of the barrel, the bushel or the peck measure, too?" They do not know that they are no longer even there.

IV.

But if we leave this fancy of apparitionality, and recur to the other, I have a misgiving of the kind of welcome I should have from my old self whom I should find in possession here, if I came back. As I remember that self, it was much severer than my present self, quite Rhadamanthine, inexorably editorial, and at sight of the present paper it would recognize the work of an ancient contributor with grave doubts whether it was the sort of thing that was wanted now, and the disappointed expectation of something better.

In that double character which I have labored so hard to suppose, I stand before myself to be judged, to be accepted or rejected. I know very well that The Atlantic readers are not all what they were, — that they are often the sons and daughters, the nephews and nieces, of what they were; and in the second person of that duplex personality, I question

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

if they will like this poor old fellow's style, his careful whimsicality, his anxious humor. Is not it all rather out of date? People tolerated it through the sixties and seventies of the century; but these later nineties are another thing. What shall be done about it? He will feel that his old-contributorship gives him a sort of freedom of the magazine, and he will be hurt if I return his paper. There is nothing else for it, and I appeal to myself. "Now," I say, "if you were still what you were, if you were what you left me to be in your place when you went away, would you expect to be welcomed with this sort of thing? Upon the whole, would not it have been better for you to stay away altogether?"

It is a question that one must always ask one's self on coming back.

W. D. Howells.

THE POET AND THE MODERN.

It has been assumed that our modern industrial age — machinery, commerce, railroading, engineering, etc. — affords as ample opportunities for the poet as did the past ages of war and adventure. In any case, I suppose the poetry has to be supplied by the poet; it resides in his handling and interpretation of the fact. But the poet who deals with the modern world has a harder task than the poet of eld, undoubtedly. There is no machine as interesting as a man. The steam whistle does not appeal to the imagination like the huntsman's horn or the soldier's bugle. The indoor pursuits are not as pleasing to contemplate as voyaging, or farming, or exploring. A sordid motive like money-getting does not awaken poetic enthusiasm. A manufacturing town is ugly. The roundhouse or machine-shop of a railroad is not a place where one would care to linger. Primitive natural things and conditions seem more akin to the spirit of poetry than artificial things and conditions. What shall we say, then? The modern age in its material and industrial aspects *is* unpoetic, or *anti*-poetic, and it is so because there is less free play of man in it, of human qualities and emotions, than in the world of the past. To use it as material in poetry requires a man to match, — a man who can supply what the theme lacks. But modern life and passion, — love, death, anger, hope, aspiration, the soul, the unknown, — these themes are always the same, like the phases of nature, the seasons, or day and night. The movements of our population, the setting up of new states, the tides in politics, the fall of political leaders, strikes and lockouts, etc., all these are themes as fruitful in poetic motifs as the wars and social upheavals of the past. Why should not a poet make something of such an event as the rise of California? Would not a modern Homer find material there? Would not a Shakespeare find all the elements of fate and tragedy in the fall of such a political leader as Conkling, or the death of Garfield, or the rise of Cleveland, or the overthrow of Tammany? The great social cankers and ulcers of our day, the greed of capital, the grip of the millionaire, the fury of faction, the vulgarity of wealth, the hollowness of society, the heroism of labor, etc., all afford artistic motifs to the man who is capable of seizing and using them. He will need a powerful human equipment; no dainty, fine-drawn, attenuated poetling will do here.

Whitman had the breadth, the copiousness, the stomach and port, but he had not, and did not claim to have, the shaping, manipulating gift. He can give us the whole thing as Walt Whitman, but not as separate, independent entities and individualities. What Whitman did that is unprecedented was to take up the whole country into himself, fuse it, imbue it with soul and poetic emotion, and recast it as a sort of colossal Walt Whitman. He has not so much treated American themes as he has identified himself with everything American, and made the whole land redolent of his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

own quality. He has descended upon the gross materialism of our day and land and upon the turbulent democratic masses with such loving impact, such fervid enthusiasm, as to lift and fill them with the deepest meaning of the spirit, and disclose in them the order of universal nature. His special gift is his magnetic and unconquerable personality, his towering egoism united with such a fund of human sympathy. His power is centripetal, so to speak, — he draws everything into himself like a maelstrom; the centrifugal power of the great dramatic artists, the power to get out of and away from himself, he has not. It was not for Whitman to write the dramas and tragedies of democracy as Shakespeare wrote those of feudalism, or as Tennyson sang in delectable verse the swan-song of an overripe civilization. It was for him to voice the democratic spirit, to show it full grown, athletic, haughtily taking possession of the world and redistributing the prizes according to its own standards. It was for him to sow broadcast over the land the germs of larger, more sane, more robust types of men and women, indicating them in himself.

John Burroughs.

ON READING THE FIFTIETH VOLUME OF BALZAC.

We can all, I suppose, look back to the perusal of some book that has marked an epoch in our lives. We delight to recall as far as possible the joy and enthusiasm we then felt, regretting the while that it is impossible for us ever again to experience in their primitive freshness the emotions that once mastered us. For these epoch-making books (from the individual's point of view) generally encounter us in our youth, and does not the poet tell us that when youth is past,

> "nothing can bring back the hour
> Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower"?

Yes, when middle or old age is nearly upon us, and when our critical faculties have become sharpened, there is little chance that we shall ever be able to lay down a book with the feeling that it will mark an epoch in our intellectual lives.

But the unexpected sometimes happens, as I discovered recently when I finished the fiftieth volume of M. Calmann Lévy's popular edition of the works of Balzac. I had thought that the completion of Horace's Odes, of Shakespeare's plays, and of the Odyssey marked the three chief epochs in my own intellectual life, and that I was not likely to be so stirred, so swept away again, by any book or by any author. But I had erred. Balzac, whose novels taken singly had moved me powerfully, but had not often swept me away, whom I had made a companion of for years without fully comprehending, — this Balzac, when viewed in the light of his total and stupendous achievement, suddenly stood out before me in his full stature and might, as one of the few genuine world geniuses that our race can point to with legitimate and unshakable pride. I had emerged from the Comédie Humaine just as I had emerged from the Homeric poems and from the plays of Shakespeare, feeling that I had traversed a world and been in the presence of a veritable creator.

Filled with this idea, I began to recall what the chief critics have said of the great French novelist, and I could not resist the conclusion that he has had scant justice done him. It is true that he is steadily gaining popular favor in this country and in England, and that he has never wanted doughty adherents in France, but, with a few exceptions, notably M. Taine and Mr. George Moore, the critics, it seems to me, fail to appreciate the full scope and grandeur of his genius. Many of them, like our own Mr. Henry James, say admirable things about him, but too frequently even their highest praise has a note of reserve, of hesitation. Now the note of reserve

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and hesitation is out of place when we are praising Homer and Shakespeare, and if I am right in feeling that Balzac's proper station is with these, it is out of place when we are praising the creator of the Comédie Humaine. It is lawful, of course, to fault particular passages in Homer and Shakespeare, just as it is lawful for M. Taine to point out certain obvious defects in Balzac's style; but it is not lawful to praise in a guarded manner the great passages in Homer and Shakespeare, or to feel anything but reverent admiration for the work of each in its totality. Just so, it is not lawful, *me judice*, for any critic to "hint a fault and hesitate dislike" with regard to the marvelous total achievement of Balzac.

It would be folly for me to venture to be dogmatic about this matter, or to try to justify in any formal way an expression of opinion which many will feel to be extravagant. I will say merely that I think most critics have failed to see that while the Balzac of each of the novels taken separately may not rise to the level of a world genius, the Balzac of all the novels taken together does rise to this level. For Balzac is not, like Scott, the author of a great number of separate noble works, but is the author of one noble work, the Comédie Humaine, which, though unfinished, has a unity and a coherence and a verisimilitude with life that at once warrant its comparison with the Homeric poems and the Shakespearean plays. Balzac's almost prescient conception of society as an organic whole led him to take a great step forward in the art of fiction. It led him to interweave through the entire series of his works the fortunes of his various characters, and to bring into relief the effects of their environments upon them, with the result that he gave his reader, for the first time in the annals of prose fiction, the vivid and inevitable sense of traversing a real and tangible and unlimited world. This sense of traversing a real and unlimited world is what makes the reader of Homer and Shakespeare set them apart from all other poets; but if Balzac also gives us this sense, should he not be admitted to the fellowship of these great Realists? He is not as great as they are, of course, for they are noble poets, while he is a prose writer whose style is seldom entirely satisfactory. He has given us no such characters as Achilles or Hamlet; indeed, he has not, perhaps, equaled such creations of his fellow novelists as Joseph Andrews or Don Quixote. He is not always wise in the judgments he passes on church and state and society. He is even guilty at times of prosing, and, as some say, of posing. But he knew the human mind and heart as only Shakespeare knew them, and if the purpose of creative art be to reproduce through various media life in its totality, then I do not see how we can deny to Balzac supreme success in that category of art which is lower only than the epic and the poetic drama, the category of prose fiction. For my own part, I cannot but rank him with Homer and Sophocles and Virgil and Dante and Chaucer and Shakespeare and Molière and Milton and Goethe, and I am constrained to believe that the completion of the reading of the Comédie Humaine should be a momentous epoch in any man's intellectual life.

W. P. Trent.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

FICTION.

His Honour, and a Lady, by Mrs. Everard Cotes [Sara Jeannette Duncan]. (Appletons.) Mrs. Cotes's later books amply prove her right to be counted among the successful delineators of Anglo-Indian life. In this, in some ways, her most ambitious tale, the local color is reproduced with admirable vividness; the story is well told, and, we need hardly say, is eminently readable from beginning to end. It lacks, however, the agreeable spontaneity of some of the writer's earlier and even inferior work; the too persistent cleverness occasionally degenerates into mere smartness, and there is an evident striving after subtlety of expression and characterization, which naturally results in giving a flavor of artificiality to certain well-conceived situations, while it blurs the presentments of more than one of the persons of the drama. The brightness and sanity of the book make these shortcomings the more regrettable. — Summer in Arcady, a Tale of Nature, by James Lane Allen. (Macmillan.) Mr. Allen has written a story which stands to him as a serious study of a young man and a young woman who are the subjects and almost the victims of nature in the most critical period of their lives. He shows them under the power of a restraint which saves them from making shipwreck, and brings them to the form of a runaway marriage. The tale, after all is said, impresses us as a sort of *tour de force*. The thing can be done. Now let Mr. Allen cease thinking about it. All sorts of morals can be drawn from it, as he points out in his somewhat belligerent preface; but a work of art commands the artist, and we fear Mr. Allen has been too little under the imperious control of his story. — A Hypocritical Romance, and Other Stories, by Caroline Ticknor. (Joseph Knight Co., Boston.) A dozen stories marked by an agreeable gayety which is a somewhat uncommon element in such volumes. One has usually to choose between the dismal and the hilarious. Miss Ticknor always has a story to tell; it turns upon some slight incident, and has two or three windings; there is little excitement, but there is cheerfulness, a natural manner, and an unforced pleasantry. — The Babe, B. A., by Edward F. Benson. (Putnams.) The writing of tales of undergraduate life is like the acting of Juliet, — so long as one is young enough to look the part, one is not old enough to feel it; and the young graduate telling of his college days is generally not young enough for his juniors nor old enough for his seniors. Mr. Benson's book has a very light blue cover, and is adorned with pictures which bring Cambridge vividly back to one's mind; but his story is slenderness itself, and the young men, as perhaps indeed they should, would pass for collegians of our land. One notes with satisfaction the reverent and sincere little chapter on a service at King's College Chapel, written in a manner not unfitting for an archbishop's son. — Jersey Street and Jersey Lane, Urban and Suburban Sketches, by H. C. Bunner. (Scribners.) Mr. Bunner has seldom been more engaging than in these little sketches. The unity of the book must be granted by courtesy, since one or two of the sketches, such as The Story of a Path, are purely pastoral, and others, notably The Lost Child, are rather conspicuously lacking in local color. The best are those which deal with the old New York of the author's boyhood. The volume is generously illustrated. — Doctor Congalton's Legacy, a Chronicle of North Country By-Ways, by Henry Johnston. (Scribners.) This book has the effect of being in its original intention a series of papers on the humors of a Scottish village. Whether the connecting story was an afterthought or no, artistically the volume would have been better without it; for the tale, notwithstanding the absurdity of the doctor's will, is conventional to the last degree. But there are insight and humor in the character-studies, and our presumption is rather strengthened by the fact that the central figure of the most noticeable chapter in the volume has nothing whatever to do with the story. Indeed, to our sorrow, Saunders M'Phee, the schoolmaster of Kilbaan, practically makes but a single appearance, though the brief record of his secret generosity is, in its humor and underlying pathos, the best sketch that we have happened to come across in very recent Scottish fiction.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LITERATURE.

The Book-Hunter in London, Historical and Other Studies of Collectors and Collecting, by W. Roberts. (McClurg.) Some records of the history of the London bibliophile and his haunts, and of those who minister to his passion; a work suggested, we suppose, by M. Octave Uzanne's entertaining volume devoted to the *quais* and their *habitués*. Mr. Roberts walks rather heavily after the light-footed Parisian, but the Londoner's book is much more voluminous than his fellow worker's, is conscientiously painstaking, and, in the main, accurate. (We are sure that it is by a slip of the pen that Pepys's library is placed in an Oxford college.) The volume, indeed, contains an immense deal of interesting information, as well as a liberal supply of anecdotes and gossip anent its subject, all set forth in a rambling fashion, which after all has a method in it, while there is a sufficiently full index to guide readers; for it is a book to dip into rather than to read continuously. The work is brought out in an attractive style, and is very fully illustrated; the illustrations sharing the discursiveness of the text, but being often well selected and apposite. — Prose Fancies, Second Series, by Richard Le Gallienne. (H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago.) This is a pretty book, inside and out. The fancies are slight, indeed, mere gossamer drift, but there is infinite grace in the way they lend themselves to the capricious breeze. Mr. Le Gallienne is a rare man, for he can talk of himself acceptably. There is nothing but gossip and gay chatter in the book, personalities so intimate as to give less sophisticated men pause, but the author carries them off with a winning youthfulness that conquers us like laughter. Behind the exuberant nonsense and the airy sentimentalizing we feel real penetration and real tenderness. — The Greater Victorian Poets, by Hugh Walker, A. M., of St. David's College, Lampeter. (Macmillan.) This book has little pretension to brilliancy, but it can be relied on as a conscientious and scholarly account of the poetic development and inter-influence of the three writers with whom it deals, Browning, Tennyson, and Arnold. It is fortunately free from vitiation by a desire on the part of the essayist to support a preconceived thesis. — The Epic of the Fall of Man, a Comparative Study of Cædmon, Dante, and Milton, by S. Humphreys Gurteen, M. A., LL. D. (Putnams.) Mr. Gurteen's previous study of the Arthurian epic will procure him a hearing for his new volume. It would seem that a comparative study of three poems so utterly different in aim and achievement could result in no very fruitful conclusions, but by confining himself to Cædmon and Milton, using Dante only by way of illustration, the author has succeeded in making an interesting book. Its value is much enhanced by excellent facsimiles of illustrations from early manuscripts.

POETRY.

The Tale of Balen, by Algernon Charles Swinburne. (Scribners.) Mr. Swinburne's new poem, the only considerable work in verse which he has published for a number of years, brings with it the old breath of brave words, the old sonorous fall of musical period, and, alas, the old indirectness of motive and dilution of thought. The form of the poém, a heavily rhymed, nine-line stanza, is singularly ill fitted for the loose, rapid narrative of the Morte d'Arthur legend which Swinburne follows, and the four consecutive rhymes with which each stanza opens are, in the mass, unbearably cloying. Then, too, the magical incantation of phrase, the lovely circumlocution which held us spellbound in the early work of the poet, seem a little withered and reminiscential now. But when all is said, there is so much beauty in the slow pulsing of the rhythm, in the rich flowering diction, and in the quiet drifting of the old chivalric story that one cannot put down the book without being thankful that the poet has kept so well the gifts of his youth. — England's Darling, by Alfred Austin. (Macmillan.) The poet laureate takes upon himself the celebration of an English hero, Alfred the Great, whom, in a careful prose preface, he shows to have been neglected by English singers. One might wish that he had refrained from comparing him, to Arthur's disadvantage, with the hero of the Idylls of the King, of whom he says, "The tactful genius of an exquisite poet has abstained from enduing him with more than a limited number of somewhat negative virtues;" for truly this Alfred to whom we are introduced is colorless to a degree of which even Swinburne would not have accused King Arthur. He speaks by the page, and in a manner

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

often worthy of Calverley's Schoolmaster Abroad with his Son. And as a play the poem strikes one as so far from dramatic as to turn the reader back with sad seriousness to a quotation from King Alfred himself which the laureate makes in his preface: "Do not blame me; for every man must say what he says, and do what he does, according to his ability." One is the more thankful, therefore, for the last pages of the volume, devoted to The Passing of Merlin, Mr. Austin's true-hearted and frequently felicitous lament for the death of Tennyson.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

William Henry Seward, by T. K. Lothrop. (Houghton.) A new volume of the American Statesmen Series. Like other numbers of the series it is almost as much an historical as a biographical study, and as such covers the rise of the anti-slavery movement in politics, the war for the Union, and the reconstruction period. Mr. Lothrop is severely impartial and dispassionate in his treatment of Seward; indeed, the personal element in the book is subordinated to the official in a manner which tends still further to make the study one of the times in which the figure of Seward is a conspicuous but not a commanding one. The judicial tone increases one's confidence in the fairness of the narrative, which is well proportioned, and flows on with a steady regard for what is really significant. — Memoirs of an Artist, an Autobiography, by Charles François Gounod. Rendered into English by Annette E. Crocker. (Rand, McNally & Co.) Whether, as there is some reason to think, Gounod brought down his memoirs to a much more recent period, and then destroyed a portion of them, not caring to keep a record of certain unpleasant episodes in his later life, or whether, like many another autobiographer, he stopped with his work half done, all readers will regret the premature ending of a history which does not lose its charm even in translation. But in one respect, at least, the Memoirs have a certain completeness, for they are above everything a tribute to a mother who deserved all the devotion her son lavished upon her memory, and the whole inspiring story of her self-sacrificing life is told here. The recollections end with the first production of Faust, in 1859, and the abruptness of the close shows the writer's intention to continue them further. It is to be hoped that at no distant day the composer's letters may extend and supplement the autobiographical fragment. — Frances Mary Buss, and her Work for Education, by Annie E. Ridley. (Longmans.) A life written by a friend for friends, is the author's description of this memoir, but we think that many who have known little or nothing of its subject or her work will be glad to learn of both from this book. It is an excellent record of the rise, progress, and triumph — for Miss Buss, happier than many reformers, lived to see her dreams come true — of the revolution which has taken place in the whole system of education of middle-class girls in England during the last generation. This revolution, Miss Buss, who turned her own very popular and profitable private school into a public one (public in the English, and not American sense of the term), was very largely instrumental in bringing about. Fortunate were the parents who could place their daughters in the charge of the head of the North London Collegiate School for Girls, for her influence over her pupils can be compared only to Dr. Arnold's; indeed, such a comparison constantly suggests itself to the reader. But though this wise teacher was the bravest of pioneers, she had the good Englishwoman's innate conservatism, and if one quality distinguished her more than another, it was her womanliness. Of few women of our time can it be said with more fullness of meaning, "Her works do follow her."

NATURE AND TRAVEL.

A Cathedral Pilgrimage, by Julia C. R. Dorr. (Macmillan.) A companion volume in matter and make-up to the author's charming little collection of English travel-sketches published last year. To that rather large company of American tourists who bring with them some capacity for appreciation, but only slight knowledge, as they wander from one cathedral town to another, this book should prove a veritable boon; for it is readable enough to interest the careless, touches salient historical points, and may arouse a desire to know something of history in stone. All through it the reader has the agreeable personal companionship of a true cathedral-lover, and one of the most enthu-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

siastic and good tempered of travelers. Mrs. Dorr often speaks, and speaks justly, of the kindness and courtesy which met her in these storied places; but it is not alone the hosts who are to be praised, when the guest is always well pleased. — The Evolution of Bird-Song, with Observations on the Influence of Heredity and Imitation, by Charles A. Witchell. (Macmillan.) Mr. Witchell proves himself a careful and accurate observer, and he gives us a most painstaking analysis of his notes on the bird-songs of Great Britain. He adopts Darwin's theory as to the origin of voice among animals in involuntary contraction of the muscles, and he traces its growth through the cries of combat and alarm, the call-notes, and the simple songs, up to the complex efforts of the more ambitious songsters. His work is evidently entirely original, and his quotations from other authors are only to support his theories. It is, perhaps, a little unfortunate that he had not availed himself of all the literature of his subject. Mr. E. P. Bicknell's valuable papers in The Auk, for instance, seem to have escaped his attention. Mr. Bicknell there discussed the cause of second song periods, a branch of the subject to which Mr. Witchell makes only a passing allusion. Some of Mr. Witchell's minor deductions seem to be based on imperfect evidence, as when he explains the nocturnal singing of the nightingale by its habit of migrating at night, ignoring the fact that a large proportion of day-singing birds have the same custom of nocturnal migration; but the argument as a whole seems to be unassailable, and the evidence of voluntary imitation is as convincing as it is surprising. As to American birds the author's experience is very limited, and the authorities from whom he quotes in regard to them are the older ornithologists exclusively, so that a few errors are, perforce, to be found in these passages. There is so much really interesting matter in the book that the critic is the more sorry to have to admit that in spite of all it is undeniably dull. — Parts XIV. and XV. of Nehrling's North American Birds (George Brumder, Milwaukee) give excellent biographies of divers blackbirds, meadowlarks, orioles, crows, jays, and larks. It is a pity that the plates are not quite on a par with the text; but we must not expect too much for our money, and at least Professor Ridgway's picture of the Dickcissel is as spirited as one could wish.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Desirable Occupations for Ancestors.

In a nice little New England town, the other day, I met a man who had got rich out West, and had come back to visit the home of his fathers. He was a fine, frank, sturdy man, and educated, too, with that admirable full-breathing spontaneity which characterizes many of the people who are brought up on the prairies. He tipped his head upward a trifle, I fancied, as he said to me, "My grandfather was a shoemaker in this town for fifty years." But though the man may have held his head a little high, he had not at all the air of bragging because his grandfather was a shoemaker. Something in his tone caused my mind to take in the picture of a solid old Yankee pegging away honorably at a shoemaker's bench through half a century, serving the Lord and his townspeople well, raising up a great family of children, saving money in order that he might send his boys and girls to school, and adding strength, purpose, patience, tenacity, to his race. I thought that the grandson might well have been proud of this ancestor, and that such a shoemaker might make a dignified figure in the Western man's line of descent. And I went on to meditate a little on the difference in the dignity of various occupations, first as considered in connection with one's family tree, and then with regard to the immediate purposes of life.

I dropped the shoemaker for the moment, and took into my mind a fashionable dentist who is my friend, and a certain farmer who sells me milk. Now, the occupation of the dentist, as my friend's case proves, is consistent with great gentleness and fineness of character and with educa-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion in letters and science. Dentists are admitted, with perfect reason, to excellent society. My farmer's state, on the contrary, seems to exclude him from the daily company of the great and the elegant. As to farmers in general, we commonly think of them as engaged in the less dignified departments of their daily toil; unpleasant things rise to our mind's eye. Yet most of us, I fancy, would rather be descended from a line of farmers than from a line of dentists; and we are more likely to point to a single farmer up in our family tree than to a dentist there.

I went on to make this comparison, in the retrospect, to the disadvantage of other pursuits which living men are elbowing one another to get into, such as stock-broking, manufacturing glue or trousers-buttons, soliciting life insurance, making shoddy, boiling soap, or packing pork; though I was compelled to admit that there was much to say on the side of soap-boiling and pork-packing, even in this perspective. All these trades, it seemed to me, are very good for immediate and material purposes; but in this country, at least, independent agriculture undoubtedly ranks higher than any of them for genealogical uses.

It struck me that if this difference in the retrospective dignity of callings were admitted, it might be possible to set up a scale of the dignity of occupations, somewhat resembling, in the regularity of its gradation, the arrangement of ranks in the British peerage. And immediately (with that levity of mind which causes my friends such deep concern) I fell to wondering whether I should make a viscount or a baron of my ancestral farmer.

Of course, in setting up such a scale of Yankee genealogical dignities, I should have to make some concessions to merely snobbish preferences; for instance, I must put the colonial governor at the top, and next him, perhaps, the colonial colonel (we seem never to hear of colonial generals), and then the judge, and then the divine who wrote a book. These might be the dukes and marquises; but the man who was at once farmer, pioneer, and common soldier, might he not come in for an earldom in the scale? I am not sure but a descent from an unbroken line of colonial Indian-fighting farmers, who pulled up their stakes from generation to generation to move along and found new towns, is prized more highly at the genealogical rooms in Somerset Street than descent even from a line composed largely of ministers. When men get together to study their genealogies in any country, there is always an atmosphere of fighting: in England, spears ring upon breastplates; in this country, the perfume of gunpowder is in the air, shot-pouches rattle against powder-horns, and she who cannot endure a faint far-away flavor of old and very dry scalps should keep away from Somerset Street. I have seen a fine gleam light up the eyes of meek old clergymen, at the genealogical rooms, which seemed as if it were reminiscent through generations, when the exploits of some scalping hero of the French and Indian war were recounted. Alas for our philosophies! We are Saxon or British or Norse war-dogs at heart, after all; give us but a hundred years, and we put the man of rude action, the puller of triggers, the leveler of forests, the patriarch, above the man who practiced the gentler arts. My colonial farmer or village artisan, who was also a soldier and a founder of a community, must crowd the colonial judge and divine closely in the scale of dignities.

As to agriculture without scalping, that must no doubt drop down a little below some more gentle occupations; but a certain amount of perspective brings out its dignity wonderfully. In this perspective the more sordid and less poetic features of the farmer's life pass out of sight, and the nobler and more ornamental actions come into the foreground. In the abstract, after the fashion in which we view a farmer ancestor, we see the man as the trusted minister of the creative forces of nature, calling into being all beneficent fruits; we lose sight of him as the body-servant of beasts. The poetry of him lives; the prose of him dies.

Now, precisely the reverse of this takes place with the soap-boiler, the dentist, the stock-broker. Perspective reduces their occupations to the one bald and naked physical performance which gives its name to each of their callings. There is no element of the ideal in the making of trousers-buttons, either, or the mechanical like of that manufacture; it serves very well for present purposes, and men make money out of it sometimes; and the making of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

money, provided it is not visibly dishonest, has a passing dignity of its own. Present success, at any rate, supplies the usual American with all the sense of dignity that he feels the need of. But often the dignity of present success does not carry over into the second generation; the man becomes desirable as an ancestor, not because of his soap or his trousers-buttons, but in spite of them, rather, and wholly for the sake of his money and the leisure it gives. Then the soap and the trousers-buttons are covered up as completely as possible, and never mentioned in Somerset Street.

So it seems to me that the fashion of studying colonial genealogies may turn out to be the reverse of a snobbish thing, if it brings this success-worshiping generation face to face with the fact that an honest whole occupation, like that of my friend's shoemaker grandfather, has value in a line of descent above our modern tinkering fragments of trades, in which a man devotes his days before God to the manufacture of the third inner welt of a shoe or the galvanized bung of a beer-barrel. Fortunes fade, as a rule, unless the moral quality is bequeathed with them which commonly one can develop and transmit only through being poor: this is one of the numerous Hibernicisms of fate. But the memory of something concrete and useful in life, related visibly and personally with an interesting community, as of a sober and constructive manual calling, persistently followed, so that old people treasure up picturesque facts about it, and tell them to keenly listening grandchildren, — this is dignity and poetry. I have never heard that my grandfather, who was a farmer (you have guessed it long ago, gentle reader), served cattle in a stable, though I have not the smallest doubt he did; but I have been taught to honor him for the home he carved out of the wilderness, and the virtues in which he trained his children, and I have eaten with delight of the fruit of the orchard he planted on the hillside; and I would rather have him for an ancestor than any banker, railroad wrecker, politician, or pettifogger whom I have ever heard of.

The Orbit of Good Stories. — I used to know in Boston a remarkably clever barber, of some queer nation of eastern Europe, — evidently a Jew by race, but not by faith; a wanderer from that indeterminate part of Europe where the people themselves scarcely know to what nation they belong; a Galician, a Volhynian, a Podolian, or something of that sort, and less a stranger in a strange land than in his own; a man-up-a-tree as regards all of us who swear by country and creed. He was a little man, about forty years old when I first knew him; very black-eyed, swarthy-pallid, with a prominent and thin curving nose, a curiously protruding upper jaw, and a pointed retreating chin, which made him look oddly like the creatures that burrow with their noses, — the pocket-gophers and the marmots. He had a short, sparse, bristling mustache, which increased his resemblance to the marmot kind. Notwithstanding his outsidership to us, and a kind of mocking look and way, the man had a genial air, and plainly liked the world and its people, — if for nothing else, for the amusement they gave him.

I fancied he followed the barber's craft because it gave him an opportunity to study mankind at close range, and without its crust of pretense and pulchritude; for a man flat on his back, with a lathered face and aprons and towels enveloping him, is in more than one sense at the mercy of him who stands above him with a blade. My barber, moreover, had a talent for conversation which his trade afforded an admirable chance to exercise. Nor was he altogether a "monologist," either; he always gave his client (you know the etymology: *cliens*, *cluens*, a hearer) a fair chance for himself. There are moments when it is inconvenient for a man who is under a barber's razor to talk. For myself, I am far from condemning the race of talking barbers; whether or not one wants a barber to talk depends on the barber. This man generally had something to say which was worth listening to; and his English was marvelous, with a touch of something odd and foreign in it, but grammatical and a little bookish, — Talmudic, I fancied, though my acquaintance with the Talmud is inferior to my acquaintance with the Book of Mormon.

The barber had what my Yankee fellow-countrymen pleasantly call a faculty for telling stories; and I may mention here that what I set out to tell about was the specialty which this man had of putting the most ancient stories, especially Bible ones, into such a guise that they passed for new stories with his patrons. We all know the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trade. The period of the return of the story of the Prodigal Son or of King Lear is calculable, like that of a comet which has been around the sun several times; if we know the number of stories of all descriptions, long and short, that will be published in a year, I fancy we may compute to a nicety how many times the Prodigal will appear in the lot. It has one of the shortest orbits among familiar stories, and consequently a frequent return. The story of King Lear comes around almost as often; but David and Jonathan, Jacob and Esau, Haman and Mordecai, have somewhat longer and more eccentric orbits. Sometimes I think it would be an advantage, not to say a relief, if one of the people who retell these stories should, instead of somewhat superfluously relating them, devote the time to determining their periods. A table showing their comparative frequency of return would be of use to authors, who might be expected, with its evidence at hand, to choose the longer-orbited stories for treatment oftener than they do, to the greater credit of their reputation for inventiveness, and possibly to the measurable relief of the public, to whom even Lear and the Prodigal Son may grow tiresome at last. Or would such a calculation be likely to derange the fictional cosmogony, so to speak? Would it be better to leave the familiar tales to their normal period, assuming that their orbits are providentially adjusted to the demands of human nature; that, as it were, the appearance of a new adaptation of Cinderella and the Wonderful Slipper, from the house of Chatto & Windus, on the tenth day of last February, or a more recent modern variorum of the story of David and Bathsheba in ninety thousand words, from the Bibliothèque Charpentier, was as inevitable as the appearance of Encke's comet once in three and three hundred and three ten-thousandths years, and that we should submit to them as unquestioningly as we do to a star-shower or a new outbreak of sun-spots?

However that may be, my Podolian friend was clever in establishing the normal balance between the demands of his hearers and the supply of his adaptations from ancient literature. He had also a neat gift of "localization." The incidents which he related always took place in Cracow, Lemberg, or Kieff, or some such town, and the local color was always introduced, though I had no means of judging of the accuracy of it. I once talked with him about the tendency of certain events to happen in a great many places. I had myself, as a result of going about in the country a good deal, heard a particular anecdote told as of actual occurrence in Boxford, Massachusetts; Colchester, Connecticut; Topsham, Vermont; Limerick, Maine; and Cleveland, Ohio. In each telling the names of the people who figured in the story were given, and I was told exactly where and when they lived. Those who told me the story believed in every case that it was true, and that the participants really lived where they said they did. I am myself, in a small way, a dealer in anecdotes, and it has been occasionally a part of my business to separate genuine local happenings from these universal adaptations; and this I have found extremely difficult. As for the particular story to which I have referred, my friend the barber said he knew it perfectly well, and that the circumstance really occurred in a small but very old village in Poland, the name of which he told me, and which I pronounced after him several times with great care, in order that I might hope to retain it, but I have now totally forgotten it.

With all his success at adaptation and modernization, my barber was once found wanting in nice discrimination as to what he could safely give his audience, of this sort. One Saturday evening I looked into the shop, and finding that the place was full and the barber discoursing, I went in and sat down. There came in just after me a certain smooth-faced young Irish lawyer with political ambitions and popular sympathies. The barber ended the matter he had under consideration, and asked the lawyer what was the news; whereupon the young man launched into a voluble criticism of a decision which had that day been handed down in the Superior Court. He questioned the wisdom of judges generally. This stirred up a sharp-nosed man whom I knew to be a shoe dealer of Tremont Row; he defended the tribunals warmly. The barber listened for a time, and then, when the conversation bade fair to become wearisome to the other customers, he told a story about a lawsuit that took place in Podolia when he was a boy. A Russian woman had come into court and sworn that, four years be-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fore, she had given another Russian woman, a peasant, her baby to nurse and take care of until it was three years old. She had no documentary evidence of the arrangement, and all the witnesses to the circumstance were dead. The child was now a fine, healthy fellow, and the woman had demanded his return ; but the foster-mother, taking advantage of the death of the witnesses, had made the astonishing assertion that the child was her own, and had refused to give him up. The judge, who was really anxious to find out whose child it was, exhausted the ordinary means of ascertaining without satisfying his own mind. Then all at once he asked, "Has this child been vaccinated ?" The official physician was called in, and declared that it had never been vaccinated. Now, all Russian Podolians of the lower class, the barber asserted, are so violently opposed to vaccination that they will fight the soldiers to resist it, and the authorities frequently have to yield to their prejudice against it in order to prevent bloodshed and save scandal abroad. But in this case the judge affected great indignation. "You have dared to bring here an unvaccinated child!" he exclaimed. "Let it be vaccinated at once!" Both women showed signs of the greatest terror ; they believed that the operation meant death for the child, or worse. "Ah, well," said the judge, observing their woe, and appearing to relent, "I will order that the child shall not only escape vaccination now, but shall never be vaccinated, if you women will compose your difference. If, however, you persist in this suit, it shall be vaccinated instantly here in the court." Then the woman who had brought the suit, turning very pale, said, "Maria Ivanovna shall keep the child!" This convinced the judge that the child was hers, and he ordered that it be delivered to her.

The company in the barber-shop were much interested in this story, and did not appear to recognize it at all as the story of the judgment of Solomon. It stirred up a discussion, which threatened to be endless, between the young lawyer and the boot-and-shoe man on the subject of vaccination. The boot-and-shoe man turned out to be an anti-vaccinationist. He expressed admiration not only for the spirit of the Russians in this matter, but for their bravery and skill in warfare.

Upon this the barber declared that the Russians had been greatly overestimated as fighters. They had often been beaten in most ridiculous ways. For instance, when the Cossacks of the Don were once making war against the Kalmuck Tartars, they had in their ranks a famous Cossack of immense size, said to be the biggest man in all Russia. He made his boast that he could whip a hundred ordinary men. One day the Cossacks met a large war party of Tartars, and this big Russian stepped out and proposed that the war should be settled by single combat, he to fight any Tartar who should be sent against him. The Kalmucks, having no such giant on their side, were demurring against this method of warfare, when a young fellow, scarcely more than sixteen years old and small of his age, stepped out from their ranks. He had in his hand an implement that looked very much like the pea-shooters that the boys at the North End use with which to "fire" beans at strangers in Salem Street. He had no other arms, but —

The Irish lawyer here extended his right arm in a gesture of extreme displeasure. "Get out!" he exclaimed. "That's too much. You're giving us the story of David and Goliath!"

There was a groan from the chairs and the waiting-bench, and then a loud laugh at the barber's expense. He was silent, and wore a somewhat sneering expression, but his face was scarlet. He had been found out. His case seems to prove that there may be such a thing as introducing too often the ancient stories into current fiction.

The English Speech on Irish Lips. — The English settlers, when they emigrated to Ulster, carried with them the language of the seventeenth century. If we reflect for a moment, we shall see that it was the pronunciation of the time of Milton and Dryden which was transplanted into Ireland. The fact must be borne in mind that the English of that century was transferred into a country where the native speech and method of utterance were entirely different. This would of course cause some modification in the transplanted language, for English now came into contact with the Old Irish, and that upon Irish soil. English was, then, imposed upon the Irish, whose native tongue differed from that of their conquerors not only in its sounds, but also

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in its mode of utterance, and it was, therefore, naturally modified to a greater or less extent. In such circumstances a language changes in construction and idiom as well as in form.

When the Irish began to pronounce English they encountered difficulties, as, for instance, in the dental combinations exemplified in such a word as *tthrash* (Irish for trash), or in *stthraitch* (stretch), or in *Satthirday* (Saturday), or in *scoundthrel* (scoundrel). In his native speech the Celt trilled his *r*'s, and when he had to pronounce *r* in an English word he would trill it. But the practice of trilling the *r* (occasionally heard in American pronunciation) is decidedly un-English. There are still other differences than those of utterance. We must not lose sight of the fact that English transplanted upon Irish soil always remained an exotic, and never flourished there as it did in its own habitat in England.

Now, one can readily see, if one is at all conversant with linguistic principles, that the transplanted English would not develop and keep pace in its growth with the language on English soil. If Ireland had first been depopulated and then colonized by the English, the differences would have been very much less marked, even if they had existed at all. But that was not the case. Such conditions were much nearer being fulfilled here in America, when the Puritans came over to New England and settled, bringing with them practically the same English as that taken to Ireland (for the first Puritan settlement on Massachusetts Bay was made in 1628, which was about the time that the English colonists settled in Ulster). But the English language in America was not contaminated by contact with the Indian language, and so is to-day much nearer the mother tongue, as spoken in England, than the Irish dialect is; and this is simply because the conditions here were entirely different. The language in America has had another development from that in Ireland, though they were both transplanted languages. But their environments were unlike, and hence the disparity they exhibit at present. The language of our rustics, however, betrays the affinity of the speech of the early settlers of America with that of the early settlers of Ireland. Witness here the coincidence of our vulgar *chist* (chest), *ingine* (engine), *quair* (queer), *hade* (head), *afeard* (afraid), *weepin* (weapon), *kag* (keg), *rassel* (wrestle), *arrant* (errand), *deef* (deaf), with the Irish pronunciation of these words.

There is one marked Hibernicism which has now passed far beyond the Irish dialect. Probably many of those from whose delicate mouths we hear it so frequently are not aware of its Irish origin. This is not intended by the writer as an impeachment of that charming pronunciation, nor is it made in a spirit of stoical indifference like that of Balthazar, the infatuated chemist in Balzac's Search for the Absolute. When the beautiful eyes of his wife filled with tears as she pleaded with him not to sacrifice all his fortune and even herself in his search for diamonds, he ruthlessly exclaimed: "Tears! I have decomposed them; they contain a little phosphate of lime, chloride of sodium, mucin, and water." The Hibernicism in question is the pronunciation of *gyirl*, so widespread and carefully cultivated by delicate mouths in Virginia as to be considered the shibboleth of those "to the manner born." (It is of course the prerogative of woman to change her mind, and her name too, if she so elects.) Other examples of this Hibernicism are *cyart*, *cyarve*, *scyar*, *gyarden*, *gyarlic*, *gyuide*, *cyow*, and *nyow*, which last approximates a feline note if uttered in a falsetto. The Irish pronunciation of *sure* extends far beyond that jargon now. Perhaps the reader recalls the story of the good parson's wife who twitted her husband about saying *shore* for *sure*, and who, when reminded that she pronounced the word the same way, indignantly replied, "Why, to be *shore* I do not!"

It must not be inferred from what has been said that the English spoken in all parts of Ireland is uniform. On the contrary, it differs vastly, and varies with the locality. In some parts, indeed, English is not spoken at all. But where it is spoken it bears a marked resemblance, as we have seen, to the English of the times of Dryden and Pope, which has been fossilized by emigration. The "brogue" is due to the Celtic habit of utterance, and consists mostly in the intonation, "which appears," according to Murray, "full of violent ups and downs, or rather precipices and chasms of force and pitch, almost disguising the sound to English ears."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED